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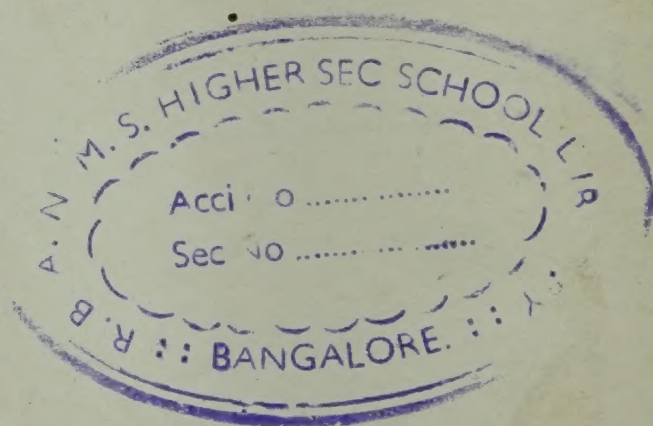
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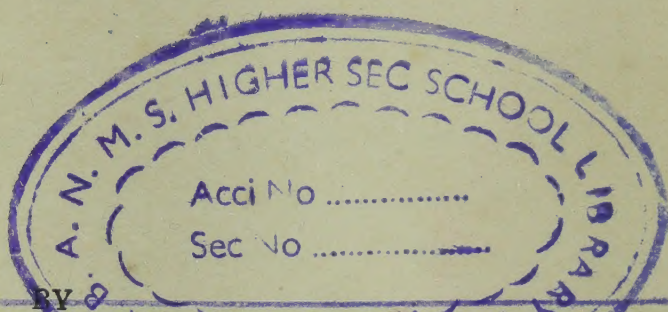
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THE
CHILDREN'S BOOK OF
MORAL LESSONS



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(Fourth Series: *Justice, The Common Weal, Our
Country, Social Responsibilities, Political
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PREFACE

THE Plan of Moral Instruction laid down in the first volume of the series is now practically completed in this fourth book. The technical lesson-form which was used as the basis of the chapters in the earlier books is seldom employed in the present, my aim being rather to supply the illustrative material from history, biography, legend, personal experience, etc. Speaking generally, the aim of the fourth volume is to cultivate the sense of social responsibility and the civic spirit. As in the previous books, so now, I must beg teachers not to regard the lessons as pretending to cover all the field indicated by the main titles of the sections. For example, local government is only partially dealt with, no lessons being included on Parish Councils, County Councils, or Urban District Councils. Had I attempted to fill in all departments of civic life, the volume would have attained an unwieldy size; and, besides, teachers should in all cases draw from their own observation, as well as from such stores as I have collected in the present series. The sketches of historic cities, again, might be indefinitely extended, and most interesting views of the evolution of London, Edinburgh, Amsterdam, Florence, etc., could be constructed, the lessons being illustrated as far as possible by pictures.

I am conscious that, from time to time, controversial elements have been introduced into my lessons. The

nature of the subjects rendered the difficulty inevitable, though I have sought (as may be seen, for example, in the closing passage in the chapter on the Poor Law) to keep a due balance of the competing forces in the political world. But I desire to add that, in my opinion, a measure of controversial matter is wholesome for both teachers and taught. Teachers who disapprove of any of my social conceptions, or any turn of expression, should frankly discuss the reasons for their dissent with the scholars. Such a procedure, if carried out in a sincere and judicious spirit, will react beneficially upon the children's minds and hearts. Nothing is gained by disguising the fact that the civic life is beset with problems. The noblest aim of moral instruction is realised when the teacher can inspire his young fellow-citizens to recognise the existence of social difficulties, and earnestly to devote their powers to the support of love, order, and progress.

F. J. GOULD.

75, Humberstone Gate, Leicester.

July, 1907.

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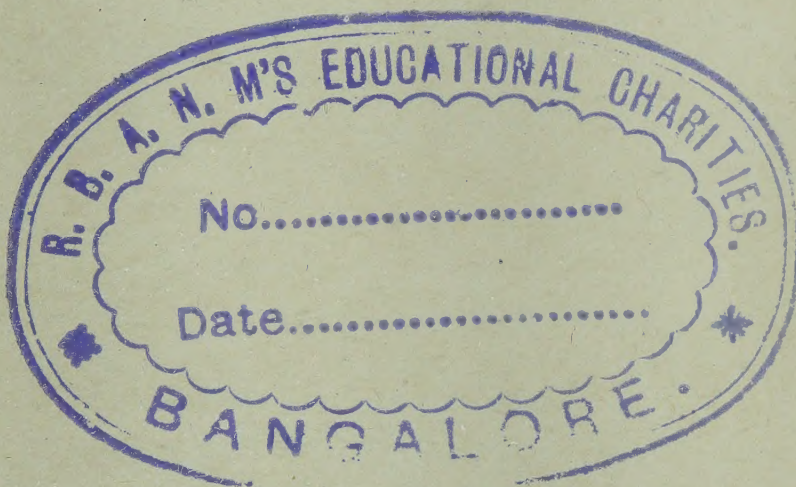
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JUSTICE

LESSON I.

PEOPLE make statues of Justice as a woman with eyes bandaged, and holding a pair of scales in one hand and a sword in the other. While she weighs the deeds of a man in her scales, she will not look to see who he is. She is blind to his face, his dress, his rank. Then, if the scale goes down against him, she condemns him as an evil-doer. She takes off the bandage and strikes at him who has done the wrong, even if she loves him.

A crowd of folks gathered round the temple. A man named Pausanias had fled into this holy building. He hoped to be safe there from the pursuers. It is true that they would not venture to follow him, or to hurt him while he stayed in the sacred place. But they deemed his deeds so vile that they desired his death. They climbed up the walls and took off the roof of the temple, so that the sun shone in, or the hail and rain fell, and he had no shelter.

Why did they act in this way?

Because he had been false to his country.

The Greeks were at war with their old foes, the Persians. Pausanias had sent messages to the Persians, saying he would take their side against his own countrymen. He was a clever soldier and general, and the Persians were glad to have the promise of his help. But the treason was discovered, and the wrath of the people was deep.

They decided to close up the doorway, so that he must needs remain in the temple and starve.

An old woman came forward to lay the first stone. It was his mother.

She loved her son, but she was a citizen, and she hated his treason. She thought the people were acting justly. She saw in Pausanias not the son she loved, but the man

who had done harm to her native land. Justice was blind.

The door was blocked up. For some days the general waited for the end. At length they made a new entrance, and allowed him to come out, but it was only to die.

Thus even the mother's love did not prevent justice being done.

I will tell you next of a son who loved his father, and yet carried out a just judgment on the father who had done evil.

Smyrna is a town in Asia Minor, and its people are of the Turkish race. Here there once dwelt a grocer who used unjust weights and measures. Women came to his shop to buy fruit, meal, and oil, and they paid good coin, but did not receive good quantity. Some of the grocer's friends knew of his cunning ways, and one day they said to him :—

“Be watchful, master. We hear that the Cadi (judge) is sending his inspector round the town to test the scales and the measuring-pots of the tradesmen.”

“Oh,” answered the grocer, laughing, “I shall not trouble. The inspector is my son, and sons, of course, love their fathers.”

Before long the inspector called, and said :—

“My good man, fetch out your weights that we may examine them.”

“My dear son——” began the father.

But the inspector ordered his under-officers to search the place, and they found false weights. For this trickery the grocer was bidden to pay a fine of fifty piastres (about ten shillings) and receive fifty strokes of the rod on the soles of his feet. The father paid, and was beaten, and the inspector looked on, grieved and weeping. The inspector loved his father.

As soon as the strokes had been finished the son leaped from his horse, and knelt down and clasped his father's bruised feet.

“Father,” he said, “I have but done my duty, but I have done it with a sad heart. I beg you, father, to use honest weights in future, so that I may not be obliged to do a thing that gives pain, not only to you, but to me.”

The inspector loved his father, but he understood that justice must be blind.

LESSON II.

I HAVE told you how justice was done to a son by his mother, and by a son to his father. The next story shall show how justice was done by brother to brother.

Two Greek brothers were named, the elder Timophanes (Tim-of-an-eez) and the younger Timoleon. A war was being carried on between their republic and another. The younger had command of the footmen, or infantry, and the elder was captain of the horse soldiers, or cavalry. In the midst of the battle the horse of the elder was wounded, and the captain fell to the earth with a crash. Ill would it have fared with him, begirt with foes as he was, if his brother had not sped to his aid ; for most of his comrades had left him in his peril, and only just a handful of men stayed fighting at his side.

Timoleon ran up and held his buckler over the fallen brother. Darts flew and swords flashed in the air. Amid the noise and the trampling Timoleon held his buckler firm over his brother. Little by little he dragged him towards his own camp, and he bore him off to a safe place. The younger had saved the elder's life. All men praised his heroic deed.

Alas ! This same brother felt obliged to act in a very different way later on. The elder brother had a wish to become lord of Corinth, even against the will of the people. He gained the mastery by force, and the city of Corinth was now ruled by a tyrant, or usurper.

Lovers of freedom grieved, and, among them, the younger brother was one of the saddest. He and two friends went to the house of the tyrant to persuade him to lay down the power he had so wrongly seized.

"No, I will not," replied the tyrant.

"Brother, will you not listen to my pleading ? Did I not save your life ?"

"You did ; but that is no reason why I should give up the position I have won by my own strength and wit."

A shout, a scuffle, a fall !

The tyrant lay slain. The two friends had dealt the blow. Timoleon stood by, with bitter tears in his eyes and a feeling of pain in his breast. He had agreed that this

terrible action should be performed. He had consented to his own brother's death so that the freedom of Corinth might be regained. For the sake of justice he was blind to the fact that the usurper was a man of his own kin.

Some people spoke well of Timoleon, some blamed him with hard and pitiless words. His mother shut her door against him, saying he was too bad to be allowed in her dwelling. For twenty years Timoleon lived a very quiet life, sorrowing for the lost brother, and taking no part in public affairs. Yet all the time he felt that he had done what was just.

You have heard of the mother's idea of justice, of the son's, of the brother's. You will see that, in each instance, the person who loved justice punished someone whom he or she loved.

But now you shall hear of a lad who was just towards himself.

It was young de Candolle, who was born in the year 1778. In after years he was famous as a botanist, or a man learned in the science of plants.

He attended a college at Geneva in Switzerland. At the time I speak of he was in the fourth class.

One day a visitor came to the college. It was a gentleman who held an office under the Government. He was a person of some rank. The master of the college was anxious to please him. He said to himself:—

“Fathers are very pleased to hear of the success of their sons. If Monsieur de Candolle finds his son in a good place, he will be delighted, and he will think well of the master.”

The class assembled. A little change had been made. Young de Candolle was directed to go to the top. He was in the proud position of Number One.

“Your son has worked very hard at his studies,” said the master.

The visitor's eyes gleamed with pleasure.

After school was over the lad went to his father.

“Ah! my dear boy, I was so pleased to see you at——”

“Stop a moment, father, there has been some mistake.”

“How? What do you mean?”

“Father, I had no right to be there. I have indeed done my best at the work, but my marks were not the highest; I

had no right to stand at the head of the class ; it was not fair to the other boys ! ”

He was just to himself, and for the sake of others.

LESSON III.

PETER THE GREAT, Czar of Russia, wished to dig the canal of Ladoga, a waterway for large vessels down to the Baltic Sea.

Therefore he made an order (which the Russians call a ukase) that the landowners in the province of Novgorod should send their serfs, or peasants, to dig the big canal. The order was written out on paper in the senate, or council chamber.

Next day a member of the senate came who had been absent when the order was made. His name was Prince Jacob Dolgoroucki. The Prince heard the paper being read.

“What is this ?” he cried. “What order is this ? Surely a mistake has been made. Let me see the paper.”

He read it over to himself.

“It is wrong,” he said, in a firm voice. “It is wrong. The province of Novgorod has suffered much hardship in the late war. The peasants have lost much of their poor belongings. They have neither time nor strength to give to the public work of the canal.”

He tore the paper to pieces, amid the shouts of the senators.

The Czar Peter entered.

“What is this tumult about ?” he asked, and they told him.

“Sir,” said the Prince Dolgoroucki, “I feel sure you did not know all the facts. The peasants of Novgorod are nearly ruined. They are not equal to this task. I advise you to choose some of them who are best fitted for the work, and let other men be chosen from other parts of Russia to assist, but do not lay all the burden on one province.”

The Czar was silent for some moments. Then he turned to the other senators.

“Was there not one of you,” he said, “honest enough to tell me this ?”

Then he spoke to Prince Jacob.

"You are right. The order shall not be issued."

Thus, you see, this brave Russian prince stood on the side of justice, not for his own sake, but for the sake of thousands of the common folk, and at the risk of the great Czar's anger.

Now let me tell you a story from Scotland.

More than a hundred years ago a Scottish judge used to take much pleasure in looking from his window at a long avenue (or double row) of trees, which ran some way from his front gates. It was a joy to see the sun's rays make lines of light across the avenue, and the blithe rabbits rush to and fro on the green path. But the ground whereon the trees grew was not the judge's own, and one day the landowner or laird spitefully cut the beautiful avenue down. The judge made no complaint.

Two or three years afterwards this laird appeared at the law court where the judge sat, and asked him to try a case which should prove if a certain paper was truly written by the man whose name was placed upon it. The laird said the paper was forged, or falsely written. Yet, all the time, he feared the judge would decide against him because of his spiteful cutting of the avenue. The judge asked many questions, and took much time to search into all that was known about the paper. At length he gave judgment.

"The document," he said, "is forged."

The laird was joyful, and he afterwards went to thank the judge, for he had not expected such kindness.

"You have nothing to thank me for," replied the judge. "I was not kind, but I hope I was just. And it would have been wrong of me to give sentence against you because I remembered your mischief to the trees."

Now let us think of what we have heard in these stories.

The mother of Pausanias was just, though it caused her son's death.

The Turkish inspector was just, though it caused pain to his father.

The Greek soldier was just, though it caused pain to his brother.

Young de Candolle was just, though he made himself appear less clever.

The Prince Jacob was just, though he was in danger of a king's anger.

The Scottish judge was just, though he was dealing with an enemy.

So Justice is blind, and does not see son, or father, or brother, or enemy ; and, no matter whether she loves you or hates you, she firmly holds the awful scales, and gives you life or death, honour or shame.

LESSON IV.

A NUMBER of brown-skinned Kaffir children sat in a ring. They were scholars just let out of school. It was dinner-time. All were to have dinner together. A Kaffir woman brought the food round, gave each child, as near as she could, the same quantity, and then went round again, giving more to some, taking portions away from others ; and then, a third time, she walked round the circle, trying to make all the shares equal. Then she said :—

“Begin !”

And the dinner began.

You see she desired to act justly towards all. Do you think she did the best that could be done ? I am not sure. No doubt she meant to do the most just thing. If all the children were about the same size, and all had much the same appetite, I suppose she really did do what was wisest. But I do not know. Would it be just to give the same portion to the sick child as to the strong and healthy ? We have to think of such things in trying to be just.

I visited a school once where the scholars were at dinner, about twenty of them. They were not ordinary children. They were weak in body and weak in mind. But they understood when a neighbour was in need. If one of them had brought only a small dinner and seemed able to eat more, the others would give him or her a share of their own. So you see these simple children, who were not at all clever, and indeed were rather stupid, had the goodness of heart to supply the wants of their little comrades,

Dinner is, of course, a pleasant thing to most of us, and so we are anxious we should each get a proper share.

There are, however, other things not so pleasant that ought to be shared justly. For instance, Lady Durand travelled in Persia, and she tells, in her account of her journeys, how she and her husband and servants had forty mules to carry their baggage. The men who drove the mules were called muleteers. One day, as the party were about to start, and had just loaded their animals, the overseer of the muleteers came to Lady Durand, crying out:—

“Justice!”

“What is the matter?”

“That man yonder is acting very unfairly, and I wish you to speak to him. He wishes to spare his mule, and instead of putting a full load on the creature’s back he has only put on a tin hat-box!”

Perhaps you will say the man wished to be kind to his mule, and that was good. I do not know; but, even if he did, he was unkind to the other mules by making them carry more than their proper share!

Well, I am pretty certain you will agree that we should be ready to share with the needy, and ready to share the hard work which we and our companions have to perform. But now what will you think about Mr. Morgan?

Mr. William Morgan was a gentleman who lived in Queensland, Australia. When he was riding across the country he saw a man carrying stones in a wheelbarrow down a hill, in order to make a wall.

“Where did you get those stones?” asked Mr. Morgan.

“From up the hill,” answered the man.

The man, it appeared, was the owner of about 640 acres of the land round about. It was not rich soil for growing things. The owner just managed to get a living out of it, and no more.

Mr. Morgan had a quick and keen eye. He observed closely whatever came in his way. Something in the stones in the barrow caught his attention. They were not common stones. He took up one or two, examined them very carefully, and then said to the owner:—

“Are you willing to sell your land?”

“Yes, if I get a fair price.”

“Would you take £600?”

"Yes."

So the land was sold for £600. The stones were of the kind known as quartz, and it was not common quartz; it was gold-bearing quartz. A banker lent Mr. Morgan some money to buy machinery for mining and crushing the quartz, and extracting the gold, etc. The mine thus started was one of the richest in Australia, and by the year 1891 Mr. Morgan and the banker had become millionaires. The value of the mine was said to be £10,000,000 (ten million pounds).

Now you see that the land was worth very much more than £600. The question is, ought the new owners to have gone to the first owner again and given him more?

Yes? No?

Well, the writer of the book from which I take this story says he believes (but is not quite sure) that Mr. Morgan and his partner did give the man a further sum of money.

Such a question is very much harder for you to answer than questions about the dinner or the mule. Still, as you grow older you must think, or reflect, on these subjects. You must ask yourself whether it is just that some men should gather much more wealth than their neighbours because they happen to be a little sharper in eye and brain.

Well, as to mines—of gold, silver, tin, coal, etc.—you will find many people who consider that these stores of underground treasure should belong to all the people of the land, and not merely to a few owners.

LESSON V.

PEOPLE stared as the giant walked into the court of justice. I am speaking of an incident that happened in London in the summer of 1900.

"How tall he is!" they murmured.

Yes, he was 7 feet 4 inches high.

"Who is the accuser?" asked the magistrate on the bench.

A small woman stepped forward and gave witness of the wrong done to her by the tall man.

"What have you to say?" asked the magistrate.

He had nothing to say that really excused him, and he was ordered to pay a sum of money to the woman.

Thus justice was shown to the weak person, and the tall, strong man found that his strength and his size could not avail to protect him in his wrong-doing.

Who are the stronger, Englishmen or Red Indians? In some respects Red Indians were stronger than the Englishmen who went over to America in the seventeenth century. They were better able to endure the hardships of the life in the forest or on the prairie. But the English were far stronger in intelligence.

William Penn, the celebrated Quaker, had settled in the land now (but not then) known as the United States. He agreed with the Indians to buy as much land as a young Englishman could walk round in a certain time. For this land he would hand over a number of articles which the Indians desired.

The young man walked much faster than the natives had supposed he would. They were not pleased with the bargain.

"But," said Penn, "you agreed that the land should be measured in this way."

"To be sure we did, but white brother make big walk!"

Some of Penn's companions said:—

"We must force these fellows to keep to the agreement."

"That would be wrong," answered Penn; "it would be an act of murder towards these simple children of the prairie."

Turning to the Indians, he inquired:—

"How much more do you think you ought to have?"

They talked with one another, and then replied that they would like so many fish-hooks, so much cloth, etc.

To this Penn agreed, and the Indians departed happy.

Not only was war avoided between the White Man and the Red. The weaker race were pleased at the fair and just spirit shown by the stronger. Would that the powerful races of the world had always been as honourable in their dealings with the more feeble!

It was the same noble spirit that moved the heart of Nushirvan, King of Persia. (He died in the year 579.)

One day some messengers, or ambassadors, had come to pay him a visit. They had been sent from the city of

Constantinople, which was then a part of the Roman Empire.

The ambassadors were taken round the Persian King's palace and shown all the beauties of its building, its pillars, its walls, its towers, its lovely carpets and furniture, and, lastly, the gardens that surrounded it.

But, as they stood at a window and looked with admiration at the scene, they noticed in the midst of the gardens a plot of land which was uneven, and not nearly so beautiful as the parts surrounding.

"Why," asked one of them, "does not the King have that piece of ground made level, so that it will match the rest of the garden?"

"It does not belong to King Nushirvan," answered a courtier.

"It belongs, perhaps, to some nobleman who is not willing to give it up?"

"No, it is the property of an old woman."

"Indeed! But surely she would sell it to the King if he demanded it?"

"He has often begged her to sell it, but, for some reason or other, she will not do so."

"But the King could easily take it from her if he willed?"

"Of course."

"It is not reasonable that she should spoil all this lovely scene."

"That may or may not be; but the King would sooner have the beauty of the garden injured than take the old woman's property by violence."

There was silence for a moment. Then one of the ambassadors said:—

"The uneven plot of ground makes the King's garden more lovely, because it tells all Persia that the King values justice above all other things."

When they went back to Constantinople they had many stories to relate of the riches and power of Nushirvan, but the story of the garden was the most precious.

LESSON VI.

THE tramp of Roman soldiers shook the highway. Their eagles rose above the mass of helmets. Officers on horse-back rode at the head of each troop. The people cheered as the Emperor Trajan passed by.

"Justice!" cried the voice of a woman. "Emperor, grant me justice!"

"Step on one side," said an officer, waving his hand.

"Justice, O Emperor!"

"I will see that the right thing is done for you," said Trajan, "on my return from the war."

"But you may be killed. Who then will help me?"

"My successor on the throne."

"Is it not better that you should do the good action yourself than let another man do it for you?"

Trajan reined in his horse. The staff of officers stopped. The troops were called to a halt. All the imperial might of Rome had come to a stand in order that Trajan might listen to the prayer of a widow.

The wrong had been done by his own son. Trajan's son had killed the widow's son. After hearing her sad tale the Emperor said:—

"My son shall take the place of the dead. He shall serve you as if he were your own boy. Also, I will send you a sum of money from my treasury."

Then the army of Rome marched on, and the widow was comforted.

Hundreds of years afterwards a good Pope of Rome, named Gregory, was thinking of this story of the noble Trajan.

"How grieved I am," he said to himself, "to think that the soul of Trajan, who did the just deed, should now be in the pains of Hell!"

Gregory went into a church, and knelt and prayed that Trajan, though he had not been a Christian, might be set free from the dark world of the Inferno, and allowed to rise to the world of Purgatory, where he might dwell for a while in the hope of even reaching Paradise.

A voice came to Gregory, saying, "I have granted thy prayer, and spared the soul of Trajan for thy sake. But in

order that this boon may be bestowed on him, thou must thyself suffer, either by living two days in Purgatory, or by bearing sickness all thy life."

Gregory chose the sickness, and his heart was weak the rest of his days.

The legend of Trajan and Gregory is told in the poem of the *Divine Comedy* by Dante. It shows us how people admired the spirit of justice which moved the heart of the great Roman.

Yes, it is a beautiful story, and worthy to be told by a poet.

But you will, I think, agree that the savage Indians in the following short tale had as fine a sense of justice.

In the year 1687, at a time when Canada was in the possession of the French, Governor De Denonville sent a message to the Oneida tribe of Red men. The message was taken by a Jesuit priest, named Lamberville.

"The governor invites you," said the priest to the Indian chiefs, "to send fifty of the tribe to visit him at Fort Frontenac."

The chiefs agreed. Fifty Red Men set out and presented themselves before the governor. What was the anger of the tribe when they heard, not long afterwards, that the fifty Indians had been seized, put on board a French ship, and sent as prisoners to France!

In their wrath they turned upon the two French priests—Lamberville and another—who were staying in the camp.

The other man was just about to be burned alive when an old Indian woman sprang forward and said:—

"I adopt this man for my son!"

The Indians respected the old woman's wish. They set the priest free. They would not hurt the adopted son of a member of their tribe.

Then they seized Lamberville, who had brought the message from the governor. They haled him before the elders of the tribe. Rage was seen on every face.

The chief of the Red Men was silent for a few moments. Then he spoke:—

"Paleface, we might treat you now as an enemy. But you did not mean to harm us. Your heart had no share in the governor's treason. You did not know the evil that he meant to commit. We are not so unjust as to punish you."

The Red people were obliged to own that this was fair to

the innocent Frenchman ; yet, for all that, some of them desired to avenge on him the wrong done to their tribesmen. The chief therefore sent Lamberville away through a lonely path in the forest, the tribe not knowing of his escape ; and the men who acted as his guides were told not to leave him till he seemed safe from attack.

Then the Indians made war on the French.

You will agree that, savage though they were, the Indians proved that they understood the meaning of justice.

LESSON VII.

ON the seashore near the city of Troy were encamped the Greeks, and their fleet lay on the sea near by.

An old priest came in a ship, and landed, and walked with a golden stick in his hand towards the tent of the Greek King Agamemnon.

“O King,” he cried, “give me my daughter, and I will pay a ransom.”

The King refused. He had captured the handsome lady in the siege of a town, and she was his prize of war.

In silence the old priest strode back to the ship. Then he lifted up his voice to the sun-god Apollo :—

“O Apollo, give me thy aid, and punish these evil Greeks who have taken from me my beloved daughter, and will not restore her at my prayer.”

For nine days the sun-god tormented the Greeks by shooting silver arrows at men, at dogs, at mules, so that a multitude died.

The swift-footed captain Achilles saw the people and beasts perishing, and he called upon a soothsayer to make a sacrifice, and learn from the gods the reason for the sore sickness.

“The cause of the plague,” said the soothsayer, “is the act of the King, who will not give up the daughter of the priest of the sun-god. The sickness will continue until she is restored to her father.”

The King was angry at these words. But, as all the Greeks looked to him to do the one thing that could save

further disaster, he was obliged to give way. He sent the lady home in a ship. Also, he sent fat bulls as an offering to the sun-god, for Apollo loved to see bulls slain on his altar. Then the shower of the silver arrows of death ceased.

The King in his wrath turned upon Achilles, and said he would take the captain's war-prize, Briseis—a woman as fair as the daughter of the priest of the sun-god. Achilles answered in defiance. The King would have his way, and Briseis was taken to the royal tent, and Achilles lay on the ground in sorrow.

The mother of Achilles then prayed to Zeus, the Lord of Heaven, to help her son. And the Lord of Heaven did so by taking the side of the city of Troy. The siege of Troy by the Greeks lasted ten years. Achilles would not assist in the war. His heart burned because of the injustice of the King, and without Achilles the besiegers could not conquer the stout Trojans. Many were the men killed in the Trojan war before Achilles and the King were made friends again, and Briseis was given back, and Achilles took up arms and slew the Trojan chief, Hector.

Thus, in the old story told by the poet Homer, we see how the Greek people felt that an act of injustice would be followed by evils and sorrows.

Now I will relate a legend from the land of Burma.

A blacksmith had a strong and clever son, who became famous in the region roundabout, until the King's heart was jealous.

"This man," said the King to himself, "will win the love of the people, and make himself ruler in my stead."

So he plotted to get rid of the blacksmith's son. He made the young man's sister his queen. Then he sent a message to the brother, saying:—

"The King desires to raise you to the rank of a noble. Therefore you are commanded to attend at the palace."

The blacksmith's son went, but as soon as he was in the King's power he was seized by soldiers, and bound with ropes to a tree in the palace garden. Faggots of dry wood were heaped about the unhappy youth, and were set fire to. The flames shot up.....

A loud cry was heard. It was the cry of the queen. She had heard her brother calling out in his pain. She called

to the soldiers to release him. She rushed into the flames. Alas ! she also perished.

But, though the trunks were all charred, the heads of the brother and sister were not burned at all.

The queen and her brother had now become Nats, or evil spirits, and they dwelt in the tree where the burning took place ; and whoever came near the tree died. The tree was rooted up and thrown into the River Irrawaddy. It floated down till it rested at the bank near a village. Then death took many of the village folk.

The two Nats paid a visit to the King of that place. Each ghost showed the head which once belonged to its body. They told the story of injustice.

“ I will make a shrine for you,” said the King.

So he built a temple where they might live in peace and honour ; and every year, in the month of June, the Burmese people visit the temple in great crowds ; and the Nats are pleased, and work no more harm.

The Greeks were people of the West, and the Burmese belong to the East. Both in the East and the West the hearts of men and women pay respect to justice, and they believe that injustice brings misery.

LESSON VIII.

“ BAST !”

A band of men are standing about the doorway of a house.

“ He has gone in there ! Fetch him out !”

“ Bast !” cries a voice from within.

“ We cannot touch him. It would be a vile act. It is a place of refuge. The man has taken bast.”

The pursuers disperse. The refugee is safe.

Such is the old custom in the land of Persia. There are certain places in which people may find shelter, and it is thought a crime to injure them while they stay in the particular spot.

Men have been known, even Persian men, to take “ bast ” in the grounds about the house of the British Minister or envoy in the city of Teheran. This minister, as you know,

is a gentleman appointed by the British Government to look after the interests of English, Scottish, and Irish people in Persia. It is not the business of the minister to help Persians.

But some Persians have an idea that the British nation is always just, and the British minister will assist all in distress. I am sorry to say the British nation is not always just; but I hope the British, and the French, and the Germans, and all the rest, will become more and more just as years go by.

Well, one day a Persian walked into the garden, and chose to take "bast" in that spot. In front of the Legation (the minister's house) flew the flag of England. He looked up at it with pleasure and with trustfulness. He felt all would be well.

The Persian was not alone. He had one companion, a servant, who carried small carpets for seats, and pots and pans, etc., for cooking. The two men laid the carpets on the ground by the tall flagstaff, arranged the cooking utensils, tables, etc., and seemed to have made the place their home!

The carriage road from the Legation to the city ran past the camp where the Persians had taken "bast." A messenger came from the Legation to ask what they wanted.

"I have taken bast here," replied the Persian who was master; "I am the agent of a company of merchants. We have a claim against the Persian Government for some money owing to us."

"That is not the fault of the British Legation."

"Oh, no. But perhaps the minister will help me. I shall stay here. The Persian Government will not dare to turn me out. Whenever any Persian minister or officer passes by, they will see me; they will know I have a grievance against the Government; at last I may get justice done."

"Well, we will not turn you out. But would you mind moving your camp further away from the main drive—under that large shady plane-tree, for example?"

"Certainly I will do so."

He stayed under the plane-tree four months. It was the summer season, and no rain falls in Persia at that period;

so the two companions did not suffer from being in the open air.

The agent seemed to think he would not get justice very quickly. So he planted a little garden of his own by the side of a stream that rippled past the plane-tree. He filled this plot of ground with bright yellow marigolds. From little plants they grew into large ones. The big golden flowers spread like tiny suns, looking up at the everlasting sky above.

Justice also has an everlasting power. Men may come and go, as the flowers of the earth spring up and wither. For a time they may do things that are cruel and unfair. But the spirit of justice—the spirit of humanity—lives on; and at the last the heart of man learns to obey, and to render to his neighbour what is owing to him.

The people who lived at the Legation came to look upon the Persian as a member of the establishment. Sometimes an English gentleman would stop and have a chat with the master of the garden of marigolds. The Persian servant would make tea; the agent would offer a cup to the visitor, and would talk away and tell stories in quite a cheery manner.

Nevertheless, he would not go till he had obtained his wish. The Persian Government looked into the case, found that the merchant's claim was just, and settled it by a proper payment. Then the two Persians and the carpets, pots, and pans disappeared, and the little garden of marigolds withered away.

I can fancy that, in front of the comfortable houses of the world, I can see many people waiting for justice. I can see all the men who have no work to do, the poor folk who labour for such scanty wages that they are all but starving, the ignorant children who are not having a proper education, the many mothers who toil so hard that their health is injured, the people who are homeless and lonely, the coloured tribes who are unfairly treated by the whites.

They wait; they wait. The marigolds have been growing a long time.

LESSON IX.

A GIRL had a pet lamb, which was kept in the ground at the back of her father's house. It would come to the door at feeding-times ; it loved to be caressed and fondled as if it were a little child.

There was a house next door, and a garden. One day the lamb got through the fence, and found its way about this garden, and had rare fun. It frisked from one point to another, and pulled up the flowers.

The master of the house saw the crime committed by the lamb. Well, would you say it was a crime? It was no doubt very annoying to have one's flowers spoiled in this free-and-easy manner. What do you think the man should have done?

In the first place, he would have found very little trouble in turning out the lamb. The task would have been much easier than dealing with a wild boar or a dragon.

In the second place, he could have gone to the owner of the lamb and made complaint of the damage done, and I think he would have received amends for his loss.

Well, what he did was this. He seized a thick stick, rushed out, struck the feeble creature, and kicked it again and again. The lamb was very likely much astonished at this treatment. It had no idea it was doing anything wrong in frisking and playing.

Covered with bruises, it limped back into its proper ground. The girl bent over her pet and wept. She looked at its wounds, and then gently applied vaseline to them, but all in vain. In three days it died.

Not long afterwards something else happened. The neighbour who beat the lamb kept fowls, and his fowls came through the fence and scraped about in the garden belonging to the people who had lost their pet.

They quietly sent the fowls out, not injuring them in the least.

You say they were people of a generous spirit, since they returned good for evil. Yes, but I am not thinking so much about that. I am thinking of the way in which they acted towards the fowls. Suppose they had beaten and kicked the birds, many persons might have said it served their neighbour right.

But what would the fowls say, if they could speak? They would say:—

“It is hard upon us to treat us cruelly because our owner was cruel to the lamb. We did not ill-use the lamb. That was his doing. Don’t punish us for his fault.”

Of course, we may say they had a fault of their own in coming into the garden. Quite true, but it did not deserve the cudgel or a kick.

So I am of opinion that the people in the first house acted justly. They understood that men should show justice towards animals.

One day, a young farm labourer named William Charles Good, aged 17, was in charge of two horses who were drawing a chaff-cutter. He was working for a farmer at Skellingthorpe, in Lincolnshire.

The horses were running down hill at a trot. William was at the side of one of the horses.

Presently the horses seemed startled. They broke into a gallop, and rushed down the slope as hard as they could go.

Another waggoner was looking that way, but the horses turned a corner, and neither he nor anyone else saw exactly what happened. But when the waggoner came to the bottom of the hill he found William lying on the road. He was very seriously hurt. The waggoner ran for help. Men carried William as carefully as they could to Mr. Dixon’s farm. Mrs. Dixon had him laid on a bed, and she did her best to ease his pain. A telegram had been sent for a doctor. But when he arrived William was dead.

Before he died he had turned to the friends at his bedside and said:—

“Poor Bonnie did not mean to hurt me.”

Bonnie was the horse at whose side he ran. No doubt the horse had swerved to one side and knocked the young man down. But it was only an accident. William thought that sometimes horses got bad characters if they knocked people down. They were regarded as vicious, and were not likely to be so well treated as animals with good tempers. He feared that somebody might have seen what happened, and poor Bonnie might have been disliked. He therefore said, “Poor Bonnie did not mean to hurt me.” He was just to the innocent animal.

Think of all the animals which man has tamed, and

which he has in his power for his service and his pleasure. If we could stand and review them, what multitudes would walk or run before us :—

The army of the elephants.

The army of the horses and asses and camels.

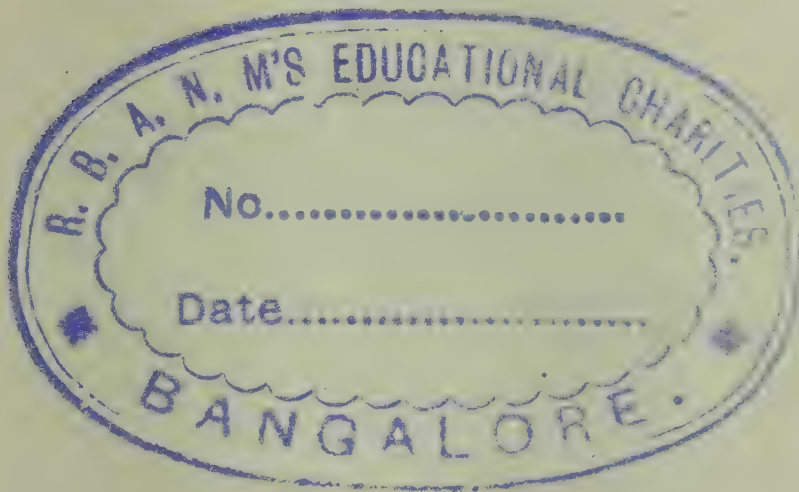
The army of the cattle.

The army of the sheep and goats and llamas.

The army of the cats and dogs.

Wonderful is the strength and wit of man in mastering all these tribes of animals.

But greater and nobler is the spirit which treats these dumb creatures with mercy and justice.



SOCIETY

LESSON I.

"SEE yonder bird !"

"Is it an eagle ?"

"No, for there is a lovely crest on its head, and the feathers on its neck are golden, and the rest of its body is purple."

"Look at its eyes ! They sparkle like stars."

Thus did the beasts and birds talk as they gazed at the bird newly arrived.

The bird was the Phoenix, of which we read in old Greek fables. It came to Egypt, and grew old, and then, when about to die, built for itself a pile of sweet-smelling wood, and set light to it and lay on the wood and was burned. A fresh Phoenix was born from the ashes, and lived 500 years. Then another followed for 500 years, and so on.

But some of the beasts and birds who admired the Phoenix would turn away in pity, and say :—

"Unhappy Phoenix ! it has a hard lot. It possesses no mate, no friend. It is the only creature of its kind. It is alone."¹

Ah, it is hard to live alone. We all like to be with friends. We join with other men and women, girls and boys, in a society. Man is a social being.

I suppose you have read Daniel Defoe's tale of *Robinson Crusoe*. You know how he lived alone on an island on the west side of South America. It is said that a man named Alexander Selkirk was wrecked on the island of Juan Fernandez, and dwelt on it all by himself for many years. When at length he returned to England his story came to the knowledge of Daniel Defoe, and Defoe put a great deal

¹ A fable by Lessing.

more of his own fancy to it, and made it into the history of Crusoe.

Well, our English poet Cowper has written verses in which Alexander Selkirk is supposed to speak. You must picture to yourself Selkirk standing on a hill in his island. The wide, wide sea surrounds the place, and not a ship is to be seen on its immense surface. Selkirk is king of all the land that he can view. He is king of birds and beasts :—

I am monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute ;
From the centre all round to the sea
I am lord of the fowl and the brute.

And is he glad to be on the island ? Not at all. He would sooner dwell in a city where there were accidents in the streets, or houses on fire, and many other troubles, so long as he might dwell among human beings. There are some men, indeed—sages or “wise” men—who teach that it is a good thing to be by one’s self, to be a hermit, to live in solitude, or aloneness. But what does poor Selkirk say ?—

O solitude ! where are the charms
That sages have seen in thy face ?
Better dwell in the midst of alarms
Than reign in this horrible place !

This makes one think of a very interesting old book, written by Dr. Johnson, called *Rasselas*. In this we read a story of a hermit who lived in a cave in the side of a mountain. A waterfall murmured near. Trees gave a shade over the cavern’s mouth. The hermit had lived in this pleasant spot for fifteen years. He had fruit and water for food. He searched for rare plants and minerals. At first he felt happy. But after a while he began to wish to be once more among the people in the busy world. He would not give way to this wish, but remained in loneliness for those many years. At last, when a party of travellers from Egypt came to see him, he resolved to go back, and, gathering up the treasure which he had hid among the rocks, he joined them in their return to Egypt.

Well, now let us hear Selkirk again. He never hears anyone’s voice except his own, and even that has grown strange to him :—

I am out of humanity’s reach,
I must finish my journey alone,

Never hear the sweet music of speech,
I start at the sound of my own.

It is true he has the goats and other animals of the island for his comrades, and they are tame, or rather they have not learned to fear man, and so walk or play near Selkirk without any sign of alarm. But that does not please him, for they only remind him of the companions whom he would be happy to see, but cannot :—

The beasts that roam over the plain
My form with indifference see ;
They are so unacquainted with man,
Their tameness is shocking to me.

He wonders if his friends in old Scotland ever think of him—

My friends, do they now and then send
A wish or a thought after me ?
Oh, tell me I yet have a friend,
Though a friend I am never to see.

You are more fortunate than Alexander Selkirk. You live with your comrades. You are one of a family. You are a member of society. You have a social life.

LESSON II.

A PARTY of men and horses were travelling in Queensland, Australia. On the backs of some of the horses were tied tents, provisions, and other things useful to the travellers. They were going across the country in search of a new pasture-land for cattle. In Australia there are great stretches of barren land in between stretches of pleasant and fruitful land, so that the good portions have to be looked for with careful eyes.

The leader of the party was a man named Bob S. He and his friends rode many miles, and at last pitched their camp in what they called a "good-looking" country.

In the morning Bob thought he would go out by himself and survey the land round about. He took a long walk, and saw what kind of place it was, and in the evening took his way back to the camp.

What was his surprise when he found the camp was gone ! For some reason or other, his friends had struck their tents, packed up all their things, and left the spot without him. He was all alone in the wilderness. There were no dwellings to be seen, no roads, no sign of anything human, except that he knew that wild "black fellows" wandered in this region. He had a revolver with him ; he had no food.

Bob started to walk after his companions. Here and there he found a few berries to eat, and water in a pool. At night he lay under trees, without comrade, and far from the sound of any human voice. Thus he tramped, footsore and wretched, for eleven days—a lonely soul, longing to get back to human society.

One morning, as he descended a hill, he suddenly saw a large camp of natives. Here were people. But was it society ? No, for there were no true companions. The natives would perhaps slay him, or capture him. One of the black fellows had just risen from sleep. He and Bob stared at each other a few moments. Then the Englishman shouted aloud, and fired his revolver, as if he had other men behind him, and he was leading them on to an attack. The blacks fled across a river in terror !

Bob tramped on, his heart heavy, his spirit faint. Oh, if he could once more meet friends, and see houses such as he might enter with a welcome !

One day he lay ill on the ground. A white man came riding by from a cattle station. He saw the fallen traveller, picked him up, placed him on the horse, and carried him to his own house, where Bob soon recovered from all his sickness and weariness.

What joy it was to return to the place where men dwelt, and to be once again a member of society !

Well, perhaps now you will say that to live in society is to live with other folks who are friends with us, and have our ways and speech. I am not sure that that is quite enough.

An English lady, Mrs. Amelia Perrier, visited the city of Tangier, in North Africa, about the year 1870, and was invited to a house to see a bride. It was a Moorish house, and the young person who was about to be married was a Moorish lady. Seven English ladies went with Mrs. Perrier.

Other ladies—Moorish ladies—followed, and they all—twenty-eight guests—sat on the carpet on the floor! The room was crammed, and it was hot and stuffy. Also there was a strong smell of perfume, such as the Moors love.

The bride sat at one end of the small room. On her cheeks were white paint and two patches of red. Her eyebrows were blackened, and the black paint was brushed in a line between her eyes. She wore very much jewellery. A lady friend who sat next to her wore a splendid pearl necklace with an emerald “drop,” and earrings of emeralds and pearls.

They all talked a good deal.

Well, would you call this society? Let us see.

They talked about the dresses of the English ladies—their gowns, their collars, their lace, their ribbons, their bodices, their skirts, their boots, and so on.

Then a large doll was brought in. It was a doll that could open and shut its eyes, and cry out. The doll was passed to the bride, and she was charmed with it.

The air in the room was now so hot, and the talk was so silly, that Mrs. Perrier and her friends thought it was time to go.

“Oh, do stay!” cried the Moorish ladies, as they pulled the Englishwomen’s dresses.

Slaves brought in tea flavoured with mint, and dishes of sweetmeats.

“Do stay!” cried the Moorish ladies again.

But the English visitors were glad to get away.

Dull, indeed, was the life of the Moorish women, who had to keep indoors very much, and who hardly ever saw fresh faces, and never seemed to have anything sensible to talk about.

It is terrible to be alone in the wilderness. But it is also terrible to live in a city, and amid a crowd, without being able to play our part in a useful life, and without having comrades with whom we can talk of things sensible and interesting.

LESSON III.

IN one of Mr. John Ruskin's books he says the people in society are like persons who escape from a shipwreck in an open boat. There are a great many crowded into this boat, and we may suppose that for some time they have to stay on the sea, anxiously watching for a vessel to come to their aid.

Well, there is only a certain amount of food and water. What ought to be done with it? No doubt you will say that the people in the boat should share alike, though of course the children would not need so much as the adults; but the grown-ups would share alike, and the children would share alike as far as could be arranged.

But the boat must be driven towards the nearest land. Who is to do that? All the men who are strong enough should each take an oar, or help in some other way to keep the boat in going order. They would not expect the women to row, nor the children, nor the old men, nor the sick persons. Indeed, those that were ill or weak would receive extra care. They would have the best places and the best food.

And if one or two men were noisy and troublesome, and acted as if the boat belonged to them alone, what would be done with them? They must be tied down to keep them from hurting their neighbours.

And out of all the passengers in the boat one must be chosen to take the helm, and guide. He will be the leader.

So, in society, we need leaders. We must keep down (as gently as we can) those who will not let their neighbours be at peace. We should expect each healthy man to work at men's work; and, while we would not wish the women to do men's work, we, of course, would ask them—each one—to work in women's way. And all who are weak, or faint, or sick, should have our care and help and kindness.

Alas! We cannot say that this plan is carried out in society. Some men are idle, and look on lazily while others work; and it is the same with some women. Nor are the sick and weak always cared for in kindness by the strong. Nor is the food shared so that each person in the boat (the boat of England, the boat of Europe, the boat of America,

and so on) gets what he or she needs for health and comfort.

Is it our business to help if we see other people in want? Yes, it is always our business to do one thing—to wish to help; and it is our business to do a second thing—and that is to help if we can. We should, as the Bible says, “Rejoice with them that rejoice; weep with them that weep.”

About the year 590 there was a plague, or great sickness, among the citizens of Rome. Many persons died among all classes and of all ages.

Pope Gregory (who was afterwards called Gregory the Great) bade the people gather together and march to the Church of the Virgin; for she was the Lady of Mercy, and would hear the cry of the sorrowful people, and pray for them.

The Pope did not let the Roman folk go in a common crowd to the church. He asked them to walk in a certain order. Suppose we could have looked from a window near the church. We should have seen the people pass in seven processions, which all came together at the church door.

The married men march by.

The unmarried men march by.

The priests march by.

The monks march by.

The women march by—wives in one band; then widows; then unmarried women; then nuns with veils over their faces.

The girls march by.

The boys march by.

Thus you see all the dwellers in Rome—so far as they were willing and able—took part in the great procession.

As they walked they chanted hymns.

Some people said that, as they passed the tomb of the Emperor Hadrian, they saw an angel putting his sword into his sheath, and it was a sign that the plague was to come to an end.

Well, but the figure of the angel is not the noblest thing in the story. The most beautiful thing in the story is the way in which the people joined together in their trouble.

Each might have stayed in his own house, or his own

room, and felt sad for himself or for others. It was far better that they should all come out, and form one company, and share in the same chant, and walk in the processions to one place, and all hope together for a happy issue out of their affliction.

When people do this, they are a true society.

LESSON IV.

ONE afternoon, in August, 1875, while the English traveller Commander Cameron was sitting in his camp in Central Africa, a number of natives came in. Cameron and the negroes always got on well together. He loved to chat with them. Often he heard pleasant stories and folk-lore from their lips. This afternoon he heard from one of the visitors the tale of Lake Dilolo :—

Where the waters of Lake Dilolo now gleam in the hot African sun, there once was a large native village. Many were the huts ; loud was the bleating of goats ; cheerful were the sounds of labour ; and merry the voices of the little negro children at play. Food was plentiful—fowls, corn, pigs, cassava (the tapioca plant). People ate, drank, and took their ease. They were wealthy, and they were selfish.

One day an old and feeble negro limped into the village, and his poor weak eyes rolled from side to side in anxious search for someone who would help him in his distress.

He paused at the door of a hut, and said to the people in it :—

“ I am tired with a long journey ; I am hungry ; I have yet a long way to go. Will you give me rest and food ? ”

“ No ! ”

At the sound of this dreadful “ No ! ” the aged pilgrim turned sadly away. The fat and careless folk of Dilolo looked upon him as a loafer and an idler, who ought to have saved up his corn and cassava and had enough for his old age. He had no business to come to the huts of respectable Africans, and show his filthy rags and his thin legs and wasted features.

“Begone, wretch !”

Such were the cries that were uttered. Even the children threw dirt and mud at him ; and the stranger was hooted from the village.

Footsore and despairing, he was leaving this place where pity did not dwell, when a gentle-hearted negro met him, and asked him what was the matter.

“I want a drink of water, a little food, and a spot to rest my weary head for awhile.”

The man took him into his hut, and at once gave him water. Then he killed a goat, and made a meal of meat and porridge. And he let the old pilgrim sleep under the shelter of his roof.

In the middle of the night, when all the household was still, and in the village silence reigned, the old beggar-man rose up and awoke his kind host, and said :—

“You have done me a good turn, and now I will do the same for you. But none of your neighbours must know what I am about to tell you. Will you promise me that ?”

“Yes, father.”

“Soon,” said the old pilgrim, “soon a storm will arise over this evil land, and the rains will fall even as a flood. You and your dear ones must fly from this place, for it is doomed because of the wickedness of the people. I thank you, my friend, for your humanity.”

The beggar departed.

Two days afterwards, the wind blew with fury, and rain began to fall.

“The words of the old man are coming true,” said the good negro.

Then he and his wives and his slaves and his children made haste, and they took goats, fowls, sacks of corn, and the furniture of the huts, and made their way as fast as they could up the hill-side, and found shelter in a cave.

The next morning, when they arose and looked forth, behold ! the valley of Dilolo was no longer a place of fields and gardens and pasture and huts. It was filled with a wide and deep lake !

“And to this day,” said the negro who told the tale to Commander Cameron, “if you go in a boat on the lake, and rest in the midst thereof, and listen, you will hear below, in the depths of the water, the ghosts of women

pounding corn and singing as they work, and you will hear the crowing of the cocks and the bleating of the goats."

In this legend we see that the Africans understand what a village ought to be. A village must be something more than a number of huts built together, and containing people, and much food, and furniture. These things alone do not make a society. If the people forget the claims of the weak and helpless, they are not worthy the name of men and women, and they bring no blessing to the world, and might just as well go from the light of the sun.

Society must care for its weaker members.

LESSON V.

THE Destroyer sat on a mountain, and looked at the world below. Black were his wings. Black was his shaggy hair. From under his black eyebrows flashed the light of an evil will to man. His black robes, gloomy as night, hung in awful clouds over his figure. Black were his feet, and black the claws which rested on the rocks. Each time he spake there was a sound as of thunder. And each time that he spake mankind lost a dear friend and helper.

"Depart!" said the Destroyer.

At the sound of his voice every dog on the face of the earth vanished. No longer did the dog watch the flocks in the valley and on the hill. No longer did the dog keep guard over the house. No longer did the dog gambol at his master's side, or run beside the rider, or scamper with the sportsman over field and moor. No longer did the dog fight against the threatening wolf. No longer did the dog lie, as a tender comrade, near the bedside of its sick mistress.

"Depart!" said the Destroyer.

At the sound of his voice every cat on the face of the earth vanished. No longer did puss purr gently on the hearth. No longer did the kitten play with the children in the nursery, or amuse the ailing child that sat propped on pillows in the armchair. No longer did cat or kitten make the house seem homely, and remind folk of the wonderful

friend of Dick Whittington, or the Puss-in-Boots that did such marvels for the young Marquis of Carabas.

“Depart!” said the Destroyer.

At the sound of his voice every ox and cow and buffalo on the face of the earth vanished. No longer did the lowing herd “wind slowly o’er the lea.” No longer did the kine stand in the water under the shadow of the riverside elms and bushes. No longer did the patient oxen draw the plough over the rich soil of Spain or Italy, or the buffalo labour in the fields of India. No longer did the vast armies of cattle roam the plains of Argentina and provide food for the tables of Europe, or for the shoeing of millions and millions of feet.

“Depart!” said the Destroyer.

At the sound of his voice every horse and ass and mule on the face of the earth vanished. No longer did the horse draw carriage, or cart, or sledge. No longer did the horse gallop to the hunting-field, or charge with the soldier on his back. No longer did the horse bear the traveller in safety through the glades of the immense forest, or amid the gloom of mountain passes, or along the high roads of the inhabited country. No longer did the horse pull the plough. No longer did the ass serve the poor peasant of the village. No longer did the mule convey the loads of the merchants over the hills and plains of Portugal and Spain.

“Depart!” said the Destroyer.

At the sound of his voice all the tame birds on the face of the earth vanished. The pigeon and dove cooed no longer in the cots by the farm-house. The parrot no longer created smiles and laughter by his droll speech. The fowls no longer pecked grain, and the “cock’s shrill clarion” was heard no more at the dawn of day. Ducks dived no longer in the pool, and the graceful swan was never more seen on the smooth mirror of the lake. The peacock no longer spread its glorious tail in the sunshine, and the canary’s trill was silent. The ostrich no longer ran in its plummy pride, and the turkey strutted no more amid the birds of the farm.

“Depart!” said the Destroyer.

At the sound of his voice all the sheep, and goats, and llamas, and pigs, and deer on the face of the earth vanished. No longer was heard the bleating of the numberless flocks. No longer the swine searched for acorns in the forest. No

longer the goats leaped on the rocks, and no longer did the llamas pasture on the slopes of the giant Andes. The shepherd's flute was stilled, and the shepherdesses danced no more on the daisy-covered mead. No longer the swift deer darted among the greenwood trees.

"Depart!" said the Destroyer.

At the sound of his voice all the camels and tame elephants and dromedaries on the face of the earth vanished. No longer the huge tusker carried the riflemen to the tiger-hunt. No longer the camel and the dromedary bore the gums, and silks, and ivory of the merchants over the ocean of sand.

Man was desolate. He was now more lonely than Crusoe. All the docile creatures that did his bidding, came at his call, shared his home, and suffered him to lay burdens on their patient backs, had gone. Only the wild beasts and birds now dwelt as his neighbours on the earth. But they could never be his friends, and some of them would always be his enemies. Cruel indeed was the work of the Destroyer when he bereaved man of his comrades of the animal world.

Learn, children, from this dream how much man owes to the dumb creatures, and how different human society would be without their presence.

THE COMMON WEAL

LESSON I.

KING PHILIP of France stood at the window of his palace near the River Seine.

The road which ran by the palace was very dirty and muddy. As the traffic passed, mud was thrown upon the royal windows, and much annoyed his Majesty.

I am speaking of the city of Paris as it was in the twelfth century. The streets were not then paved with stone.

The King thought to himself: "This mud is very unpleasant. I will have the roadway paved."

The kings before him had also been vexed by the mud, but had done nothing because of the expense of laying down the stones. So the road was paved, and the way made much cleaner both for the King and the people. This was the first street ever paved with stone in Paris.

But though the change was good for the people, or public, I am afraid his Majesty had thought more of himself than others. His first idea was not to make the way nice and clean for the public, but to avoid a nuisance to himself. So, though he did a good thing, he had not done it for the best reason.

I will tell you of a road-maker who, I think, made roads because he took a pleasure in serving the people about him.

In the north of Scotland is a county called Caithness. It is crowded with mountains, which afforded pasture for sheep. Across the rocky mountains the sheep wandered among the purple heather. The shepherds followed them by means of narrow paths that wound in and out among stones and bushes. Roads for carts and carriages were few and far between, and what roads there were were not good. For instance, across Orde mountain the carriage-road was like a narrow shelf. At one point it ran along the top of a cliff. So steep was this cliff that a person sitting in a carriage

could drop a stone straight down into the sea far below. You may be sure that nervous folk did not care to travel along such a place, where a slight motion of the horse to one side might fling the vehicle into the water ! At another point in the road the surface was so rough that fifteen or twenty men were called to help push a carriage along !

Sometimes men who drove cattle would have to send the beasts into a river, and they and the cattle would have to swim over as well as they could. There were very few bridges in the district.

In Thurso Castle lived a young landowner, named Sir John Sinclair (born 1754, died 1835). He made up his mind to help his neighbours as much as he could. The Caithness farmers soon found out he meant well, and they one day came to him with a request.

“Can you,” they asked, “carry a road over the hill by Ben Cheilt?”

There was a sheep-path over the mountain ; that was all.

Sir John Sinclair went to look at the path. He examined the way carefully. He set his brain to work. Then he arranged with a large number of men to do the work of making a new road. As many as twelve hundred and sixty (1,260) labourers were to meet him early one morning.

The sun had only just risen, and the Scottish mist still hung over the great hills and vales, when Sir John appeared on the mountain side. A big crowd of labourers were there, armed with pick-axes and shovels.

He gave the signal to begin. Then arose the sound of breaking of stones, and shovelling of earth, and the foremen shouting to the men. Before the sun had set that day, and the stars came out over the northern sea, a road six miles long had been constructed by these busy hands. In the morning there had only been a sheep-track. In the evening there was a carriage-road.

Sir John was glad ; and the farmers of Caithness were glad.

All over the county he carried on other good works. Roads were laid ; mills were erected ; bridges were built. Sir John thought the farmers did not use good enough seed in sowing their fields ; so he got a supply of much better grain to use as corn seed, and thus they were able to reap richer harvests.

The sheep were not of the finest kind. So he sent all the way to the south of Scotland, and had sheep brought from the Cheviot Hills, and the flocks of Caithness were now of a much better breed for the production of wool.

Wherever you looked in Caithness you saw signs of this good landlord's labours for the common weal.

No doubt you have often walked across a bridge. It may be an old bridge, its arches having spanned a stream for hundreds of years. I think, if the builders of such a bridge could come and see their work still standing safe and sound, they would be glad to know how useful to many thousands of men and women and children has been the toil of their hands. A bridge is a noble thing. It brings a blessing to the people. It serves the common weal.

LESSON II.

THE eagle looked with his piercing eye at a bee. The bird was king of the hills, and companion to the lightning and the thunder. The insect was a meek creature that never rose higher than bush or tree.

"Mean thing!" said the eagle. "You toil all the summer, and you never do anything that makes you distinguished. Look at me. I soar to the clouds. I hover over villages. The shepherds tremble for the safety of their flocks when they catch sight of me. Not a bird can out-fly me."

"To you," replied the bee, "be glory and honour. I was born to work for the hive, and I labour only for the common weal. It is true I am not distinguished. I shall never be famous. But, after all, I am not unhappy. I look at the honeycomb in our hive, and I think to myself that a few of the precious drops in the store were made by me."

This fable of the eagle and the bee was written by the Russian author Krilof.

Who are the eagles? They are the people who have grand manners, grand houses, grand names, but do no useful work. I do not mean that all grand folk are useless; but very many of them are.

Who are the bees? All people, no matter how lowly, who make things and do things that bless society—that is, that bless their neighbours.

There was once a Greek teacher who gave lessons to crowds of pupils. He was thought very much of by the citizens of Athens.

One day he was seen coming home from the market, carrying a dish of pickled fish.

"Sir," said a friend, "do you think it dignified for a philosopher to carry pickled fish?"

"It is for myself," replied the teacher.

I suppose he meant that it was right he should carry his own parcels if he could, without troubling other persons to wait on him.

Another Greek was the celebrated writer Plutarch. He not only wrote books. He also took part in the affairs of his city, and was appointed Archon, or magistrate. Among his duties was the care of the public buildings. If a temple or house belonging to the town was being repaired, he was to see the work was properly carried out. Some Archons would send a clerk or foreman to look after the men. Plutarch went himself. He would stand at the place where the masons, bricklayers, and joiners were busy, and watch that the right number of tiles were supplied for the walls or floor; the right measure of stone; the right amount of mortar, wood, etc.

"Surely," a friend would say, "you are not obliged to attend to all these small details, Plutarch."

He would answer:—

"When the philosopher of Athens carried pickled fish home, he said it was for himself. Now I do not say that. I say that this service is for my country."

Thus, like the bee, the noble Plutarch was happy to render help to the common weal, even though it was of a very simple and ordinary kind.

Indeed, one may serve the common weal without soaring like the eagle, or even buzzing in and out among the masons and carpenters. It may be done when we are quite alone. Let me show you how.

From a great and gloomy cave in the hillside issues a stream. It rolls among high cliffs and tumbles in cascades, until, reaching smoother ground, it winds among green

meadows. On the bank of the stream stands a cottage, in which live a fisherman and his wife. Both are old; her skin is parched and brown with sun and work, for she helps him train the vines and gather the fruit. He goes on the river in his skiff, and catches fish. If you could peep in and see them at their cottage meal you would find them eating brown bread, raisins, figs, almonds, etc. These fruits grow easily in the southern lands, for I am speaking of a valley in France near the Mediterranean Sea.

There is another dweller in this lonely and quiet valley. It is a man, not yet middle-aged, who often strolls in the meadows or sits in a grotto built of loose stones in the midst of a bright garden.

As he sat or walked, his eye would at times be cast downwards, at times raised. He would mutter words and sentences, or even burst out aloud, and repeat lines of poetry. Hastily seizing pen and paper, he would write the lines he had just composed. He was a poet, and most of his poems were pieces of fourteen lines each, called sonnets.

The poet's name was Petrarch (born 1304, died 1374). He was a native of Italy; and to this day people read his sonnets in Italian, or read translations in English, French, etc. In the quiet and homely valley he was a worker for the common weal. He was composing beautiful thoughts in fine words which the world would be happy to read for ages afterwards.

Thus may we serve society in daily labour; in the daily ordering of work which others do; or in solitary thoughts in the valley or the forest.

LESSON III.

CLOUDS of steam rose up from big pots as from a witch's cauldron.

Round the pots stood workmen who wore short skirts, and on their heads were red fezzes, or Turkish hats. The men were Turks.

• Into the pots they had put quantities of white lumps of alum. No doubt you know alum and its bitter taste.

The alum was boiled in order to mix with the juice from the roots of the madder-plant. The result was a dye of a pleasant red colour. We now call the colour Turkey-red.

A dark-eyed Italian used often to pass by the workshops and watch the men boiling the dye. He had found out where the alum came from. It was brought from some hills which he had walked over in his travels in Asia Minor. John di Castro (for that was his name) was a travelling merchant. He traded in cloth, taking Italian goods to the East and taking Eastern goods to Italy.

One curious fact he had noticed. On the hills where the alum was got from, the grass and shrubs were of a bright green.

When he was in Italy, about the year 1453, he caught sight of grass and shrubs on the land near the seaport city of Civita Vecchia. The colour struck him as being just the same as that on the alum hills of Asia.

He searched eagerly, turning up the soil here and there, and, to his delight, discovered pieces of alum. He tasted them, and they had the proper saltish taste.

Nowadays alum is made in chemical factories ; but it can be sometimes obtained from the earth, and that was how the dyers of past times were supplied.

John went to the Pope of Rome.

"I have found alum in our own country," he said.

"Nonsense," said the Pope.

John told the same to the cardinals. They also said it was absurd. They said it must be a dream. But he insisted so earnestly that at last some learned men went to examine the spot pointed out by the merchant. It was true. Alum was there, sure enough.

Works were set up for boiling alum and madder. No longer was it necessary to go to Turkey for Turkey-red. Italian merchants were soon doing a great trade in the dye.

The Pope erected a statue to John, and on it were carved these words :—

"TO JOHN DI CASTRO, THE DISCOVERER OF ALUM."

There is one thing that pleases me in this story. It is the fact that the Pope should have done honour to a man of industry. Too often have statues been raised in memory of fighting men and conquerors. Here, however, was a

monument in honour of a man who served the common weal in a way that did harm to no man, woman, or child.

Do not suppose I want statues put up in memory of every useful worker. Why, if we did that, our streets and parks would not hold all the statues, so many have been the noble men of industry. I do not know whether John di Castro cared for a statue or not. I rather think he was well enough pleased to reflect that he had been of use to Italy.

Look at the French sailor Hervé Riel, of whom the poet Browning has told the brave story.

In May, 1692, the French fleet were making all sail in retreat from the English. The English fleet numbered twenty-two warships. Off the port of St. Malo, in Brittany, the French admiral signalled for pilots.

Several pilots boarded the flag-ship.

"The tide is low," they said; "there are rocks at the harbour mouth. The channels between are too narrow for the passage of your great vessels."

Dismay was seen on all faces. Only a mile or two behind were the English ships in full pursuit.

"I will run my ships aground," cried the admiral, "sooner than let them fall into the power of the enemy. I will blow them up."

A sailor, Hervé Riel, stepped forward.

"The pilots are wrong," he said. "I know the rocks and the channels, every inch. Let me steer the largest ship first, the rest following. If one of our ships touches a rock, I will forfeit my head!"

It was done. The first ship passed safely in. The rest glided afterwards. The English arrived too late, and were baffled.

The French admiral was full of joy.

"What reward shall I give you?" he asked of Hervé Riel.

"I would like a day off," said the simple sailor, "to go ashore and see my wife."

That was all.

He had no monument, unless we like to say Browning's beautiful poem is his monument.

Riel had a noble soul. He was happy to serve the common weal; nor did he dream of any pay for his grand service. His wife kissed him.

And to-day France and the world honour him.

LESSON IV.

PEOPLE looked with horror into the deep, dark hole.

It had suddenly opened in the midst of the Roman Forum, where the law-makers met.

Some of the citizens went to a temple and asked the priests how the gap might be closed.

The priests answered :—

“The Gods advise that the most precious thing in Rome must be thrown into the gulf before it can be closed up.”

Men and women looked at each other, and questioned, “What is the most precious thing in Rome?”

Into the heart of one young man came the answer. It was the heart of Marcus Curtius. He said to himself :—

“The most precious thing is a man’s life. A man’s life must be given to the gods of the Underworld as a sacrifice. Then the chasm will be closed.”

So Curtius put on his armour, and took his lance, and mounted his horse, and galloped towards the hole in the Forum. The citizens ran to see the wondrous sight of a man giving up his life for the common weal.

The horse’s hoofs thundered nearer and nearer to the Forum.

Like a rock falling from a mountain, like an oak-tree blasted by the bolts of heaven, like a star that shoots down the evening sky, the horse and his rider flew from the brink into the blackness and mystery of the gulf. The helmet, the lance, and the valiant Roman that bore them disappeared.

Then the earth closed up with a dull sound. The danger was past. Men, women, and children might walk across the floor of the Forum in safety.

Thus did the old Roman legend teach how noble it was for a man to lay down his life for the sake of his brethren.

I will tell you a story that is not a legend. The incident happened in the year 1720.

At that time a terrible plague raged in the French town of Marseilles, and many people died.

Doctors met together in deep consultation. One of them said :—

“Gentlemen, I believe we shall never find out the way in which the plague kills human beings until somebody dissects

the body of a person who has died of the disease, and carefully examines the internal organs."

Who would do this? Whoever did it might count on certain death. In handling the dead body he would be sure to catch the fatal illness himself.

One doctor, Henri Guyon, a man in the prime of life, stepped forward.

"I will do it," said he.

He had no wife or child. Before he proceeded to his dreadful task he sat down and wrote a will. In this paper he declared that all his goods should go to the hospitals and almshouses of Marseilles.

A Catholic priest brought to him the holy wafer—the bread from the altar of the church. He ate it as the last food he would receive. Then he took paper, pens, ink, and the instruments that physicians use.

Alone for several hours, he was engaged in dissecting the corpse of a man who had died of the plague.

Henri Guyon wrote down notes of what he saw. A number of sheets were filled with writing.

When he had done his observations he soaked the note-papers in vinegar, in order to prevent them from carrying the germs of disease.

Then Henri Guyon lay down. Already he felt ill. In twelve hours he was dead.

His friends read the notes, and understood better how the disease acted.

I do not know if the knowledge thus gained was of any use to mankind. But I am quite sure Henri Guyon had a very noble soul. He risked his life in order to do good. He was a sacrifice for the common weal.

Curtius, the Roman, flung himself into the gulf of the Forum that he might take away the terror of the pit.

Guyon, the Frenchman, yielded up his life in the same spirit. He lived for others. He died for others.

So many have been the heroic souls, men and women, who have died for the good of the world that, if all their names could be written in a book, it would make a glorious and great volume, with thousands and thousands of pages.

LESSON V.

A LIGHTHOUSE rises on the shore of Cat Island, on the Mississippi coast, United States. In the year 1904 Mr. McCall, the keeper, lived in the lighthouse with his wife. Each night he lit the lamps which shone through the great glass prism at the top of the building. The prism revolved by means of a machine. Thus sailors at sea could see the light flash for a while, then it seemed to go out, then it flashed again, and so on; and they knew from the way it turned that it was the light of Cat Island, and they went on with a clear knowledge of their course.

One summer evening Mrs. McCall had prepared the last meal of the day, and called to her husband to have supper before he climbed the stairs to light the lamps.

No reply came. She looked for him, and at length went out on the landing-place where small boats were moored.

Alas! the lighthouse-keeper lay dead on the boat-wharf. Mrs. McCall was now all alone.

What should she do? Night was coming on. She dared not stay to weep for her dead husband. If the warning lamps did not shine, perhaps some ship might leave its course and strike on a reef or a shoal of sand.

Mrs. McCall went up the tower and lit the lamps. But she did not know how to set the prism revolving. She tried, but the machine did not act. She found she could turn the prism by pushing; but could she hold on, all night long, turning the blazing prism?

She resolved to do so.

Her husband lay dead below. Her heart ached in grief.

But for the sake of the lives of men on ships she turned the light, and paused, and turned again.

She longed for the morning; she wondered if she could in any way obtain help.

But for the sake of the lives of men on ships she turned the light, and paused, and turned again.

The dawn broke, and the brave woman was able to rest. After a while she placed a flag of distress at the top of the tower, in the hope that people might see it from afar and come to her aid.

The day passed, and no assistance came.

The second night arrived. Mrs. McCall turned the light as before.

On the second day her signal was observed, and relief came, and she was able to leave the island with her beloved dead.

Let the name of this heroic woman be held in honour. She acted nobly for the common weal.

I will change to a very different scene. We are now at a little country railway station in the South of England in the year 1898. It was one of those places where there was a level crossing—that is, where the road for foot passengers, carts, etc., ran across the line, and the same road was used to pass from one side of the station to the other. A rule was therefore made that the doors at the station were to be closed five minutes before the departure of each train. Thus there would be no danger of persons being caught on the line by a train. The rule was made for the common weal.

A train was timed to arrive at 6.59 p.m. One evening a gentleman, Mr. B., reached the station at 6.50. He had nine minutes to spare. He set his luggage down on the platform and walked out a short distance.

The train approached. Mr. B. ran to the station. He reached the door at 6.56½, but the door was locked.

He kicked and hammered at the door. No one opened.

The train stopped; people got in and out; the train moved on. Then the door was opened. It was safe to pass the level crossing.

"Why didn't you open the door?" asked Mr. B. of the station-master.

"Because it is the rule to close it five minutes before the train departs."

"But I was in time!"

"You were not here five minutes before the door closed."

"I will go to law," said Mr. B.

And he did so. He had taken a cab to carry him to the place where he wished to play in a cricket match. The cab cost 4s. 6d.

He told the judge at the County Court that he wanted to recover 4s. 6d. from the railway company.

"No," said his Honour (that is the judge), "for the rule said the door might be closed five minutes before the departure of each train."

"But it is not a fair rule," was the plaintiff's plea.

"Yes, it is," said his Honour; "it is made for the safety of the public, and it is specially needed at a station where there is a level crossing. You cannot recover the 4s. 6d."

Now, when I told you of the heroic wife of the lighthouse-keeper, you no doubt admired her conduct. You thought it was a grand thing to serve the common weal.

So it was, and so it is. But we can serve the common weal in very much smaller things. We can serve it by obeying the rules which are made for the public safety. It is not always pleasant to have to obey them. It is sometimes very unpleasant, as Mr. B. found. But we ought to be willing to put up with this unpleasantness. By so doing we show regard for the comfort and safety of other people.

LESSON VI.

AFAR off, in the South Seas, lie the Fiji Islands.

A long, long time ago (says an old Fiji tale) a father and a mother sat in a hut, talking sadly. They were speaking of their dear son. He was a youth with a delicate body, and could not eat the coarse food which the natives of Fiji were then obliged to stay their hunger with.

What was this coarse food? It was red earth—a sort of clay. Coarse as it was, it stopped the pangs of hunger.

"Poor lad," said the father, "he cannot eat red earth. I am full of pity for him. I know what I will do. I will die and become food for him."

"How," asked the mother, "can you become food for our son?"

"I will go to the god and beg him to tell me the secret."

In a grove of trees was the shrine, or dwelling-place of the god, and, kneeling there amid the leafy shade, the Fijian prayed that he might be enabled to become food.

"Yes," replied the god.

In the evening the father said to the mother: "I have learned the secret. I am about to die that our son may live. When I am dead, divide my body into parts. Put the head in one place, the stomach in another, and so with

the rest. Then come into the house and wait. You will hear the sound as of a leaf falling to the ground. After that you will hear the sound of a falling flower. Next you will hear the sound of a fruit following the flower, but it will be a fruit not yet ripe. Next you will hear the sound—a heavier sound—of a large, ripe fruit falling. Then go forth and you will find me, for I shall have become food for our son to eat.”

All these things were done.

When the husband's body was divided, and the different parts had been laid out as he had bidden, the wife sat in her house by the side of her sleeping boy. The stars shone in the heavens upon the isles of Fiji, and upon the broad field of the Pacific Ocean.

A faint tap was heard.

“That was the leaf,” she said; “the leaves cover the tree.”

The son slept, and the mother watched.

A second sound was heard as of something soft.

“It is the flower,” she said. “Before the fruit comes the flower, and, though I cannot behold the tree, I know that it is rich with blossoms.”

All was still for a while, except for the splash of the sea upon the shore of the isle.

A third sound was heard.

“It is a fruit,” she said. “But not yet is the food good enough for our son to eat.”

The light of the stars was now a little more dim. It was nearing the break of day. The unseen tree was growing the precious fruit which was made from the body of the good father.

Just as the dawn broke, pink and fair, in the eastern sky, a third fall was heard, as of a large and juicy object.

“It is the ripe fruit,” she said with joy. “Awake, my son!”

She led him out from the house, and they saw, in the rays of the newly risen sun, a glorious tree. Its leaves were broad and shiny. The branches were laden with the large fruit which is now so well known to the natives of the islands of the Pacific Ocean. In shape the fruit is round, the outside is pale green, the inside white as snow at first, and then it ripens into yellow.

First of all the mother took one of the fruits to the god;

a second she took to the King of Fiji; a third she roasted at the fire, giving some to her son, and then taking a share herself; and they enjoyed the food, and the son grew to be a strong man.

His strength was given him by the goodness of the father.

Thus does the father (like the mother) labour for the child. The child becomes a father or mother in turn, and in turn labours for the child. Thus does one generation give of its love and life to the next. Thus do the people of years gone by serve the people of to-day. Thus did the Past work for the sake of the Present.

LESSON VII.

A LARGE steamer left the port of Genoa, in Italy, one summer evening in August, 1906. It carried about seven hundred passengers, some bound for ports in Spain, others for the coasts of South America, across the broad Atlantic.

The second evening afterwards the steamer, which was named the *Sirio*, struck on a hidden rock near the shore of Spain.

Almost at once the vessel began to go down, stern first.

A wild scene occurred. Many of the passengers jumped into the sea. Men and women were trampled down as the people rushed here and there, not knowing what to do.

Some swam near enough to the shore to grasp ropes which were thrown to them from the rocky cliffs.

Others crowded into boats, and so reached land.

Sad was the number of the lost. It amounted to two or three hundred.

One woman had three sons. They were all drowned. The mother's mind was so shocked that she lost her reason.

An archbishop was drowned.

The captain killed himself in despair at the wreck of his ship.

Eighty persons were hurt when escaping to the shore.

The multitude who were saved found themselves on a wide open space near Cape Palos. They had no food and no proper clothing.

As soon as the news reached Madrid, the capital of Spain, officers were sent to render all the help they could. There happened to be a circus—perhaps for bull-fights—near the scene of the wreck. This was hastily fitted up so as to give shelter to as many of the saved emigrants and sailors as possible. Food was brought in ; clothes were supplied. The Spanish folk were doing their utmost to aid the sufferers.

Alas ! some fishermen had gone out to save the drowning, and were themselves drowned in the attempt.

Not far from the place where the disaster happened was the port of Cartagena. From this port some steamers had hurried out as soon as the news arrived. Their object was to search for any persons who might be struggling towards land in small boats, or who might be seen floating.

One of these steamers was successful in saving one life.

The sailors were eagerly on the look-out.

“See !” shouted one, as he pointed.

Something was rising and falling with the rise and fall of the sea. Besides that, it showed movements of its own. It was alive.

As it was lifted to the crest of a wave it was clearly perceived.

The floating thing was a baby.

In great haste a boat was lowered, and the child was secured, and brought on board. The mother was nowhere to be seen. No doubt she had perished when the *Sirio* went down.

The baby was taken to Cartagena, and seemed none the worse for its strange travels on the ocean.

You observe that, though this human being on the crest of the wave was but a tiny infant, it was as carefully rescued as if it had been a grown-up man or woman.

Nobody said :—

“It is too small !”

Nobody said :—

“It is too weak !”

Nobody said :—

“It is unimportant !”

The captain and his sailors only thought : “This is a human creature. Its life is precious.”

That is the feeling of right-minded men and women.

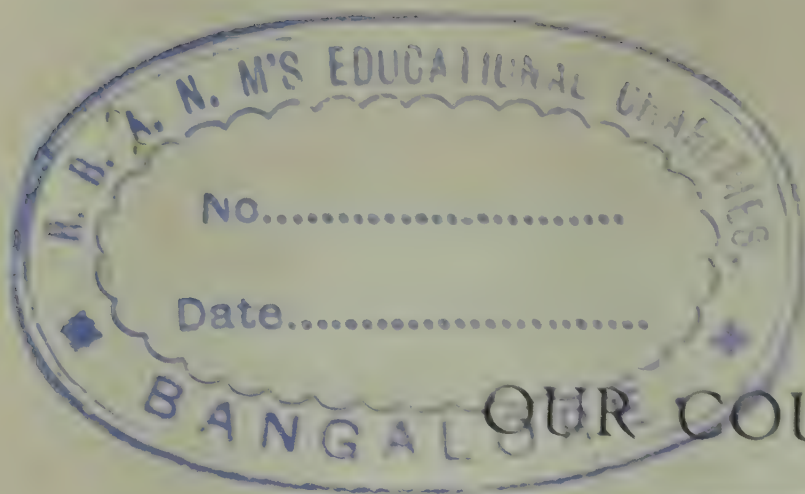
They say: "A child is a child of the great family of Humanity. Let us guard it, cherish it, and rear it."

You will find, if you read your history books, that the child is regarded with very much more respect now than in times of old.

People cannot bear to see children go hungry. They cannot bear to see them ill-clothed. I mean that people are much more touched by such things than was the case hundreds of years ago.

For the child, also, are built schools, and these infants' schools are becoming more and more beautiful, and books and pictures for the little ones are far lovelier than in days gone by.

The child is honoured because it belongs to Humanity.



LESSON I.

A LITTLE Eskimo lived in a hut on the coast of the Northern Sea. His body was encased in a sack of sealskin. The fat of the whale was his food, or the flesh of the seal. In the long winters he saw no sun, and his dwelling was dimly lit by a wick swimming in a dish of oil. All about his hut stretched ice, ice, ice; and ice lay like a coat of armour on the bosom of the ocean. Hard was the life of the Eskimo. He fought with the walrus and the bear.

Some American sailors persuaded him to come with them to their own land, the United States. There he saw towns, shops, churches, theatres, machines. But he was not happy. He wanted to go back to the land of his birth, the land of the polar bear and the snow.

When a whaling ship was about to set out for the Arctic Ocean he begged that he might be allowed to go, and his prayer was granted. Long seemed the journey to the little son of the North. He kept asking the sailors:—

“Do you see the ice?”

Not till he was back on his ice-fields was his heart again glad.

Such was the love of the Eskimo for his fatherland.

The same feeling moved the heart of a Scottish woman who left her islands to go across the water and live in Canada. In some parts of that great country you may travel hundreds of miles and see no mountains with clouds resting on their peaks, and no precipices such as hang over the sides of Highland glens. There are forests, rivers, lakes, rocks, small hills, but no cloud-capped mountains.

The Scottish woman of whom I speak lived in the Red River Settlement, and she grew old there, and became sick, and was about to die. As she lay ill she often thought of

the Highland home where she had run about as a lass. Oh! if she could behold it once again! How it would do her heart good!

"If," she murmured to the doctor, "if I could but see a wee bit of a hill, I think I might get well again."

As with the hearts of the folk of the North, so with the hearts of the folk of the South. They, too, love their fatherland, and, when exiled, they long to return.

In the eighth century, when the Moors had conquered a large part of Spain, there reigned in the city of Cordova a great King named Abderrahman. He built noble mosques where the Moors, or Arabs, worshipped God. He opened libraries where the people might read books of science and poetry. He made schools for the young. He laid out lovely gardens, in which doctors grew plants for the making of healing medicine, and fruit-trees bore fair fruit for the food and joy of the people.

Now, the King took pleasure in the orange-trees and grape-vines of Spain. But there was one tree which he desired to see above all. This was the palm-tree, which grows in Eastern lands, and which had never till then been grown in Spain. The King had palms planted in the palace gardens of Cordova. Often did he sit and watch the tall palms, and they made him think of his birth-place, the city of Damascus. As he thought of Damascus the tears came into his eyes. Sweet were the west winds, or zephyrs, of Algarve, in the Spanish land, but sweeter to him the air of the East. And so he made a poem—

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 These are stranger to this soil
 The bland zephyrs of Algarve—
 Lovingly stir thy leaves;
 Thy roots strike deep and firm
 Into a happy region No;
 And yet, like me, thou grovest,
 If, like me, thou rememberest
 Of our happy dear old home,
 Then retainest no recollection;
 But as for me, woe-worn me,
 I think of thee ceaselessly,
 And woe-wornly I weep.

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The Quaker poet, John Greenleaf Whittier,* was an American. His lines make music for Americans and

Englishmen alike ; and, in other languages, all nations might sing the same poem :—

O land of lands ! to thee we give
Our love, our trust, our service free ;
For thee thy sons shall nobly live,
And at thy need shall die for thee.

LESSON II.

“THE Dorians have come !”

The news passed through the streets of Athens, and people mounted the walls, and looked forth, and saw the spears of the enemy on the hills.

The Dorians had come to lay siege to Athens. They had come to bring terror and death.

“Do you know, sir,” said a man to Codrus, King of Athens, “what the Dorians say ?”

“What do they say ?”

“That they do not mean to kill you.”

“Strange ! I should have thought they would wish to slay me more than any other Athenian. Why is that ?”

“They went to the oracle at the sacred tree ; and the priest said the gods had given him a message for the Dorians. It was this : They would gain the victory over Athens if the King’s life was spared.”

Codrus the King thought and brooded. He disguised himself in an unkingly dress, and he left the city, and went to the camp of the Dorians. Some warriors came to see what the stranger wanted. He spoke rudely to them. They answered hotly.

“Wretches !” he shouted. “Dare you speak to an Athenian thus ?”

Their clubs and daggers were lifted. There was a scuffle ; a fall ; a groan. Codrus was dead. But Athens was saved, according to the saying of the oracle. The King’s life had been lost, and the Dorians were therefore defeated.

Such was the service of the citizens of Athens to the land they loved.

Noble was the spirit of Codrus. Noble also was the spirit of Eustace de St. Pierre and his five companions.

These six Frenchmen stood, wearing only their shirts, and having rope halters about their necks, and with naked feet, at the gate of the city of Calais.

The gate swung open. Behind them was the street, crowded with French folk—people of Calais, hungry, worn, miserable—sore stained and tried by a siege of eleven months.

Before them lay an open space, and beyond that the camp of the English. The King of England, Edward III., had said he would only spare Calais from flame and steel if six of the citizens appeared before him wearing the ropes which would hang them on the gallows.

King Edward did not name the six. They must be chosen by Calais. Six! And who should be the six?

"I will go," said Eustace de St. Pierre, and, as he stood forward, people looked upon him as a poor beast that must be slain on the altar.

Five others offered to go with him. And so these six Frenchmen, for the sake of the land they loved, walked across to the camp of the foreigner, gazed at amid the tears of the French and the wonder of the English.

Six barefooted Frenchmen stood before King Edward. The Queen of England knelt before him, and prayed that their lives might be spared; and the soldiers of England looked on in silence, and the folk of Calais silently wept for the six who had gone out to die.

The woman's voice had power over the heart of the prince, and for her sake, and also because of the brave spirit of these men of France, he bade them go in peace; and they said their thanks, and went back to the gate, and all the city shouted for joy.

Athenians and Frenchmen loved their fatherland.

Englishmen also.

For instance, let us look back to the year 1833, and see things as in a dream.

In a dark passage in a mine a boy is dragging a heavy truck.

A woman appears. She also works in the dimly-lighted mine, and pulls a truck.

Early in the morning, before the sun has risen, some children—one only about seven years old—go forth from

their house, and hurry along a path in the valley. By a dirty stream stands a big mill. The lights gleam at the windows. It is five o'clock. The sound of machines is heard. The children enter. They are workers in the cotton-mill. Their toil will not be done till six o'clock in the evening.

Some Englishmen look into the darkness of the mine, and they watch the children go into the mill. They say to one another:—

“These things are not for the good and the honour of England. Our country can never be a happy land, nor our people a great nation, while such things are done. We must pray the people of England to put a stop to these evils.”

So they go up and down the land they love, and make the people hearken to their voice, and they touch the hearts of the rulers, and laws are made that shorten the hours of labour for the women and children. These laws are known as the Factory Acts—one in 1833, another in 1844, and others in after years.

Many are the good men—and good women—who thus have sought to make England a place of justice and health for the workers, and I cannot repeat all their names.

One was Lord Shaftesbury.

A second was Robert Owen.

A third was Mr. Sadler.

One of the women was Mrs. Elizabeth Barrett Browning. She helped by her poem, “The Cry of the Children.” The poem brought tears to the eyes of the people, and they said: “We must arise and save the factory children; for that is the duty we owe to England.”

LESSON III.

IN a grand tent, and in the midst of an army which had just conquered the city of Baza, sat King Ferdinand of Spain and Queen Isabella. Spanish noblemen stood about the sovereign. All faces looked glad. The Moors and their city had fallen beneath the power of Spain.

This happened in the year 1489.

A number of Moorish captains appeared before the King and Queen. Some had defended the city of Baza during the siege ; others had held various fortresses on the hills in the neighbourhood ; but all, one after another, had been forced to surrender. A message from the King had been sent to each, saying :—

“If you will give up the Moslem religion ; if you will become Christians, and obey the rule of Spain, you shall receive gifts of gold, and places shall be found for you in the service of the King.”

Nearly all the Moorish leaders had agreed to these terms. Nearly all had come to kneel before Ferdinand. Yet it was not right to ask them to give up the religion of their fathers simply because the King of Spain willed it.

Among the chiefs who came to the Royal tent was Ali Aben Fahar. His figure was that of a bold and stern warrior. In many a battle had he wielded sword and lance. Many a Spanish Christian had died by his fearless hand.

He stood aside silent, while his fellow Moors surrendered themselves and their castles to the King, and retired bearing Spanish gold, or promises of situations as royal officers.

At length Ali Aben Fahar advanced towards Ferdinand and Isabella.

“I am the Moor,” he said, “who commanded the towns of Purchena and Paterna. Never was it my will to yield, but I was forsaken by my comrades, and no other course was open to me but to surrender. Therefore, most mighty sovereigns, do I give up these fortresses into your hands.”

At a nod from the King, courtiers offered Ali Aben Fahar large sums of money.

“No,” said the Moor, proudly, “I did not come to sell the cities, but to yield up what fortune compels me to yield. Had my companions been loyal to me, I would only have given the cities up at the price of death.”

“You are a brave man,” said the King. “We should be glad to have you in our service.”

“No,” replied the Moor.

“Is there nothing you will allow us to do for you?” asked Queen Isabella.

“One thing, lady.”

“What is that?”

“Promise me that the citizens of Purchena and Paterna

shall be free to worship God after the way of their Moorish fathers, and shall be secure in their homes from the attacks of Spaniards."

"Yes, we will promise that. But what can we do for yourself?"

"Give me leave to take my horse and my few belongings across the sea to Africa, whence my people formerly came."

"We promise."

The King and Queen begged Ali Aben Fahar to take some beautifully-harnessed horses as presents, as well as gold and silver.

"No," he answered, "not while my country—my beloved Granada—lies in ruins."

He gathered together his horses, his weapons, his servants, and accepted a passport from the King—that is, a paper bidding all Spanish officers let Ali go in peace.

A crowd of Moors assembled to bid him adieu. They wept at losing their brave leader.

Ali Aben Fahar mounted his Barbary steed, and rode towards the coast, on his way to the sultry land of Africa. He would rather live as an exile in the desert than see the land he loved governed by a foreigner.

Ali loved his "patria," or fatherland. He was a patriot.

You will notice that he had fought with his own hands for his dear country of Granada. He had not sent others to do the work, while he sang war-songs. For his fatherland he fought, and for his fatherland he was willing to die.

Do you feel sorry for the noble Moor?

Other patriots also deserve your sorrow and admiration.

The Poles of Poland love their country, and, though it has been annexed by Russia, they desire to see it free.

The Americans loved their land, and struggled for its freedom, and so it became the United States.

The Scots loved their land, and defended it against the English by the victory of Bannockburn.

The English loved their land, and, in manly valour, put to flight the ships of the Great Armada.

The Irish love their land, and seek to win for it a Government of its own, in partnership with England, but managed by its own Parliament.

The Indians love their land, and ask the British people to let them take a just share in ruling India.

THE NATIONS

LESSON I.

JAMES BRINDLEY, who died in 1772, was the great English canal-maker. He cut a canal through a hill, the water going through Hare Castle tunnel, a length of 2,280 yards. Across the River Irwell he built a viaduct, and a canal was carried along this viaduct, water going over water! Before he died he had made or planned 365 miles of canals in this country. He thus became quite famous.

The King of France once invited Brindley to visit that land. A great canal through the province of Languedoc had been made by French workmen, and the King thought Brindley would like to see it and give his opinion of it.

But no, he did not go; and he did not want to go. He said to his friends:

"I will have no journeys to foreign countries, unless to be employed in surpassing all that has been already done in them."

He meant that he only cared to visit France or any other country if he could construct better canals than the people of those foreign lands.

Brindley did not wish to see the beautiful scenes in other lands, nor the fine buildings and pictures which foreigners made. He loved machines and engineering; nothing else.

This was a great pity. Brindley was a very clever man, and a great inventor. Yet his mind was narrow. The things he took an interest in were very few. He never even learned to spell. For the word "dinner" he wrote "diner," and for "navigation" he wrote "novogation."

How strange it seems to you and me that some people should not desire to see or learn about other nations than their own. I am sure you are fond of seeing pictures of places, plants, animals, buildings, and all sorts of wonders in foreign climes. You like to see a picture of the lion of

Africa, the pine-trees of America, the Great Wall of China, the coral islands of the South Seas, the Northern Lights of Greenland.

Before I tell you some pleasanter tales, I must tell you one more disagreeable than that of Brindley.

Three English ladies were travelling among the mountains in the island of Corsica. They were sitting in a carriage which was taking them up a steep hill. As they journeyed, they chatted with the driver, Antonio.

"Is it true," he asked, "that the English are a nation of drunkards?"

"It is horribly true," said one of the ladies, "that there are many drunkards in England; but there are also a great many abstainers. Have you any drunkards in Corsica?"

He paused to think, and then replied:

"No, I cannot think of any. But I have seen many drunkards among the English visitors to this island."

After a few minutes he went on:

"I knew an English gentleman who came here to live; and he drank strong drinks, and drank, and drank; and everybody was astonished at the amount he drank."

The English ladies were silent.

"And again," said the driver, "I knew an English gentleman who came here with his wife and their little boy. They travelled with a party who were viewing the mountains and forests. They stayed for a few days up among the hills. He called at an inn, and drank and drank. When he came out of the inn he could not walk. I was called up to get the carriage ready. I drove him down to the city of Ajaccio. He had chest disease, and had not strength enough to get the better of it. I was away several days. When I returned I asked after the Englishman. He was dead."

Of course, Antonio was only a simple sort of man. It was not right to reason that all the English were drunken, because he had seen some hard drinkers among the visitors to Corsica.

But, all the same, the English ladies were ashamed. It is sad if our fellow-countrymen think ill of us. But if any of us travel abroad, ought we not to behave ourselves in a sober and courteous manner, so that, for the honour of England, we may stand well in the opinion of our foreign neighbours?

How narrow-minded it was of James Brindley not to care for the beauties of France !

How shameful of Englishmen to let the Corsicans believe that our nation was a nation of drunkards !

LESSON II.

THE island of Madagascar lies in the ocean east of Africa. It is a land of hills and forests, and its animals include the aye-aye (a four-handed squirrel-like creature) and the changeable chameleon. The people are the brown-skinned Malagasy.

An Englishman who travelled in the island about 1870 saw a bridge over a river. It had ten arches, and was built of stone. Some of the arches were broken, and the stones had fallen into the water. Other arches were still sound.

The Englishman wondered how the Malagasy had been able to build such a bridge, because he knew it was not the native style. He spoke to some men who had been engaged in the building.

“How came you to make that bridge?”

“The prince wished it. He had the stone brought here, and made into blocks, and he and his friends used often to come and watch us, and tell us how to fit the stones together.”

“But who taught him?”

“The pictures.”

“What pictures?”

“The pictures in an English book. They were pictures of bridges in your country. When the prince saw them he wished very much to have a bridge of that kind, so he used to bring the book with him, and keep looking at it, and then showed us how to build.”

“He used the pictures as a pattern?”

“Yes.”

“And had he no English builder to help him?”

“No ; the pictures were all he had to give him his ideas.”

The English traveller was not at all surprised now that

the work was not very strong, for the pictures did not, of course, show everything, and, therefore, the Malagasy prince did not know how to make the bottom part, or foundation. Still, it was very remarkable that, with only the aid of pictures in a book, so much had been done by the keen-witted natives.

Now, in many parts of the world there are people of races other than our own who would be glad to learn from us the secret of building bridges, and doing other things of which we in Europe and America know the secret. It should be a pleasure to us to teach them—either to make such things or use them. For instance, ships, railways, bicycles, steam-hammers, steam-cranes, telescopes, microscopes, clocks, watches, magic-lanterns, cameras, sewing machines, etc. They, in their turn, can give us ideas which we should not have thought of by ourselves. What lovely vases can Japan give us! India and Persia show us wonderful carpets and shawls; and China taught us how to breed the silk-worm.

All this is help by means of teaching each other ideas, or exchanging goods in trade.

But nations, like men, can help each other also in trouble.

In the year 1735 the people of the island of Corsica were at war with the Italian republic of Genoa. The Corsicans had a hard struggle to keep their freedom. They were not a rich people, and had few friends.

One day, in the midst of the war, two strange vessels sailed into the Gulf of Red Isle, on the coast of Corsica, and the crews began at once to discharge their cargoes of food and stores of weapons and ammunition. The gifts were for the islanders, and the captains of the two ships would take no reward. All they asked for was a draught of wine to drink a health to Corsica and her liberty!

Then, amid the blessings of the people, the strange ships put out to sea, and disappeared. The joyful people rang peals of bells in their towns and villages, and thanked God and the Blessed Virgin for sending assistance in their distress.

The ships were British ships, and the people who sent the gifts were British people—friends and admirers of the Corsican patriots. Thus can one nation aid another. And

how much nobler is the sight of such friendship than scenes of war between people and people !

If a famine occurs in a distant land, nations afar off hear of it, and subscribe money and food.

If an earthquake destroys a city, the folk on the other side of the globe may send kindly succour of stores of all sorts.

If floods waste a land, the four quarters of the earth may despatch money or goods to comfort the distressed.

If one nation suffers, all the other nations should suffer with it, and feel for it.

This kind feeling between people and people is what is meant by international sympathy.

WEALTH

LESSON I.

A VESSEL was being wrecked on the coast of California (West America), and people were leaping into boats, leaping into the sea, hastily gathering their valuable possessions, hastily tying up the things which they hoped to save. One of the passengers was a gold-miner. Round his waist was fastened a belt, and in this belt he had placed two hundred pounds of gold. Not long afterwards this miner was found drowned. He had had no chance in the struggle for life. The weight of the gold had dragged him down beneath the surface of the water. Now, should you say he was a wealthy man—that is, a man of wealth? He had plenty of gold, but had he wealth in his belt? The gold caused his death; and is that thing worth calling wealth which causes death? Certainly, gold is *called* wealth; but is it *truly* wealth?

No doubt you have often admired the tulips in a garden or a park. You have taken pleasure in the colours—scarlet, orange, and white—which render these flowers so gay. Well, two or three hundred years ago (in the seventeenth century) a very curious fancy filled the minds of many people in Holland. They very much wanted to buy tulip-roots, not because they loved the glory of the flowers, but because they found that other people were willing to pay high prices for the roots. Very large sums of money were given for a root, and in one case a man purchased a single tulip-root with wheat, rye, oxen, swine, sheep, wine, beer, butter, cheese, a bed, clothes, and a silver jug; all these animals and articles being worth 2,500 florins. Another man bought a tulip root in exchange for 4,600 florins, a new carriage, and two grey horses and their harness. Another gave for one tulip-root twelve acres of land. What did they do with these roots? They looked

about to find a customer who would again buy ; and thus these roots passed from hand to hand, each man trying to sell for more than he bought. Well, should you say that a man who had a number of these roots was a man of wealth? Should you call him rich? I suppose some persons would say yes, even though all he had in the way of wealth was a sackful of tulip-roots.

I am afraid I am asking you hard questions. Grown-up people often argue about these things, some saying that the roots were wealth because they could be exchanged for other articles ; while others say that the roots were of very little or no use to the life and health of the men who owned them, and so scarcely deserved the name of "wealth." Ask your father what he thinks about it. Meanwhile, I wish you to talk with me about the various things which people prize, and which, rightly or wrongly, they call wealth.

You know that in Asia there is a country called Burmah, and the inhabitants are called Burmese. About the year 1797 a King of Burmah was building a temple called a pagoda, which he declared should be the largest of its kind ever made, and he pressed thousands of men into the work, and expended very much silver in the building. Captain Cox, a British officer, was visiting the country, and he saw the pagoda in course of erection (that is, while it was being built). The King had prepared the plan himself. Captain Cox saw the workmen lining the walls with sheet lead, and using leaden beams in the framework of the roofs of the rooms. However, the pagoda was never finished. In the year 1839 an earthquake took place and broke up the unfinished building, and now only the ruins are left. Why do you think the pagoda was never completed? Because the Burmese priests had said that the King would die when the temple was finished ; so, in much fear, he ordered the work to be stayed. Now, the King boasted that the chambers of the pagoda contained priceless treasures. This boast made Captain Cox eager to see what was stored in this big building. But when he came to examine these treasures he only found such articles as the following : images of marble, and not any of gold or silver ; models of pagodas, etc., which looked like gold but were only plated (that is, covered with a thin layer of gold) ; sheets of

coloured glass ; white umbrellas ; and a machine for manufacturing soda-water ! This mixture of treasures will make you smile. Some of them were certainly of use, but we should not consider it very wise to go to so much trouble and expense in order to hoard up white umbrellas, sheets of coloured glass, and a soda-water machine ! But, you know, people do hoard up strange things (so do magpies and jackdaws). Suppose you look round some house and carefully examine the furniture in it, and ask yourself, as you look at each thing, was it worth buying ? Was it worth working for and spending money for ? Is it useful ? Could something more useful have been bought ? Are the people in the house any the better for having it ?

LESSON II.

IF (as I asked you in the last lesson) you look round the furniture of a house, I fear you will find many things that are of no real use ; I mean things that make people happier, better, or wiser.

Have you ever had a tooth pulled out ? You were glad when it was over, of course ; and I suppose you never troubled to see what became of the tooth. I wonder where the dentist puts all the teeth ! Well, there was once an Indian Sultan who thought a great deal of a tooth which had been pulled out of his royal head. He ordered a grave to be dug, and in this grave was placed his tooth ; and over the grave was built a very magnificent tomb, so that all who passed that way might know that the Sultan's tooth lay below the beautiful building of marble and gold ! Really, we cannot help laughing at the silly idea of burying a tooth in so grand a manner.

Another foolish way of spending was that adopted by a certain Earl of Bridgewater. The earl travelled in France, and, when he arrived in Paris, he had with him a number of poodle-dogs. Now, poodle-dogs are nice enough in their place ; they have long, curly hair, and bright, intelligent eyes. But what do you think the Earl of Bridgewater did ? He made the dogs sit with him at his dinner-table, and

each dog had a special man to wait on him and fetch him all he needed. Of course, he could not call out "Waiter!" like hungry gentlemen do at restaurants; but he could bark, and that meant the same thing; and then the servant would rush to find some dainty morsel for Mr. Poodle. You will think the Earl was a stupid and wasteful person, and so, in that respect, he was. However, I am glad to say he had a little sense, after all; for he left £12,000 for the benefit of the British Museum. Very likely you have heard of the British Museum in London. It was once a nobleman's mansion, but in 1759 it was opened to the public as a place for the collection of books and stuffed animals, and now it also contains statues, mummies, coins, medals, porcelain, articles made by savages, etc. Visitors to the museum may learn many instructive facts as they walk in its galleries; and the Earl's money helped to bring this useful knowledge to the people. You see, therefore, that, while he wasted some of his money, he used other portions of it sensibly.

A boy may spend a penny or a shilling wisely or stupidly. You might, perhaps, reflect for half-an-hour on how many ways a coin might be spent; and which of these ways were wise and which were foolish. Do not suppose I mean that spending money on sweets and toys would be unwise. Sometimes the best thing you could do with a little money is to buy chocolate, or cherries, or a humming-top, or a doll, or a—well, you can think of all the things without asking me to make a list. Sometimes the best thing would be to buy a pocket-knife or a thimble; a book or a ruler; a tram-car ticket or some postage stamps. If you needed a postage stamp to send a letter to your sister it would be foolish to buy chocolate; and if your small brother could be made happier by a piece of chocolate, it might be better to buy chocolate for him than some article for yourself. You must think for yourself; you must use your brains when you go spending, for money is for buying, and brains are for thinking.

But I am afraid many people take more trouble to get money than in planning how to spend it usefully. A Swedish traveller (Mr. Sven Hedin) in Central Asia heard a curious story from an old man of eighty. Once (so said the old Asiatic) a man had lost his way in the desert, and at length came to an ancient city, in which no one lived; but

in the houses he found heaps of Chinese shoes, which, however, crumbled to dust as he touched them. Another man set out to discover treasure, and he also came to a ruined town, where he dug up gold and silver coins. He filled his pockets, and he filled a sack ; but, as he was leaving the ruins, a pack of wild cats rushed at him and frightened him, and he fled ; and afterwards, when he returned, the ruins had all been hidden by the moving sands of the desert, and he never got back his treasures. A third man went out into the desert, and he found much gold and silver, and made his way home again, and lived in his town as a rich man. He seemed to be the only successful finder of gold. Others wandered in the wild land and died of hunger and thirst. Many men lived on the borders of the desert, hoping some day to make a journey to a ruined city and discover great riches. And while they waited they did no work, but just lived on other people's labour, or stole, and were continually talking and dreaming about the money they would some day obtain.

This happened in the border-land of the Chinese Empire ; but there are many people in Europe, in England, and in America who spend their thoughts and time in plans for getting money, but they have no wise plans for spending it so that they may be men and women of honour and truth, ready to help and cheer other people.

LESSON III.

SOMETIMES, no doubt, you girls and boys run races ; and a very good thing, too. The race makes your blood run more healthily and purely ; and you and the other racers laugh gaily at the rush and tumble and excitement. I do not, however, care to see people run races for a prize ; I think the pleasure of the race, and the comradeship of running together, should be enough, without wanting to take a prize which your neighbour cannot share in. However, that is only my opinion, and perhaps your father and mother will think differently. Ask them. But I did not mean to talk about prizes. I was going to remind you that, when you

start on a race, you will not be wise if you go off at your utmost speed at the very first. You will run more steadily at the outset, until you have got a good swing of the legs, and a good command of your breath, and have gained a clear idea of what your fellow-racers can do. Gradually you will increase your speed without straining yourself. You begin, therefore, by saving up some of your power; you do not spend it too rapidly. You (as people say) *husband your strength*. This is a kind of *thrift*; and, as you know, thrift means saving up anything for future use.

It would be a happy thing if all men and women could do the same, and save up some of their strength for future use. Alas! they cannot. If you look round the world, you will see that a great many men and women have to labour hard from morning till night, with very few hours for rest or amusement; and they have to toil on in this way for years, and they are worn and weary, and afflicted with weakness of chest, or heart, or head, or limb, long before they are old. They could not husband their strength. They could not be thrifty, even if they wished. And all the time there are other men and women who do very little work indeed, and live at ease, in houses of ease, and till an old age of ease. This is not right. The land where such things happen is not saving up its best powers; it is not thrifty.

As with strength, so with food. I have sometimes been out with a party of children for the day; and each child had its packet of food for dinner, with a cake or two for eating afterwards; also each little packet had its store of pence or silver for the fun of shopping. Now, some boys and girls would wait till mid-day before they opened their bags, and, after having run about in the woods or meadows, they would heartily enjoy their food. But others would not wait. Scarcely had the train or the brakes (whichever they might be riding in) left the starting-place before they tore open their parcels and began devouring their stores. Then came mid-day, and with it came a new hunger; and they had nothing to eat! Well, of course, their comrades kindly gave them a share of their own food, and that was quite right; but it was thoughtless not to wait and save. In the same way, some children will spend all their money in the first hour, and, later in the day, have not a halfpenny to buy a drink of milk or a sweet orange.

Wise people, you see, look on in front to the coming day and the coming need. And so do wise towns and wise nations. For instance, a wise town. In Leicester, where I live, we used to be short of water. It is true we had three fine reservoirs (or store places) within a few miles. The Mayor had often asked the citizens to be extra careful in the use of water, so as not to draw more than could possibly be helped from the reservoirs. Besides this, it is known that we shall, in years to come, need still more supplies of water; and so the people of Leicester have joined with the people of Derby, Sheffield, and Nottingham in making new works by which water may be drawn from the beautiful River Derwent.

Again, a nation may be wise in its thrift, as in the land of Egypt. You have heard of the River Nile, and how that one river gives water to Egypt, and all its cities, and rice-fields and millet-fields and gardens. When the Nile rises in flood and sweeps like a sea of fresh water towards the North, a great deal of the water is lost, even though the people draw off all they can into canals and pools. So large dams or barriers have been made to retain much of the water and store it up till it is needed. And I believe that more water might be saved in many countries if people were more careful to maintain plenty of trees. Forests are not only glorious to wander in and play in; they are very helpful in keeping water in the soil about their roots, and so the valley with many trees is more moist and water-yielding than a valley that has none. Therefore, we should plant trees again wherever they have been thoughtlessly cleared away.

Saving of this kind is real *thrift*. But saving up money in a secret corner or in a bank, just for our own use, without any concern as to what happens to other people, is not thrift; it is *miserliness*; it is *selfishness*. It is quite right to save money in banks or clubs, or co-operative societies, etc., so that we may have a store to fall back on, and not have to ask help from other people. But, even then, we are not to make ourselves comfortable, and say: "Now I can enjoy my savings, and those people who are in want can look after themselves." That is brutal and inhuman; and the mean people who think such things are no more happy than the Sultan Mahmoud of India.

The Sultan Mahmoud, shortly before his death in the year 1030, had all his riches collected about his bed, and, as he gazed at the gold, silver, and precious stones, he shed tears to think he must leave all these things behind him. Then he died. And the Persian poet Sadi tells how a man saw in a dream the ghost of the Sultan; and poor Mahmoud was a mere skeleton, except that his eyes were still left in the skull; and the eyes were staring as if in search of gold and silver and precious stones; and there was no glad light in them, for they were the eyes of greed and selfishness.

How happy the Sultan might have been if he had made others happy by sharing with the poor his stores of wealth!

LESSON IV.

A POOR countryman had a plot of ground on which he grew turnips. When one of these turnips turned out to be of immense size he thought he would take it up to the Count at the big house, because he knew that nobleman liked the cottagers to feel a pride in their vegetables. The Count was pleased, and gave the peasant three gold pieces. The countryman had not looked for money, nor did the nobleman suppose that was his object in bringing him the turnip. It was a friendly exchange.

A farmer heard of the three gold pieces. He said to himself: "If the Count gives so much for a miserable turnip, what would he not give for a larger present—say, for instance, a calf. Yes, I will take him a calf!"

He did so.

"Thank you," said the Count; "I am much obliged to you, but I would rather not have the animal."

"Do, my lord, do," urged the farmer, thinking all the time of the handful of gold he was likely to get.

At last the Count said:—

"Well, I cannot refuse you any longer, as you are so very pressing. But I must not accept such a gift without a return. I will give you something that cost me more than the value of your calf."

So saying, he gave the farmer the turnip. The farmer thanked his lordship as if very pleased indeed; but you can imagine how angry he was in his heart at losing a calf and obtaining only a turnip in its place.

If you laugh at the farmer, I shall not scold you. I think such a spirit as his deserves to be laughed at. He cared nothing about giving pleasure to the Count, and yet he pretended that he did. And under that pretence he sought to draw money from the Count's pocket. It is right that we should feel contempt for such paltry conduct. If he had gone to the nobleman and asked him to buy the calf, it would have been different. That would have been straightforward buying and selling.

Another very mean person was Woronin, a Russian. Once he had been a peasant, but, by some means or other, he had grown rich; and I am sorry to say that he had also grown what people call "purse-proud"—that is, he was vain of his wealth. He gave himself airs; he wished people to respect his money.

When paying a visit to a public garden, he went into a café (refreshment house) for something to drink. He happened to break a small glass. The waiter was vexed, and said the glass must be paid for. It would cost forty copecks (a copeck is a Russian coin about equal to one and a half farthings).

"Rascal!" shouted Woronin. "Don't you know who I am?"

The angry rich man seized hold of one glass after another on the counter, and dashed them on the ground and smashed them. Then bottles, then dishes, then crockery! A heap of fragments lay on the floor.

The landlord rushed in when he heard the terrible noise. When he saw Woronin he recognised him, and he made a low bow.

[What do you think of the landlord? Should you have bowed to the stupid, purse-proud man?]

"Your waiter does not know me," cried Woronin. "How much does all this stuff cost?"

The landlord reckoned it up slowly. At last he said:—

"Eight hundred roubles (£120)."

Woronin flung a purse containing a thousand roubles at the waiter's head, and then marched out through the

astonished crowd of people who had collected round the café.

Well, what do you think of Woronin? He was very wasteful? Yes, that was bad, to throw away so many useful articles as the glasses, dishes, plates, etc. But he did worse than waste. He tried to make the people worship his wealth. He tried to make them afraid and slavish before him just because he was rich. He was as foolish and mean as the farmer. The farmer did a mean act in order to win money; and Woronin did a mean act in order to show people how much money he possessed.

Girls and boys, such people are not worth bowing to. Bow to the man who has saved life; bow to the man who has done useful work for his native land; bow to the old man and woman who have finished their time of honest toil and take their ease in their latter days. But do not bow to persons who are vain of their large watch-chains, or their sealskin mantles, or their carriages, or their big house, or their servants, or their bank-book. You will do yourself no good by bowing; and you will do them no good.

LESSON V.

A RICH and powerful King heard a man say:—

“I wish I could be in the King’s place for just a single day; how happy I should feel!”

The King ordered that Damocles, as he was called, should be given the place of honour at the royal table. The royal food was set before him, and royal wine; royal perfumes sweetened the air, and royal flowers made the vases gay. Damocles was highly pleased, until——

Until he looked upwards. Over his head was hung a sword, fastened only by a horse-hair. At any moment the hair might snap.....

“You see,” said the King, “what kind of life I have to lead. At any moment trouble may fall upon me, my wealth may be lost, or my life may be taken.”

Let us turn from this Greek story to a story told among the Hindoos.

Two oxen, named Big-Red and Little-Red, drew carts for a farmer ; and their food was grass, straw, and chaff, and they had to work very hard. As the daughter of their master was about to be married, he was preparing a feast for the guests who would assemble at the wedding. So he fattened a pig by giving it plenty of boiled rice, and letting it live a very lazy life. And he gave the pig the curious name of "Sausages." Now, Little-Red envied the happy condition of the fat pig, and wished he could have boiled rice to eat instead of so much dry chaff. One day the pig was killed and cut up into mince-meat. When Big-Red asked his friend if he had seen the pig lately, Little-Red replied :—

"Yes, he is dead. I have seen what has become of the rich food poor Sausages ate. Why, I would a thousand times sooner put up with our grass, straw, and chaff than have his rice and come to his end!"

What, then, are the troubles which the rich people suffer? Robbers, do you say? Yes, but not many rich people are robbed nowadays. They lose money in business? Yes; but most of them do not lose their money. I think the real troubles of the rich folk are not so easy to see as robbers. Let us consider. For one thing, they have too many possessions to look after—so many articles of furniture, so many horses, carriages, jewels, etc., which have to be watched, protected, or kept in order; and that leaves them so much less time to look about the world and join in good works with their neighbours. Then, again, they have too many servants; and I do not think it does people good to have a number of persons following them, waiting on them, bowing to them, and agreeing with every word they say. Also, I think that they become so used to wealthy houses and furniture that they cannot truly understand the way in which the poorer folk live and toil; and it is a very great evil for one class of people not to understand their neighbours' thoughts and habits. Thus the rich people suffer three harmful things—their time is largely wasted, they are apt to become vain and selfish through the cringing of servants, and they live too far apart from their poorer brethren.

A cobbler used to sit in his small shop mending shoes and singing all day long. Near by there dwelt a wealthy

banker, who could never sleep soundly as the cobbler did. Often the banker wished, as he lay uneasily in bed—"Oh that men could buy sleep as they buy food and drink!" The banker sent for the cobbler.

"Gregory, my man, how much money do you earn in a year?"

"A year, sir?" smiled the cobbler. "I never reckon by the year. I live from day to day."

"Well, then, each day?"

"How can I tell you? I just get enough to live on."

"Friend," said the banker, "I will make you better off. Here are fifty crowns for you. Keep them in case of need."

The cobbler had never handled or seen so much money before. He thanked the banker; he took the silver home; he hid it in his cellar. He kept thinking about his treasure, and, in his anxiety, he left off his gay songs; he felt uneasy at nights; he sometimes got out of bed to see if his money was safe. At last poor Gregory carried the money back.

"Here, sir," he said to the banker. "Take back your crowns, and let me have again my sound sleep and my cheery songs."

Now, when I tell you such stories I do not wish you to think that it is better to be poor than to have enough to live on. But how much do we need to live on? I cannot say just what we each of us need; but I am quite sure we do not need nearly so much as rich people possess. It is right that every man should have work to do by which he may earn an honest livelihood, and live in a wholesome, pretty house, and have sensible books on his shelves, and a garden to look out upon, and pleasant evening hours for music or other pastimes, and time to think about the government of his town and his country. Yes, and it would not need very much money to secure all this if we would be content with simple food, simple clothing, and simple amusements. This is the honest, simple life that we should all strive after—the rich as well as the poor. The rich would be happier if they could lay aside their expensive ways, and live this simple, temperate life; and if any grown-up people ever say to you, "Try to rise high in the world and make a fortune," those grown-up people are very foolish.

LESSON VI.

AWAY in the far-off South Sea is a group of islets called Funafuti. They lie near the sunny Equator. The brown-skinned natives are kind to strangers who come to their shores ; they are quick-witted ; and they are rich in groves of coco-nuts. Some time ago they did a very strange thing. They neglected to gather nuts except just what they needed for their own families, and enough to sell to white traders so as to obtain clothes, tobacco, etc., in return. But after they had bought what they really needed they would not part with one more coco-nut. The forest of palms was loaded with the nuts, which hung in their huge husks from the branches. As you walked among the groves you could see them drooping in hundreds and thousands ; but they were ungathered and untouched ; and thus things went on for some years.

Some German merchants went to the chief man of Funafuti, and begged hard to be allowed to buy the nuts.

“No,” said the chief.

“Why not?”

“Because we will do nothing to bring white men to our islands. We have had many white men here who have behaved badly. They have been loose in their manners, and drunken, and they have brought rough fellows from the Gilbert Islands who have quarrelled and fought with sharks'-teeth swords, and made themselves drunk and rude with drinking toddy.”

So the coco-nuts rotted on the trees, and all that wealth went to waste. Was this conduct right? Was it right of the men of Funafuti to let so much property go to ruin, when they might have traded in the nuts and purchased useful articles from the German merchants? Well, it did seem a pity. But what is wealth for? Is it not to make people healthier, friendlier, and wiser? And if the sale in coco-nuts only led to noise and disorder on the fair South Sea islands, what then? Would the trade have done any real good? What do you think? Which is more important, health and peace, or coco-nuts and boxes full of clothes, tools, beads, etc.?

Let us change from the South Sea to Germany, and I

will tell you a charming story from the verses of a German poet.

Several princes sat talking in the Imperial Hall (that means the Emperor's Hall) in the ancient city of Worms. They were speaking of the lands over which they ruled, and of the riches and splendours of these lands.

Said the Prince of Saxony: "Glorious and strong is my land, and in the deep shafts of its mines the silver-ore glitters."

Said the Count of the Palatinate: "My country is full of corn; the harvests grow golden in the valleys; and the vines hang their purple bunches on the sides of the hills."

Said the Prince of Bavaria: "In my country you may see large towns where the people work and thrive; and rich abbeys, where the holy monks pray and sing."

Then they looked at Eberhard the Bearded, the old prince of Wurtemberg. What could he say in praise of his native land?

Said Eberhard the Bearded: "The towns in my country are small; and there is no silver in its mountains."

Ah! no big towns; no silver mines; what a poor country!

"But," said Eberhard, "there is one great treasure which my country possesses. If I went into the thickest forest, far away from my palace and my army, I should be received with a kind welcome in any cottage at whose door I knocked; for in my land there is peace, and the ruler and the people are friends."

"Bearded Count," said all the other princes, "your land is the richest."

I wonder, girls and boys, if you agree with the princes? Do you agree that that land was the richest in which the people loved justice, even though they had no silver mines? And do you agree that the natives of the South Sea island were richer without the trade in coco-nuts so long as they were better able, without the trade, to live in peace and goodwill? If you agree to this, will you also agree that mistakes are often made about the wealth of countries in Europe, and the other continents of the world? You may read in books, and you may hear gentlemen on platforms say, that Britain, or France, or Germany, or the United States, is a wealthy land because it does so much trade, and has so many railways, shops, banks, etc. Of course, if

money is the true wealth, what the books say is true, and what the gentlemen on the platforms say is true. But I cannot agree that any of these countries are wealthy in the real sense while they contain so many rich men and women who are idle, and so many poor men and women who grow up ill-taught, ill-fed, ill-clothed, and ill-mannered.

LESSON VII.

A CERTAIN Roman, named Pollio, invited the Emperor, Cæsar Augustus, to dine with him. Pollio was wealthy, and it pleased his pride that he should be able to entertain the lord of the Empire at his villa. The lamps glittered ; the roses spread their sweet scent ; music sounded ; the feet of the dancers beat time on the marble pavement. Pollio sat next to the Emperor, and was glad. One of Pollio's slaves broke a beautiful vase of crystal. The master's face was red with anger.

"Seize the careless wretch !" he cried to the other slaves, "and throw him into the lamprey pond !"

The lamprey pond : what was that ? It was a pond in which eel-like fishes, called lampreys, were kept and fed on flesh-meat. They would fasten on the poor wretch.....

The Emperor besought Pollio to have mercy on the slave ; but all in vain. A Roman master had power of life and death over his slaves ; and Pollio valued his furniture more than his servants.

Augustus ordered that the crystal vases on a side table should be brought to him ; and, one by one, he broke them to pieces. Pollio looked on at first in silence ; he dared not forbid the Emperor ; he dared not even reprove Augustus, and yet he could send a slave to death. He thought a few minutes ; he felt ashamed ; he commanded that the slave who had broken the vase should be released and allowed to go back to his work.

I suppose the Emperor meant to teach Pollio that, however beautiful the crystal vessels might seem to him, the life of a human being was far more precious. And when he saw how Pollio loved the vases, the Emperor even felt a

sort of contempt for them, as if they were fit only to be destroyed. I wonder how many people there are in the world to-day who think more of their clothes, houses, gardens, stables, horses, yachts, and guns than they do of the comfort of their fellow-men?

Once a rich man died, and his only son resolved that he would keep the memory of his father alive by giving gold medals to his cousins, nephews, and other relatives. On the medals was an inscription (sentences) telling of the virtues, or good qualities, of the dead man. Many medals were thus distributed. Not long afterwards the son sat at a banquet, and happened to hear that one of the relatives had actually sold his gold medal!

"How shameful!" exclaimed the son, as he rose angrily from his seat; "how shameful to part with such a treasure! I have thrown away my kindness on a man of low mind."

The person who had sold the medal heard of the son's anger, and came to explain. He looked pale and troubled.

"My wife has been ill," he said, "my children cried for bread. I sold the medal——"

At these words he broke down. He could say no more, and his tears flowed.

The rich son was still angry, and turned his back and left the poor man without another word.

Which was in the right, the wealthy man or the poor man? Was it right to sell the medal? If a friend gave you a nice present, would you go and sell it? Not without a good reason, I hope. And was that a good reason—that the wife and children were in sore need? Yes, I think so. Human life is more important than gold medals, or crystal vases, or any other property.

You may have heard of a famous man named Professor Huxley. He was a man of science, having a great knowledge of the life and forms of animals (learned people call this knowledge biology); and he wrote interesting books on the nature and work of the human body (physiology), and on the nature of the earth we live on, its rocks, rivers, etc. So well did he study and so well did he write and teach that he was presented with a gold medal by a society of persons who were interested in science. Of this medal he took great care until his brother died and left a widow who was not well provided for. Professor Huxley put his brother's

affairs in order as best he could, so as to help the poor lady, and, when he found that more money was needed, he sold the medal for fifty pounds and added this money to her store.

Do you think he did right? I am sure you will say yes. Do you think the people who gave him the medal would have been angry, had they known? I think not. He did not part with the medal because he had no respect for the gift; but he had a still deeper respect for a person who was in distress.

LESSON VIII.

“FATHER, look at the curious thing that man wears in his cap; it is shining like gold.”

“Yes, my boy, that man is Lefroy; and he wears in his cap a golden wheat-ear.”

Of course, the boy asks his father why Lefroy carries this pretty ornament on his head; and the father tells him the reason thus:—

The King (Henry IV. of France) walked in his grand gardens at Fontainebleau one day, when he saw a peasant gazing earnestly at the bright flower-beds, fountains, statues, grottoes, etc., and at the gaily dressed courtiers who strolled along the alleys of box, yew, and other evergreen trees and shrubs.

“What are you looking at, my good man?”

“At your gardens, sire. They are truly very fine; but I have one that is far better.”

“Where is that?”

Lefroy gave the name of the place, and the King said he would look at Lefroy’s garden when he passed that way. So he did; and the garden turned out to be a field of corn. The wheat was ripe and ready for the feeding of men and women.

“You are right,” said Henry; and he granted Lefroy the privilege (favour) of wearing a golden wheat-ear in his cap.

Was it wrong to have the beautiful garden with its fountains, statues, and alleys of box-trees? Well, that is a difficult question to answer. It was not wrong, certainly; but to say that does not seem quite to answer the question.

Many poor people lived in France who found it hard to get enough food to eat, and we cannot admire the rich people who spent so much money on pretty gardens while their neighbours went short of food. Food must come before flowers and grottoes ; bread first, and roses and lilies afterwards.

But are the richer class of people to have no gardens ? And must they turn their gardens into corn-fields ? Well, I think many of them might manage with smaller gardens, especially as their poor neighbours have either small gardens or none. And perhaps it would be better if, instead of such large sums of money being spent on big gardens which only a few rich people use, we could all of us have small gardens, and then the very large gardens could be opened to all persons, rich and poor. You see that would mean we could have more parks ; and if we used the money rightly, there would be more to spare for corn to feed the hungry. I do not mean giving away loaves ; but I mean that, if the richer people spent less on things they could easily do without, there would be more money to spare for wages for the poorer people, and more for poorer people to spend on useful clothes, food, and furniture.

Several times I have spoken of help which rich people might render to the poor. We know, however, that many rich people think very little of the sufferings endured by their brethren in need. Perhaps the poor are more kind to the poor than the rich are. A great English poet, named Matthew Arnold, seems to have thought so ; and in one of his poems he tells us a little story to express his opinion. He says he saw a moody-looking, wretched woman crouched on the pavement in a square in the West End of London. The houses of wealthy persons stood along the square ; and wealthy persons passed to and fro. She had a baby ; and a small girl, raggedly clothed, and with bare feet, leaned against the railings at her side. When the rich men and women passed she said nothing, though she was a beggar :—

The rich she had let pass with frozen stare.

She appeared to say to herself : “ These folks do not understand me ; they do not understand my misery ; they are so very comfortable themselves that they have no fellow-feeling for me.”

Presently some labouring men walked past.

The woman touched the girl, who at once ran across to the men, and begged ; and she came back with money in her hand. They understood what it was to be poor, and to be hungry without knowing how to buy food. They were not aliens (strangers), but

Friends and sharers in a common human fate.

And Matthew Arnold says that she had turned away from the rich because, even when they did help, they helped with cold hearts ; and because people with great possessions do not know the suffering of the people who possess little. He says, also, that in a better time to come all people will understand each other as the poor labourers understood the poor woman :—

She turns from that cold succour which attends
The unknown little from the unknowing great,
And points us to a better time than ours.

In that better time there will be no rich people, and no poor, but all will live in comfort.

LESSON IX.

DEBTS.

“How much do I owe you?” asked the Marquis.

“One hundred and fifty pounds, my lord.”

“Have you the papers?”

“Here they are.”

“Did you lend this money to my father?”

“No, he borrowed it from an old gentleman.”

“Why doesn’t the old gentleman come for the money himself?”

“Oh, because I gave him £50 on condition that the money should be paid to me whenever your lordship could pay your father’s debts.”

“Well,” said the Marquis, “I will deal justly with you, but no more. Here is the £50 and some more added to it for interest.”

The creditor had to be satisfied with the £50, and he departed.

The Marquis then found out the old gentleman, and paid him the £150 his father had borrowed. You may be sure this creditor also was very pleased to receive the money, as well as the interest.

Now, I am not sure what a lawyer would say to this story. I think he would say, however, that the Marquis was not bound by law to pay £50 as well as £150. But you see the Marquis did not keep to the strict law. He wished to be fair. He did not want either man to lose money. So, though the debt was only £150, he paid away £200 and the interest. He was a man of honour.

This Marquis was the Marquis of Wellesley, and he was afterwards the famous Duke of Wellington. It gives me more pleasure to tell you of this act of honour than to tell about his victory at Waterloo in 1815.

Now as to Mr. Denham. You will find that, in his case, he did not pay more than the money due, but he paid the exact amount.

He had carried on a business at Bristol, and failed. That is, he could not continue at the tradē, and was not able to pay all he owed. He could, however, pay a certain portion in the pound. By that is meant that for each sovereign that he owed he could give 10s. or 5s. or 2s. 6d., or whatever it was; I cannot tell you just what the sum was.

Well, then he went to America, and started in business again, and got on very well, and became quite rich, and then he came back to England.

He asked to a grand dinner all the gentlemen to whom he had owed money some years ago. The company sat down to soup. The soup plates were taken away. Other plates were brought with covers on. The guests took off the covers, expecting to see fish.

But no, they saw pieces of paper!

The papers were orders on the bank; that is, for each paper, when taken to a banker, so much money would be given, according to the amount stated on the paper. Each guest found that all the old debt was now fully paid up with interest, or money added for the years during which Mr. Denham had been in America.

Mr. Denham was not obliged to pay after he had once given his creditors the first amount. His sense of honour made him act as he did.

The Marquis paid more than he need have done.

Mr. Denham paid the exact debt.

The next persons of whom I shall tell you paid nothing at all. I must explain how this happened.

Once upon a time (the time was the sixth century) there reigned at Paris, in France, a King named Chilperic. Now this Chilperic laid heavy taxes upon the people, and oftentimes women would cry because money was taken from the home by the King's tax-collectors, and the children had to go short of food.

The King lay ill of the fever, and, hearing that a good man, named Saint Aredius, was travelling that way, he sent for him to pray at his bedside that the King might be healed.

Saint Aredius came and felt the King's pulse.

"Your blood is much more heated than it ought to be."

"Yes, father," sighed the King, "but I am sure you will help me."

"I wished to see you, sire, very particularly about the taxes——"

"Good father, pray for me first!"

"I have heard the groans of the people and seen their tears."

"Oh, holy Aredius, my sickness is very serious."

"I am told that each town and each village has been ordered to pay large sums."

"The fever, good father——"

"It is not right, O King, that you should thus lay heavy burdens on your folk."

"Pray for me, father!"

"And I cannot pray one word for you until you promise to give me the lists of the taxes you have ordered, and let me burn the papers in the presence of the people."

"I will, I will. They are in that cabinet."

So the folk were summoned to the palace gates, and a fire was lit, and, amid mighty shouts, the Saint threw the papers into the flames, and there was an end of the tax-gathering for that season.

I am afraid we cannot give Chilperic much credit for letting the folk go free of the tax, because he acted from

fear. He thought that, if he did not do as the Saint bade, he might not get well of the fever!

But you will agree with me that the people had a good friend in Aredius. Of course, taxes have to be paid, but it has often happened that the payment fell more hardly upon the poor than was just. The Saint wished to teach King Chilperic that it was better to forgive such debts altogether. Whatever the law may say, mercy says that at times it is just to forego the debt.

You may remember the story in the Bible of the Unforgiving Servant. You remember how he sprang at the throat of a man with the cry—

“Pay me that thou owest!”

The debt owing to him was but a small sum. His prince had just forgiven him a very large debt; and then he went away at once to squeeze the utmost farthing from his poor neighbour. No wonder the prince revoked, or called back, his forgiveness, and flung the unforgiving servant into jail.

The story reminds us that in ancient times in Rome debtors were sent to prison, and even sold into slavery. Not only was this done in ancient times; it continued in Europe for hundreds of years. Even in the nineteenth century debtors were sent to prison in England.

Charles Dickens gives a picture of a Debtors' Prison at the Fleet in London. It is in his book of the *Papers of the Pickwick Club*, which tells us about the good-natured Mr. Pickwick and his man, Sam Weller. Mr. Pickwick had been fined a sum of money in a court of justice (you must read the book for yourself, and you will learn why), but he would not pay, and so was taken off to the Fleet. Having passed through three gates, he found himself within the prison.

An officer, Tom Roker, led the way down a flight of steps into a dirty passage. Then Mr. Pickwick was shown a way downstairs.

“Oh,” replied Mr. Pickwick, looking down a dark and filthy staircase which appeared to lead to a range of damp and gloomy stone vaults beneath the ground, “and those, I suppose, are the little cellars where the prisoners keep their small quantities of coals. Unpleasant places to have to go down to, but very convenient, I daresay.”

“Yes, I shouldn't wonder if they was convenient,” replied

the gentleman, "seeing that a few people live there pretty snug."

"My friend," said Mr. Pickwick, "you don't really mean to say that human beings live down in those wretched dungeons."

"Don't I?" replied Mr. Roker, with indignant astonishment; "why shouldn't I?"

"Live—live down there!" exclaimed Mr. Pickwick.

"Live down there! Yes, and die down there too, wery often!" replied Mr. Roker; "and what of that? Who's got to say anything agin it? Live down there! Yes, and a wery good place it is to live in, ain't it?"

In other parts of the prison Mr. Pickwick saw men smoking, drinking, and playing cards. In another room a father and mother were making up a poor bed on the ground, or on a few chairs, for their children to pass the night. In another a man sat writing by the light of a feeble tallow candle, hoping that some great man would afterwards read the letter and let him out of the Fleet. A woman with a baby had called to see her husband, who was a debtor. They walked up and down a passage sadly, trying to talk amid the noise of doors banging and the swearing of the card-players; and presently the woman burst into tears, and leaned against the wall while she sobbed, and her husband held the child and tried to comfort her.

I do not mean to say that debtors are always to be pitied and forgiven. I will tell you my thoughts about debts.

It is better never to borrow unless we are really obliged.

We should try to pay every penny back.

If we cannot pay all, we should pay as much as we can, in order to show that we would do more if we could.

But I wish people would give rather than lend. I would sooner give a man sixpence than lend him a shilling. This is not what everybody would do, and, as it is not easy to decide what is best, I hope you will ask mother and father what they think.

LESSON X.

WELL SPENT AND ILL SPENT

"THIS money," said the little golden Genie, as he tipped up the big Horn of Plenty, and sent it rolling out, "is for various purposes—good and sensible, sir; good and sensible!"

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A year or so afterwards I called on the little golden Genie again.

"Ah! there you are once more," he said. "You remember the money I tipped out of the Horn of Plenty, don't you? Well, now come with me on my flying-machine, and see what it has done."

We mounted, and flew off, and saw:—

1. A large library with many windows, many books, many people reading.

2. An extensive park, trees, shrubs, flowers, palm-houses, lakes, and a multitude of folks.

3. A noble hospital, in which the sick lay quiet and were comforted.

4. A college standing amid trees and green lawns, and young men and women learning science and good fellowship.

5. A ship steaming out of the mouth of the Thames, bearing books, pictures, tools, and a thousand other gifts for the negro people of Africa.

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Dark was the night. Torches flared, lamps flashed, men shouted, wheels rumbled, horses tramped.

An immense house was being built. So eager was the owner, Mr. Beckford, to get one part of it finished that he kept the workmen going night and day without pause, one set of builders resting while another set toiled.

Travellers often stopped to gaze at the tall pile that was rising above the trees. It appeared like a house of monks in the Middle Ages. Mr. Beckford called it Fonthill Abbey. It was a few miles from the city of Salisbury.

The land for a wide distance round belonged to the same master. So jealous was he of persons trespassing on it that

he surrounded it with a wall twelve feet high and seven miles long. Thus he lived in a world of his own.

In December, 1800, carriages drove up to Fonthill Abbey, and servants bowed as the visitors alighted. The chief guests were the famous sea captain, Lord Nelson, and Sir William Hamilton and Lady Hamilton. Feasts, music, and dances followed.

Mr. Beckford's wife was dead. He had no children living with him. He passed much of his time like a hermit, but sometimes he had a few friends to converse with. Music and reading were his employment, or riding through his great park with the high wall.

After about twenty years he got tired of the vast house at Fonthill, and sold it, and went to dwell at Bath.

The Abbey and all the furniture were sold to a gentleman for £350,000.

The enormous mansion was badly built. Mr. Beckford had hurried the workmen, and plied them with beer, and many laboured while they were half-drunk. You will not wonder that the walls showed cracks, and fears were felt for the safety of the Abbey.

In December, 1825, just a quarter of a century after the visit of Lord Nelson, a tower 260 feet high came down with a crash.

The new owner did not care to stay in a place so insecure. He sold the Fonthill estate. The Abbey was then pulled to pieces, and only a few ruins were left to show where once Mr. Beckford's pile had stood.

The money had been almost wasted. Few indeed were the people who could say they had been any the better for the building of Fonthill.

When the old Londoner, Alderman Beckford, died in 1770, his son, who afterwards built the Abbey, was a boy of ten. The alderman left his boy a fortune of a million pounds. To what grand and generous uses might young Beckford have put his wealth! Yet you see how he lavished it in piling up a vast mansion which only lasted twenty-five years.

Thousands of men had laboured to make the wealth which came into the hands of young Beckford. And the hands of one man wasted the treasure in a thing of vanity.

LESSON XI.

COINS

"How much for that canoe?"

"Four sheep."

"Too much."

"Three."

"Too much."

"I will not take less than three sheep. The boat is strong, and will hold six men."

Thus did men buy and sell in olden times, before metal money was used. Or they would buy with cattle, or "pecunia" (a Latin word).

About 700 years B.C. the people of Lydia, in Asia Minor, made bullets, or bean-shaped pieces of gold, and these were the first money coins. Gold and silver or brass had already passed from hand to hand as money, but the metal was weighed in lumps, or bars, and had no regular shape. The lumps and bars of gold, or silver, or brass, had been weighed in scales; but the coins of Lydia were counted, as we to-day count pence or dollars.

If you look at a coin of our own time, you will see on one side the portrait of a king, or queen, or a president. The oldest Lydian and Greek coins show the figures of gods and goddesses—such as the lion and the bull, which were both adored as tokens of the glorious sun; or the eagle of the heavenly king; or the dove or tortoise of the lady of love; or the big-eyed owl of the goddess Athene, the lady who watched over the city of Athens. If faces were engraved on the coins, they were the faces of Apollo, the sun-god; or Jove, the lord of the thunderbolt, etc.

The first man whose portrait appears on money was the mighty leader of armies, Alexander the Great. He used to say he was a god himself.

The ancient Romans once traded by the means of cattle ("pecunia"). Then they bought and sold with blocks of copper. Then they made their copper money into very large round coins, each coin, called an "as," weighing about twelve ounces (then reckoned as a pound). On one side of the "as" was seen the two-faced god Janus, who looked

two ways at once; and on the other side you would find the prow, or fore part, of a ship, and underneath it the grand name of "Roma," or Rome. If you had gone to the market in old Rome, and wished to pay six "asses" (copper money, not donkeys!), you would have had to hand over six big round discs, weighing about six pounds!

In the year 269 B.C. the boys of Rome first saw in their fathers' hands the new silver penny called the "denarius." The "as" was now much smaller. It was in the lifetime of Julius Cæsar that the Romans made their first gold money. The "denarius," as struck in the third century B.C., bore on one side the head of Rome—a lady's head covered by a helmet—and on the other two gods on horse-back, lances in hand, charging at an enemy. These were the Heavenly Twins, Castor, and Pollux, and the stars over their helmets showed their god-like nature. When the Romans were hard pressed by foes at the Lake Regillus, the Twins came to their aid:—

White as snow their armour was :
 Their steeds were white as snow.
 Never on earthly anvil
 Did such rare armour gleam ;
 And never did such gallant steeds
 Drink of an earthly stream.

The Romans remembered the Twins when they handled their money, just as we English are reminded of Britannia when we handle a penny.

You know how Brutus and other Romans stabbed Cæsar to death. Brutus issued a coin which showed on one side his own head, and on the other a round cap of Liberty between two daggers. Brutus, however, was not loved for ages as were the twin horsemen. Indeed, the Italian poet Dante speaks of Brutus as being imprisoned in Hell, and in the same icy well as Judas Iscariot.

New figures and new faces shine on the coins of the Christian age. A coin of the Lombards (in North Italy) struck about the year 700, shows the head of the king on one side, and St. Michael, the war-like archangel who carries a spear, on the other. The coins of Venice bear the image of St. Mark, the coins of Florence that of St. John, and the coins of Lucca that of Christ. The proud Norman kings who ruled over Sicily were fierce and cruel in war, but

on their copper money they stamped the fair picture of the Virgin Mary and her Child.

The Norsemen of the cold regions of Europe were mighty in battle, but had no skill for coin-making. They came southwards in war-ships, and raided the shores of England, of France, of Spain, of Italy, and fought with English, French, and Arabs—for there were Arabs in Spain at that time. Then the sea-warriors, or Vikings, would go back to their northern homes and pour out before the glad eyes of wives and children the coins which they had stolen—English and French and Arab! And these bright pieces would be treasured for years in the hoards of the Norse wives.

A famous coin of the Middle Ages was the golden florin of Florence, which merchants in Italy, France, and Germany often carried in their bags. Its pictures were the Lily of Florence and St. John the Baptist. Ah! but these pretty gold lilies were called by the poet Dante by a terrible name. He said they were “cursed flowers,” because the Popes of Rome sought after such money, and forgot to care for the people, whose “fathers” they ought to have been.

The English of the time of Edward III. first used a gold coin, the same in weight as the twentieth-century sovereign, called a “noble.” Some years later a new coin was struck. This was the “angel,” which displayed the valiant St. Michael thrusting a long spear into the mouth of the dragon. Of this piece Shakespeare makes the Prince of Morocco say—

They have in England
A coin that bears the figure of an angel
Stamped in gold.

Henry VIII. gave England the “George nobles,” so called because they bore the hero St. George on horse-back slaying the dragon. But the King of England’s coins were not all truly noble. He debased the coins—that is, he mixed common metal with his silver and gold. For instance, the shilling was one-third part silver, and two parts copper. The shilling seemed to say, “I am silver,” but it told a lie. It was more than half copper. The lie came out in a very curious manner. The silver coating wore off as folk used the money, especially off King Henry’s nose, so that the nose appeared brown and coppery. People

mockingly called these coins "Old Copper-Nose !" Another evil trick in bygone days was that of clipping coins—that is, cutting little bits off the edges ; and the little bits of gold and silver were, of course, valuable enough to be melted for further use. But this cheat was stopped by the "milled edge." You will notice the strokes all round the edges of gold and silver coins. If any metal was cut from the edge, the milling would be lost, and the fraud would be easily observed. The melting of metal and the stamping and the milling of English money are carried on at a place in London called the Mint. The chief officer used to be known as the "Master of the Mint."

The ancient Chinese used cowries, and other sorts of shells, as money, and when they first made metal coins the pieces were made pear-shaped to resemble certain shells. The old left its mark on the new.

In the same way, the design on our English sovereign—St. George and the Dragon—really carries us back to the early Greek tale of the sun-god Perseus killing the monster who kept a fair maiden captive.

And so, again, the letters £ s. d. which we so often write take us back to days as old as Alfred the Great and Charlemagne, King of the Franks. A "libra," a pound of silver, was worth 20 solidi, and each of the solidi was equal to 20 denarii, or pennies. The names, as used by the French, were the Livre, the Sol, and the Denier—the first letters of the words, as you will remark, being L. S. D., and these we place over our accounts of pounds, shillings, and pence.

Thus, the very letters used in our money accounts carry our thoughts back to the people and the language of centuries past. The Past leaves its mark on the Present, and the dead govern the living.

Yet great changes must continue to take place. Though you may see coin money in people's hands every day, the trade of the world is not really done in metal. It is carried on largely by paper. You know how a postal order is a paper for which you may obtain a sum of money. A paper cheque or a paper banknote may pass from hand to hand, and be counted as of the value of £5, or £100, or more, as the case may be. In the past ages men must hold the silver or gold in their grasp, or they would not part with their goods. But to-day we have more faith in one

another. We depend on "credit," and trust the paper messengers—cheques, notes, bills, etc.—which fly from place to place, from office to office, from land to land, and represent the wealth of the workers and traders all over the earth. So much, indeed, do we live by faith—that is, by paper credit—that there is not enough coin in any country to cash all the notes, cheques, etc., if, all of a sudden, we wanted to do so.

REFERENCE BOOKS.—S. Lane Poole's *Coins and Medals*; Noel Humphrey's *Coins of the British Empire*.

CITIES—PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE

LESSON I.

A CITY OF FAR-BACK DAYS

“THE door is open. Let us go in. Come through the porch. Now we are in the atrium. Look up, you can see the sky through an opening in the roof. Look round, the walls are black with the smoke from the hearth. That is why the room is called the atrium, or black room. Look forward, and you will see a little altar, or table, on which fire burns.”

“But these Roman people will not like our being here!”

“They would not, if they saw us. But we have come in a flight of fancy, and no eye can behold us. See, the family are about to sit down to the morning meal. The father turns to the fire on the altar, and speaks.”

“What does he say?”

“He is praying. He says: ‘O fire on the altar of this house, make us always to prosper, and always happy! O rich and eternal flame, receive our offerings, and grant us health and good fortune.’”

“Why does he place food in the fire?”

“It is to feed the god in the flame. He will also give wine, or oil, or incense, or wood; but only the wood of certain kinds of trees, for certain sorts of wood are impure.”

“Close to the fire I see a little image wearing a cloak, in a shrine, and two other images, one on each side. What are they?”

“The middle one is the Lar, the god of the family, the father of all who live under this roof now, or will live in years to come.”

"And the others? One of them is dancing; the other blows a horn."

"They are the Penates—the gods who take care of the corn and fruit and clothes in the store-rooms; and they are merry little gods, and give good cheer to the household. And now let us hasten from the house, and go out into the city. Do you notice the image by the wayside?"

"I notice two, each in a small shelter."

"Yes, because here two roads meet, and each road has its Lar, or guardian-god; and four times a year the people make holiday in honour of the Lares of the cross-ways."

"And are there any other guardian-gods?"

"Yes, in yonder temple are the Lares of the city, for the city has an altar to its household gods, just as each home has."

"And has the city its altar of fire?"

"It has. It is in the same temple, and six maidens watch the flame, and keep it ever burning."

"Suppose it should go out?"

"The folk would dread ruin and death, and they would bury the maiden alive who had forgotten to feed the sacred fire."

"Who first lit the fire?"

"The brave Æneas, who came across the sea from Troy, and he brought with him the household gods of his people, and he carried fire in a vessel; and thus the household gods and the fire of the Latin land first came from the Trojan city in Asia. It is part of the religion of the Roman people to love their city, and to worship the guardians of city and house and the holy fire in which the life of Rome burns strong and clear."

"Hark! I hear the sound of people marching, and the tramp of horses."

"It is the day of the election. The people are marching in troops called Hundreds to the field of Mars. Some are on horseback, many are on foot; some are rich classes, some are the common classes. They all stand silent. Do you see an old man about to speak to the Comitia, or meeting?"

"Yes."

"He is the President. How still the people remain while he slays a dumb animal as a sacrifice to the gods of

Rome! The smoke of the altar rises up towards the blue Italian heaven. Listen! The President is saying a prayer to the gods, asking that the citizens may have peace and plenty, and good magistrates to rule over them."

"The people are moving. What are they doing?"

"They are dividing into their Hundreds in order to vote. On the hill of the Janiculum a red banner waves, and it will flutter there all the while the freemen of Rome are voting for the new magistrates for the year."

"Who are the magistrates?"

"There are two consuls, who have command of all soldiers, and are chief governors of the city. And there are the two censors."

"What are the censors for?"

"They put up lists of the citizens each five years, so that everyone may read who has to pay taxes, and who can vote. They make a bad mark, or stigma, against the name of any man who is careless with his money or goods, or who does not marry, or who brings up his children badly, or who is very cruel to his slaves. If a new bridge is to be built, or a new street made, or a new temple, or a sewer, it is the censors who reckon the cost and choose the folk to carry out the work. And besides these there are the prætors."

"What is the business of the prætors?"

"Their business is to sit in the courts of law as judges over the people."

"Who are those old men walking together, with black shoes fastened by four straps, and purple stripes down their tunics, and golden rings on their fingers?"

"They are some of the elders, or Senate, and are making their way to the Senate-house, where they sit—one hundred in all—to watch that the Romans show due respect to the gods, and that the public money is rightly spent, that the games are held for the pleasure of the citizens, and to speak with the messengers of kings and princes from foreign lands."

"Are any of the Senators poor?"

"No, they belong to the richer class. Do you see the cavalry soldiers ride by?"

"I see a troop galloping through yonder arch—their helmets and breast-plates are bright, and their young officer looks proud of his men."

"These are men of the richer class—the patricians."

“What are the rest of the people called?”

“Well, it all depends. Do you see the foot-soldiers with bronze helmets and tall plumes, and others with leathern helmets? These are the plebs, the commons.”

“Do they not perform labour?”

“Yes, they do; but most of the work—in the fields, in the quarries, in the ship-yards, in the building of houses, in the weavers’ shops, in the smithy, etc.—is done by the slaves.”

“Are there, then, so many slaves in Rome?”

“Yes, there are two or three slaves to every free man or woman.”

“Then, if the free men are really free, they need not be soldiers unless they like?”

“Ah, but they must. Each man must serve in the army till he is past forty years of age. Every man must live for the city, and, if need be, he must die for the city.”

In one of Lord Macaulay’s *Lays of Ancient Rome* he pictures old white-haired Capys telling Romulus, son of a king and nursling of a wolf, that the city of Rome shall be named after him:—

From sunrise until sunset
All earth shall hear thy fame;
A glorious city thou shalt build,
And name it by thy name;
And there, unquenched through ages,
Like Vesta’s sacred fire,
Shall live the spirit of thy nurse,
The spirit of thy sire.

And Capys tells of the Roman warrior’s strength, and his pilum (or hurling-spear), the march of the legions, the triumph of the army as it makes procession through the streets of the city to the temple of Jove:—

Thine, Roman, is the pilum;
Roman, the sword is thine,
The even trench, the bristling mound,
The legion’s ordered line;
And thine the wheels of triumph,
Which, with their laurelled train,
Move slowly up the shouting streets
To Jove’s eternal fane.

NOTE.—See Fustel de Coulanges’ *La Cité Antique*, and articles in any good classical dictionary on Lares, Penates, Comitia, Consuls, Censors, Prætors, Plebs, Slaves.

LESSON II.

ON the top of the tall rocks rose the castle of the sea-robbers. The bottom of the cliffs was washed by the waves of the Adriatic Sea. Fine ships lay in front, filled with stout warriors.

“Men of Venice,” cried the Doge, or leader, “one more fight, and we shall have made our city mistress of the seas. Climb boldly and attack these pirates in the name of St. Mark !”

So then the men of Venice began the ascent, while the robbers shot stones and arrows upon their heads. Hard was the conflict, and many a Venetian fell with clattering shield and spear down the cliff into the deep sea below. But at last the Rocca, or great tower, was taken, and the flag of Venice floated on its highest point.

The galleys returned to the low, flat islands on which the houses and towers and churches of Venice were built ; and the islanders raised shouts of joy when they heard how the pirates had been subdued.

Not long afterwards a holiday was kept in honour of the victory. Priests were rowed out to sea in a barge which was covered with golden cloth. The Doge was also borne in a noble barge. He and the priests and thousands of people met along the shore of one of the isles, all in their boats. The bishop stood up and prayed :—

“Grant, O Lord, that this sea may be to us and to all who sail upon it calm and quiet. To this end we pray. Hear us, good Lord.”

Singers sang a hymn. The bishop sprinkled holy water over the leader and his courtiers, and poured the rest of the water in the vessel into the sea.

In after years the Doge went out once a year in his barge with an umbrella over his head, the white flag of St. Mark at his side, and silver trumpets blowing ; and he dropped a ring into the water. And this was called the “Wedding of Venice with the Sea.”

One Sunday, in the year 1202, the people of the Island-city met in the great Church of St. Mark. The Doge, Dandolo, who was partly blind, stood up in the pulpit, and asked the citizens if he should go with them in the voyage

to the East. For a fleet of nearly three hundred galleys and sailing-ships was to go to the Holy Land, carrying French knights and their war-horses, to fight against the Turks.

"Shall I take the sign of the cross?" he asked.

"Yes," cried the people. "Take it and come with us."

Then the aged Master of Venice came down from the pulpit and knelt with tears before the altar, and a red cross was fixed on his cotton cap; and many Venetians also took the cross on the same day.

But the ships never reached the Holy Land. The fleet stayed on the way before the noble city of Constantinople, which the men of Venice had a mind to capture. They had promised a young Greek prince to set him on the throne of Constantinople.

The galleys were driven upon the beach. Men leaped on shore, set up ladders against the walls of the city, and began to climb. The blind Doge stood on the front of his galley, with the banner of St. Mark waving above him. Arrows and stones flew; fire blazed among the houses of the city; and soon the Greek army yielded.

The power of Venice was now spread far beyond the flat islands of the city itself. Her ships traded with distant lands, and her merchants had warehouses even in Constantinople. And to this day, outside the very ancient Church of St. Mark, may be seen four horses of bronze that look out towards the sea. These were brought from Constantinople by the Crusaders.

Nowhere else were such glorious ships seen as the big vessels that sailed to and from the islands of Venice. They carried wine and grain. They carried timber. They carried precious stones and drugs. They carried metal-work, silk and cloth of gold. They carried sugar. They carried wool. They sailed to London, to France, to Spain, to Greece, to Egypt. Their merchants crossed mountains and deserts; and one bold citizen, named Marco Polo, travelled as far as China.

Wonderful was the journey of Marco Polo over the deserts of Persia, the wild mountains, the wide, wide steppes, or plains, of the middle of Asia, as far as the vast land of the Chinese people. When, after many years, he and his two companions came back to Venice folk did not know the strange men whose faces were so browned and dress so

rough. So the three travellers (who all belonged to the Polo family) invited various relations to a feast. When the guests arrived, the three gentlemen who had been to China entered the banqueting-hall in long robes of crimson satin, and they and all the guests sat down to table. Presently they changed their dresses to damask, giving the satin, as a present, to the servants! Presently they changed the damask for velvet, giving the damask to the servants! Presently they changed the velvet and put on common suits, giving the velvet to the servants. Presently they put on the three coarse coats in which they had returned to Venice from the Far East. The three travellers took knives, and began cutting open the lining of their old coats, and out fell glittering rubies, sapphires, carbuncles, diamonds, emeralds. And all the guests wondered, and (so says the tale) they did really believe now that the three Polos had been to China! I do not know how much of this story is true, but there is no doubt that Marco Polo did journey through Asia, and thus he helped to open up the East to the people of Europe. He died somewhere about the year 1324.

Venice was a republic. It never had a king. Its leader, or duke, as you know, was the Doge. The common people never had votes, as English, French, or German people now have. That is, the common people did not have the suffrage. Of course, the Doge did not manage the whole city by himself. There was a number of men—rich merchants, bankers, and such persons—who were called the Great Council. Another council was called the Senate, who were chosen from the Great Council. Once a year ten gentlemen of the Great Council were elected as THE TEN. These Ten sat with the Doge and other officers in the duke's palace. They were dressed in violet; others wore crimson or black. Any man who was accused of doing evil against the republic was brought before the Ten. If they were not satisfied with the way he answered their questions, they put him to the torture. He would be pulled up by a rope that crossed a beam, and then suddenly be let fall. Or his naked feet would be placed close to a fire, so that, in his pain, he might be forced (so they thought) to tell the truth. Those who were found guilty were punished by being fined, or sent to prison or drowned, or strangled. Terrible was the power of the Ten. Once a Doge had offended them by

trying to kill certain nobles of Venice. The Ten tried him, and condemned him to death. You may still see the landing-place at the top of a flight of marble steps, where, one evening, a Doge knelt, and the headsman struck his head off at one blow. This happened in the year 1355.

How can I tell you of the lovely buildings in this "Queen of the Adriatic"? You must see them in the picture-books. There are marble palaces, noble bridges over the canals that divide island from island, churches, towers. The very doors and windows are grand. I have often looked at pictures of the metal knockers on Venetian doors. One shows a man holding the three-pronged fork of Neptune, and at his feet are two sea-horses. Another shows a fair lady holding with each hand the neck of a shaggy beast. You may sit in a boat and be carried along the canals, under bridges, round islands, and gaze with joy upon the houses and temples of Venice. For the people were proud of their city, and sought to make it beautiful to their own eyes and to the eyes of all who came to see its wonders.

The workmen of Venice were skilled in the making of bells, of beads, of silk, of wrought leather, of glass, and of mirrors. Each trade had its "guild," or society of workers, or you might call them clubs. The guilds paid for the support of sick members, and of orphan children of members. They never allowed any member to tell trade secrets. Suppose you were a member of the mirror-makers' guild, you must never whisper to anyone outside the society how your lovely looking-glasses were made!

There were no great poets in Venice, but there were some great painters, such as Paul Veronese and Titian. They painted many splendid pictures on the ceilings and walls of palaces—pictures of gods, goddesses, saints, kings, and princesses, and the sweet Madonna, or Mother. Titian lived to be ninety, dying in 1576. One of his friends was the famous Emperor Charles V., who would sit to him for his portrait. Once the great Charles, whom some people thought to be as mighty as the Roman Cæsar, paid a visit to the painter's work-room, or studio. Titian dropped his brush. The Emperor picked it up, and his courtiers looked at one another as if amazed to think an Emperor should wait on a painter.

"Your servant," said Titian, "is unworthy of such an honour."

Then said Charles :

"A Titian is worthy to be served by Cæsar."

Venice is not now a great trading city as she once was. Nor is she any longer a republic. Napoleon came to Venice with his Frenchmen in 1796. The Doge took off his cap and gave it to his servant, and said "Take it away ; we shall not want it any more."

Since the year 1866 Venice has belonged to the kingdom of Italy.

I admire the spirit of the Venetians in fighting for their city. I admire the spirit with which they traded and travelled. I cannot say I admire the Council of Ten. But I admire the care and love with which the people made their city so beautiful in its buildings ; and I wish the dwellers in all cities were as eager to make the place of their habitation fair to the eyes.

NOTE.—See H. E. Brown's *Venice* and Mrs. Oliphant's *Makers of Venice*.

LESSON III.

ST. GENEVIEVE'S CITY

ON the wings of fancy we fly across the tens of thousands of houses of the great French city. The River Seine winds from east to west, from west to south, from south to north.

An island lies in the bosom of the stream, and crowds of people cross to the island by a bridge of twelve arches. This Island of the City is the spot where Paris began before the days of Julius Cæsar.

"Do you see the old tower on the Island?"

"Yes."

"One warm August night, in the year 1572, a bell sounded there ; just after a bell in another part of the city had given a like signal."

"Signal for what?"

"Alas ! a signal for the shedding of blood. Soon were

heard the noise of breaking of doors and windows, the cries of French folk begging for mercy. The king himself shot at the people from the windows of his palace. It was the night of St. Bartholomew, when Catholics slew Protestants."

"How wicked were the Frenchmen who murdered their neighbours!"

"True, but how noble were other Frenchmen! Such, for instance, was St. Louis, King of France. Do you see the church?"

"I see a church with a tall steeple, and pinnacles, and a great rose window."

"That is La Sainte-Chapelle, which some people say is the most beautiful church in France. St. Louis often heard mass there, and he would rise to pray three times in the night, and go on his knees to the altar."

"Why was the king called a Saint?"

"Because of his good life. To all men he was just, and he would sit under an oak-tree in the garden of his palace on the isle, and give judgment among the people who came to him for justice. Have you heard how he treated Dame Sarrette?"

"No, tell me."

"One day she taunted him, and said he was not fit to be a king; he was fit only to be a monk. The courtiers who were at his side were about to beat the woman. Louis, however, stopped their upraised hands, and said with a smile that she was right; a better man might have been found to govern France. Then he bade that a gift of money should be given to the dame, and she was let go in peace."

"What is that grand church with the two towers?"

"It is the Church of Our Lady (Notre Dame de Paris), begun in the twelfth century. At the great door you see the statue of the Virgin and her Child; you see statues of Christ, Adam, Eve, St. Denis; you see angels, animals, demons. How many famous kings, queens, princes, and princesses have worshipped in this lovely building; it has been said that if the pillars of the church could speak they might tell the history of France!"

"I am looking at the river, and I see a fine palace with many windows."

"Enter the Louvre with me. We glide from room to

room ; up broad staircases ; along corridors ; on all sides we see pictures, statues, jewels, curious and wonderful objects from old Rome, from old Greece, from old Egypt, from old Assyria. There you see the sword and spurs of Charlemagne, the famous King of the Franks. Yonder is the ring of St. Louis. And here is the marble figure of Venus—a statue called the Venus de Milo, which was found in 1820 in the soil of an island near the coast of Greece.”

“Next to the Palace I notice a large open space. What is that?”

“Another palace stood there till it was burned in 1871. It was called the Tuileries, and you still behold in the garden the orange-trees and beautiful statues. In this building, in 1792, died the Swiss guards.”

“How came they to die?”

“They defended the palace after the King, Louis XVI., and the Queen, Marie Antoinette, had left it. A crowd attacked. The Swiss fired from the Grand Staircase. They sallied out, and marched back. They retreated across the garden, and then most of them fell by the bullets of the citizens. This, you know, was one of the sad scenes of the French Revolution. Old France passed away. The old ideas and old government were ended.”

“What happened to the King?”

“Do you see a fountain among the trees on that wide space—the Place de la Concorde? Just there, on a winter’s day in 1793, the King knelt ; the knife of the guillotine descended, and his head rolled into a basket, and tens of thousands of voices cried, Long live the Republic!”

“And the Queen?”

“She died afterwards at the same place.”

“On the south side of the river I see a dome rise round against the sky.”

“That is the roof of a church, built in the eighteenth century, and now known as the Pantheon. Let us enter and view the tombs.”

“Whose tombs are these?”

“Here is that of the tale-writer, Victor Hugo. Opposite is the play-writer’s tomb, the wise and witty Molière. And here is the tomb of Voltaire, the poet, historian, and philosopher. And here is that of Rousseau, who wrote books on politics and education.”

“Where do these steps lead to?”

“To the crypt, or place underground, where the least sound, such as a crack of a whip, is echoed over and over again in a most startling manner. Thus also is it with the words and deeds of great Frenchmen. Other nations hear what France does. Other nations are moved when France is moved. May England always be friends with the noble French!”

“I see yet another building with a dome, and old men are going in and out.”

“They are soldiers who are past their fighting days. The place is the Hotel des Invalides. Pass the gates with me.”

“How splendid and solemn is this house! Statues of women support the pillars. Faded flags hang on the walls. And I see a huge coffin of granite right under the dome. Who lies buried here?”

“This is the tomb of Napoleon Bonaparte.”

“The first Emperor of the French?”

“Yes.”

“But he died at St. Helena, in the midst of the waters of the Atlantic?”

“Yes, but England gave up his body to France, and it was brought to Paris in 1841. Thus should one nation show courtesy to another.”

“A gentleman rides by in a carriage. The policemen salute him as he passes. He halts at the door of a large hall. Who is that?”

“He is the prefect, the head of the town council, which governs Paris, and looks after the cleaning of the streets, the supply of water, the markets, the schools.”

“And the hall?”

“That is the Hotel de Ville.”

“Here is an open space. A statue of Liberty stands on a column. What is this?”

“It is the Place de la Bastille. A prison covered the spot once. It had eight round towers, with narrow windows that let in a little light into the cells where sorrowful prisoners sighed. The walls were ten feet thick. A moat surrounded it with a line of water.”

“The prison has gone!”

“Yes. On a summer day in 1789 a mob of citizens were shouting, singing, and firing. The governor of the prison

thought of blowing the fortress up, but at length he surrendered, and the prison was razed to the ground amid the joy of the people. For it had been a place of injustice, and many a man was shut up in its darkness, without a trial, year after year."

"Look! What an enormous market—three streets, with shops and stalls on each side, and all under cover, as if under an immense umbrella!"

"Yes, this is the Halles, or market of Paris. Tell me what you see on the stalls."

"I see fish, vegetables, eggs, cheese, butter, and flowers beyond measure—roses, violets, marguerites, dahlias. And there is a roar of thousands of voices of people buying and selling."

"The market sells food for the body. Let us take a glance at the part of Paris which feeds the mind. Come."

"I see a large building, which is approached by a fine staircase."

"It is the College of France. We are in the Latin Quarter. Many Colleges are here—professors—students—here Latin and Greek have been learned for centuries. France has great scholars, great thinkers, great authors. One of the greatest Frenchmen was buried in the church of St. Stephen yonder. Let us go in. Read the name on this stone."

"I read the name of Pascal."

"He was one of France's noblest scholars. And in this same church is an empty tomb, where rested the body of a shepherd-girl. In the fifth century, when Paris was a little city, the people loved her for her goodness and devotion. The dreadful Huns laid siege to Paris. The people would have fled, but she urged them to remain, and her courage passed into the hearts of the citizens. All through her long life she led the people in good ways, comforting the weak, and softening the hearts of the strong and cruel."

"Paris never forgot her?"

"No, and to this day she is called the patron saint of the city."

"What was her name?"

"St. Genevieve."

"And she was only a shepherdess?"

"Only a shepherdess. Paris is now a mighty town, with

splendid boulevards, many monuments, and a vast population. But now, as ever, loyal and simple hearts are those which Paris needs for its services. A city is noble, not for its mansions and its treasures, but for the folk who have lived in it—men of deep learning like Pascal, and brave women like St. Genevieve.”

NOTE.—Interesting details concerning Paris may be found in *Paris*, by Augustus J. C. Hare.

LESSON IV.

THE HAPPY REPUBLIC

A CROWD is gathered in the streets to see the three ambassadors from a far land ride past.

Before and behind the ambassadors march a hundred servants clad in gay dresses, mostly of silk. The three ambassadors wear cloth of gold, and chains of gold, and earrings of gold, and rings of gold. Strings of pearls and other shining gems cover their caps.

The people in the city are dressed in plain woollen garments, with no jewellery, except the small girls and boys, who all carry gold, silver, and precious gems on their coats and hats and frocks.

Nobody bows to the richly-dressed visitors. The citizens ask one another :

“Where are the ambassadors?”

And the children pull their mothers' gowns and say :

“Look, mother, at that tall jester who wears pearls and gems as if he were a child!”

“Hold your peace!” replies a mother. “This, I believe, is one of the ambassadors' clowns.”

It was really one of the ambassadors!

In the land where these things happened gold and silver were of little account. They were used for infants' rattles, for the chains of slaves and prisoners; and if a man fell into disgrace they showed their scorn for his character by putting a gold ear-ring in his ear, or a golden coronet on his head! Money was not employed in their trade, and so they had no

gold or silver coins, and the metal they thought the most valuable was iron.

The country I am telling about was Utopia, or Nowhere. As you will find nothing about it in your geography-book, I may as well copy out a short description of this island that never was an island, lying in a sea that never was a sea, and inhabited by people who never lived !

The island of Utopia in the middle, where it is broadest, is two hundred miles broad, and holds almost at the same breadth over a great part of it, but grows narrower towards both ends. Its figure is not unlike a crescent ; between its horns the sea comes in eleven miles broad, and spreads itself into a great bay, which is environed with land to the compass of about 500 miles, and is well secured from winds.

There were fifty-four cities in the island, the houses in which were all well built. The country parts contained many pleasant farms. The people in the villages on these farms lived in families of forty, besides two slaves to every family. Each person stayed on a farm for two years, sowing, reaping, hay-making, shepherding, etc. After that time the people went back to the towns they had come from. Thus every man or woman in Utopia spent at least two years amid the green pastures and woods, and labouring under the open blue sky.

The farms reared a good deal of poultry. Farmers only grew as much corn as was needed for the food of the islanders, and the drinks were wine, cider, perry, and often water ; the water being taken as it was, or mixed with honey or liquorice.

Everyone worked. The women made clothes of wool or flax. Men worked in wood, metal, or stone. Magistrates passed over the island, and made sure that no one was idle ! Utopia was like a hive in which all the bees made honey.

Did this mean that the folk of Utopia wore themselves out in endless toil ? No, not at all. There are, as you know, twenty-four hours in the day. Six of these only were spent in work. The rest of the time was their own, for reading, or music, or games, or pleasant conversation. Early each morning men and women rose and went to lecture-halls, where professors spoke things that were wise and useful to know. It was charming to see the folk seated in the halls, while the sun's first rays were peeping

through the windows, and the voice of the lecturer caused all ears to attend. Since everybody did work, all had enough ; and no poor folk were seen, none were ragged, and none dwelt in wretched houses. If a road needed mending, thousands of citizens would turn out to dig, to carry earth, to make fences, etc.; and they did this not for money, but because the work was good for all the people.

The citizens took their meals together in families in large halls. Women cooked the food, but anything heavy was carried by the slaves, who were men punished for evil-doing. Before dinner or supper a piece was read out of a good book, and then arose the sound of merry chat while the meal was taken. While they supped they listened to music.

They cared naught for the chase. Only butchers ever hunted animals in Utopia, and no one found a joy in seeing hounds pursue a poor panting hare. If you asked a Utopian what it was that he got pleasure from, he would answer: "It is a great joy to have good health ; and it is a great joy to learn about the world I live in."

Each citizen was a friend to all the rest. When the prince walked in public, a sheaf of corn was borne in front of him as a sign that it was his duty to see that the people's needs were supplied. When the high priest walked in public, a lighted wax-taper was carried by an attendant, to show that his office was to teach the folk ideas that gave light to the mind. And so kindly were the feelings of the people towards one another that if a man spoke rudely to a neighbour, and said, "Your leg is crooked," or, "Your face is ugly," they would pity the man that used such words, and think him a poor creature.

The laws in the land of Nowhere were very few, and would not fill many books, as do the laws of England. And the island had no lawyers, and a man that had need to go before a judge spoke for himself, and had no lawyer in a white wig to plead for him and take a large fee.

When a great festival was to be held, the islanders would dress in white garments, and go to the temples at the dawn of day. But if any man had done a wrong to the State, he was forbidden to join with his neighbours. This was felt to be a very hard punishment ; for there is nothing so sad as to be shut out from the company of our fellows.

In the temples the people offered worship to the god

Mithras, and in his honour they burned many twinkling wax-lights, and spread the sweet savour of burned incense. The priests had robes of many colours, into which were wrought the bright feathers of birds. And hymns were sung to sweet music. After the meeting was closed, the Utopians went forth from the temple and spent the rest of the day in games and athletic sports.

The little pictures I have given you of the happy commonwealth or republic of Utopia have been taken from a famous book, written by the English gentleman Sir Thomas More, who was born in 1480, and who was beheaded in 1535 by order of King Henry VIII. I hope that some day you will read Sir Thomas More's book for yourself. He had a noble heart, and I love to read the words in which he showed how he wanted to see the working people made happier. These are the words:—

For what justice is there in this, that a nobleman, a goldsmith, or a banker, or any other man that either does nothing at all or at best is employed in things that are of no use to the public, should live in great luxury and splendour upon that which is so ill acquired, and a mean man—a carter, a smith, or a ploughman—that works harder than the beasts themselves, and is employed in labours that are so necessary that no commonwealth could hold out a year at an end without them, can yet be able to earn so poor a livelihood out of it that the beasts' condition is so much better than theirs?

I fear you will think the sentence rather long. It has more than a hundred words in it! But its meaning is soon told. It is not right that many men should work hard on poor earnings, while a few live idle or in very easy work and possess plenty.

GOVERNMENT

LESSON I.

KINGS.—I.

A RED Indian was kneeling on the ground. His head was adorned with feathers ; a necklace of bears' claws hung round his neck ; deerskin trousers covered his legs, and he was shod with rough moccasins.

A pad of clay was before him. With his fingers he was marking in the clay the outline of a man—head, body, legs, arms—such as a child might draw on paper. He glared in hate at the picture he had made. It was meant for the picture of his foe.

Then he raised a stick that had a sharp point, and he drove it into the figure he had drawn in the clay. The weapon had pierced the heart !

The Indian's eyes glittered with joy.

"I have hurt him deeply," he muttered to himself ; "perhaps I have killed him."

So saying, he rose and walked away.

Thus the Indian savage thought to injure his distant foe by his magic. Of course, you and I do not believe in magic arts, but many millions of people in all parts of the world have done so ; many do so still ; and, in times of old, all men did.

The tale I have just told is an ugly one. Let us hear of something pleasanter.

A Hindu made a lump of clay into the shape of a heart.

"This," he said to himself with a smile, "is a woman's heart."

Then he fetched his bow and arrow. The bow-string was made of hemp ; and the stick of the arrow was made of black "ala" wood ; the feather at one end was from an owl ;

the point was a thorn. He raised the bow. Twang! The arrow plunged into the clay heart.

"I shall make her love me," said the Hindu.

This also was magic.

There is a bird called the stone-curlew, which has large and pretty yellow eyes. You may be searching among grass and plants, and catch sight of a golden spot that shines among the leaves. It is the eye of the stone-curlew. The body, being of a drab colour, is not so easily seen. Well, the ancient Greeks believed that they knew a simple way to cure a disease called the jaundice. You know that a person has jaundice when the bile from his liver runs in such a large quantity into his blood that it makes his skin and eyes look yellow. So the Greeks thought that if a man with jaundice looked very straight at a stone-curlew, and if the bird happened to look back very straight at him, the man would be cured. Yellow cured yellow, and like cured like! More magic!

You will perhaps be pleased to hear how the "black-fellows" of Central Australia used to make a boy's hair grow, supposing it did not seem to them to grow rich enough. A man who had plenty of hair would bite the boy's head as hard as he could. While he bit, a crowd of blackfellows would sit round in a ring.

"Go on! go on!" they cried.

So he would bite harder; and the boy would yell with pain.

"Never mind," his friends would say, "your hair will grow all the better."

This was rather painful magic.

In the frozen North the little people who live in huts, and hunt the polar bear and the seal and the walrus, are known as Eskimo.

Now and then the men leave the village to hunt animals on the fields of ice that cover the sea. While they are out at the chase, the women who stay at home must not lift up the beds. Why not? Because (so they think), if they did, the ice on which the men are hunting would go up and down as thin ice does when people slide or skate on it; and then the ice would crack, and the hunters might fall in.

When the new moon shines in the winter sky, the Eskimo boys run out of the snow-house, catch up handfuls of snow,

and put them in the big kettle. Why do they do that? If you asked one, he would say:

"Father will bring home a seal, and cut it up, and put the bits in the pots to boil for us to eat."

So they seem to imagine that their action in dropping snow into the kettle will help the men catch game.

I will tell you a tale of three witches (but please don't believe it!). They lived in the island of Harris, on the west coast of Scotland, and they had a servant to wait on them. One night, just before they went out to do their witch-work—(riding on broom-sticks through the air, and all that)—they put a pan full of milk on the floor, and said to the girl:

"Be sure you let nothing come near it."

Well, while the girl was looking another way, something did come near it. A duck came in, and splashed about in the milk, and then went away again.

Next morning, the three witches of Harris came home, and asked if the milk had been stirred, and the girl answered "No."

"I feel sure it has," said one of the witches, "for there was a great stir in the sea as we came round Cabag Head last night."

This was very mighty magic, indeed; for the motion of the milk caused the ocean to move in like manner!

You will be amused at the way in which a Cherokee Indian taught his boy to remember things better, for the boy often forgot! The Indian got water from a waterfall, and put into it bits of those prickly seed-pods called burs.

"Drink!" he said to the forgetful boy.

The boy would make a face, and drink the stuff. But after that he would remember things! How was that? Why, because he would now drink in the lessons taught by the loud voice (like the waterfall) of his teacher! And the lessons taught him would stick to him as prickly burs stick to one's clothes. You can tell your teacher this, and when you forget what he taught you only yesterday, he will make a nice mixture for you to swallow.

Now, it was not every savage who could think of these magic arts. Only the men who had more sharp and clever wits than their neighbours would plan the magic tricks to kill enemies, or help the hunter, or heal the sick, etc.

Suppose the people of the tribe wanted rain to fall, and moisten their ground and cause the fruits and crops to grow more plentifully. They would ask the man of magic—the rain-maker. In the north of Australia the rain-maker would go to a pond and sing a song. After that he would take water in his hands, drink it, and spit it out of his mouth this way and that way. Next he would throw water over himself, and all about. Having done all this, he would return to the camp of the tribe. The blackfellows would all feel happy.

“The rain-maker has done his work,” they would say, “and soon the joyful rain will fall.”

But suppose it did not? Well, I daresay they would not do anything particular the first time, but if a rain-maker failed time after time, they would, perhaps, not believe in him any more. But they would believe in another one! Besides, you know that some men are more skilful in watching the signs of the weather than others. Some people—especially country-folk—are often correct in what they say about the weather that is coming. And so the clever rain-maker would no doubt often be right.

In the Malay Islands in the Far East the rain-maker can (so they say) stop rain as well as bring it. When he is about to stay the rainfall he must keep away from water. He must not bathe, he must not wash, he must not drink water, he must cross a stream by boat or stepping-stones, and be careful not to touch the water below. He builds a hut in a rice field, and here he keeps a fire that must not go out. If he sees clouds threaten in the sky, he holds up dry leaves, or dry bark, or blows dry lime into the air.

Now you can readily understand that savage people would treat rain-makers or rain-stoppers or wind-raisers, etc., with great respect. The head men of the Australian tribes were men that worked magic. In New Guinea a certain man was made chief of a tribe because they believed he could cause the sea to rise in storm or to keep still just as he willed. The Masai people in East Africa choose for chief a man who has in his secret store a medicine, that can cure sick people; and he knows how to do certain magic things that will be sure to bring his people victory in war. He does not march with the warriors to battle. He stays at home and works magic, and all goes well with his people. The Kaffir

chiefs used to make rain ; and many other African tribes had men of magic for their leaders or kings.

You may have heard that the kings and queens of England used to try the power of magic. If people who had a disease of the glands of the neck, etc., came to the monarch, he or she would touch them with a sceptre, and was supposed to make them well. The disease was therefore called the King's Evil. Charles II. used to "touch" for the King's Evil, and so did Queen Anne.

You will think the savages were foolish. Well, so they often were ; and so are we very often ! But there was some sense in their choosing their head men or kings. The tribes did really need quick-witted and able men to rule over them ; for men love to have leaders. The men of magic did, in their strange way, try to ward off danger and trouble, and did try to bring blessings to the homes and fields of their people. When the tribe felt fear, or were in despair, these brave leaders would rise up and say : "Courage ! we will not sit down without hope. Let us think ; let us plot. Let us try some plan to fight the evil and bring the good !"

LESSON II.

KINGS.—II.

IN a cave a man lived, and for six years he might not come out. He might not eat meat or salt.

If you had asked one of the Chibcha Indians of that country—the land of the Orinoco River in South America—who the man in the cave was, he would have said :

"The King's son."

"Why is he kept in the cave?"

"We always treat the young son of the King in this way. He is heir to the throne ; but it is a stern business to rule over us Chibchas, and he must be trained to endure hardship."

After six years he was carried out of the cave on a litter—a kind of couch—borne by twenty men. They carried the heir to the throne to a lake. The lake was sacred ; it was thought to be the home of a certain god.

The prince's body was covered all over with a sticky kind of resin, and sprinkled with gold, so that he looked like a shiny gold man. When he arrived at the shore of the lake, he was placed on a raft made of reeds. Two men went with him, and paddled the raft out on the water. Great crowds of Indians burned sweet incense. At the feet of the prince were laid a pile of gold and beautiful green stones called emeralds. A chief waved a white flag. Then the gems were flung into the water as an offering to the god who would give his favour to the prince and the people. The people also flung in gold. Then the prince came on shore. He did not go back to the cave. He was Crown Prince now, ready to take the throne when his father died. This was how the Chibcha Indians prepared their kings for the hard work of governing a nation.

In olden times there was a tribe of people called the Gordioi, who elected for king the fattest man they could find. I suppose poor men were not so likely to be fat, so only the rich had a good chance.

Another people, called the Syrakoi, chose the tallest man, or the man who had the longest head, measuring from his forehead to the back of the skull.

The Libyans elected the man who could run the fastest ; and the ancient Greeks told stories of men who ran races in order to win a kingdom. Thus, the King Antæus had a fair daughter, and he bade the princess stand like a goal, or winning-post, at the end of a racecourse, and many noblemen and princes ran in a race ; and the man who touched her first would marry her, and become heir to the throne. A fast runner might not make a good king, but, at any rate, he would show he had determination, and could try very hard.

An Indian tale tells how a beautiful princess was gained in marriage by the man who could bend a huge bow, and shoot five arrows through a wheel that kept whirling round, so that the arrows struck a target. In this manner, he would show a cool nerve and steady eye and skilful hand.

A certain king in the land of Thrace said that any man might marry his daughter and possess the kingdom if he could conquer the king himself. Many came and fought the king, but were slain by his terrible sword. When he grew old, and felt he could not fight any more, he told two suitors that they might combat with each other. One

killed the other, and then married the princess, and had the kingdom, having earned it by his courage and strength.

I have just spoken of an old king. But in some lands the folk do not like to have an old king. They put him to death while he is yet young. They think things will go ill with the country if the king gets aged and feeble.

In olden Italy a king who was also a priest lived at a temple in the woods of Nemi. He was King of the Wood. In his hand he always held a sword, for he needed it to take care of his life. Any runaway slave might kill the King of the Wood, if he could first break a branch off a certain tree in the wood. After killing the priest of Nemi, the slayer might himself be king. Sharp of eye and ear and hand must the king be ; and perhaps he was a light sleeper also. As our poet Shakespeare says, "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown."

In West Africa there was a tribe who let the king reign only for one day, and at the end of the day he must lose his life ; so there was no fear lest he should be worn out by the work of kingship and government !

I think you would be interested to hear what used to be done by the kings of Calicut, in Southern India

The King of Calicut, reigned for twelve years, and then, in sight of all his people, he had to slay himself. They were sure then that the power of the kingdom would not wither and decay, for the king had not decayed in age, and a young and strong prince was put in his place.

But, as time went on, the people changed their custom, and every twelve years they held a sort of festival, at which men were allowed to kill the King if they could ; but, as the King's body was stoutly defended by his friends, his life was safe from attack. Yet I suspect his heart would tremble for fear his body-guard should not prove strong enough.

This was how the dreadful ceremony was carried out. The people came together to feast for ten days. Each day the King of Calicut stood on a mound or terrace, and in front of him were some 40,000 soldiers to shield him from harm. A straight road ran from the gate of a temple for half a mile up to the mound where the King stood. On each side of the road was a high fence. The soldiers stood behind the fences in the rice-fields, not a single person being seen on the road. Through the fences the soldiers

pushed their long spears, ready to pierce any daring Hindu who tried to get at the King.

The King lifted his sword. A chain of gold was thrown over an elephant at the King's side.

Then a party of men, wearing flowers and waving swords, sallied out from the crowd, and rushed along the road of Death. The spears were thrust at them. One after another fell and died. They were willing to die. Just before they ran into the road they had eaten and drunk, and said good-bye to their friends. They felt they were dying for the good of Calicut. In some way they were sure their death would bless their native land. They might die, but the King and the land and the people lived on all the better for their death. The next day the same thing happened with another party; and so on for ten days.

Do not call these Indians foolish. They were of a noble spirit, though they did not understand how useless was their dying. It would have been wiser to live in daily work for Calicut than to die on the terrible road. But they meant well. They were heroes.

We have seen how men felt the need of rulers to govern them—rulers who would even plot by magic tricks to secure good weather and good sunshine and good fortune; so the magicians in times of old were often chosen for kings.

We have also seen that not anybody—not any chance person—would do for a king. He must be strong, or handsome, or fat, or tall, or long-headed, or clever with weapons, or firm to endure the strain of fasting, or of racing, or ready to fight a rival in a duel. A poor, soft, weak creature was of no use to act as captain of a tribe or a nation.

We have seen, again, that the king did not live a jolly and careless life. He had to bear the burden of his country's fortune. In his life the life of the land was bound up. He must even die to save his land from death. Or his faithful people must die in his place for the honour of their nation.

Of course, we know very well that some kings were good-for-nothing and idle princes, whose only thought was to enjoy themselves. But I think most kings and chiefs could not be so forgetful of their duty, else people would not have kept kings so long as they did; and, as you know, there are still kings in many parts of the world.

People love to have leaders, and, even where the leader is

not called king, he is still the chosen man of the people, guiding and ruling and giving them counsel.

The leader of the republic of France is a president.

The United States form a republic with a president.

The cantons of Switzerland join together in a republic, choosing a new president each year.

Kings have advisers, and, as in the United Kingdom, the chief adviser is called the Prime Minister ; but the Prime Minister is really a man whom most of the people desire to have as leader.

Towns have their mayors ; meetings have their chairmen ; cricket and football teams have their captains ; and workmen have their employers—perhaps one man is named master, or the Corporation of a town may be the master.

It is not at all a simple matter to find and choose the really good leaders—good governors, captains, masters of all sorts. And when the leader is chosen, it is not at all a simple matter for him to lead, for men are often unruly.

Well will it be for the world when the leaders rule wisely, and the people obey wisely, and both leaders and people work together as members of one great family.

NOTE.—Most of the facts in the lessons on “Kings” are drawn from Dr. J. G. Frazer’s *Lectures on the Early History of Kingship*.

LESSON III.

THE LAW.—I.

A ROOM in a castle.

Hubert de Burgh stands in front of young Prince Arthur. Hubert has been ordered by King John of England to burn out the lad’s eyes with red-hot irons.

ARTHUR : Will you put out mine eyes?
 These eyes that never did nor never shall
 So much as frown on you ?

HUBERT : I have sworn to do it ;
 And with hot irons must I burn them out.

ARTHUR : Ah ! none but in this iron age would do it.
 The iron of itself, though heat red-hot,
 Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears,
 And quench their fiery indignation.

Well, as you may read in Shakespeare's play of "The Life and Death of King John," Hubert did not, after all, do the horrid deed.

As you know, John was a tyrant. He had no right to the throne of England ; and he had no right to treat Arthur in so cruel a manner.

But in olden times such things were done even by right of the law. Men were rough in the days of the past ; and the laws were harsh, and punishments were often cruel.

Let us look for a moment at the Romans. In the Forum where the elders met in the Senate were fixed twelve tables, or sheets of polished bronze, on which were written, in the Latin tongue, the laws of the Republic. If you had walked into a Roman school, you would have heard the boys saying them over by heart ; such as :—

Libels and insulting songs to be punished by death.

Whoever gives false evidence must be thrown from the Tarpeian Rock.

If a man kills his parent, veil his head, sew him up in a sack, and throw him into the river.

No one is to make disturbances at night in the city under pain of death.

And so on. Of course, all the punishments were not so severe as these. Often a wrong-doer would have to pay a fine, or receive a flogging with rods, etc. The Tarpeian Rock was a steep hill at Rome, from the top of which the condemned person would be hurled down to certain death.

The Romans, however, were a very just people, and so good and sensible were many of their laws that the nations of Europe—the Spaniards, the French, the English, and others—copied many of the ancient rules ; and to this day men who study for the business of lawyers learn a good deal about the ancient laws of Rome. But I shall pass on to say something of the way in which the laws of England were carried out in days of old, and how the ancient manners were changed as time went on.

In the reign of King Canute offenders were sometimes punished by having their hands or feet or ears cut off, or their eyes put out, etc.

A very strange custom was that of the judgment, or ordeal, by fire or water. The accused man was flung into a pit of water. If he sank, people said he was innocent

of the crime, and (I hope) quickly pulled him out. If he could not sink, but kept himself afloat, they thought there was some evil magic in him, and put him to death. The ordeal by fire was as follows:—The accused man carried a red-hot iron bar three paces. His hand was then wrapped up in a cloth for three days. If, after that, the skin was found to be badly blistered, it was held as a sign of guilt. The offender must die.

A third ordeal was that of the combat, and it was practised by the Normans—those Normans who came across the water and conquered England in 1066. Let us suppose a lord—a baron—claims a piece of land—ploughed land, or forest land, as the case might be. The judge may say:—

“You must fight it out.”

The baron would not fight himself. One of his men would act as champion on his behalf, and engage in combat with the person who denied the claim. From the priest each man would receive a sort of pick-axe, made of wood and horn. With these old-fashioned weapons the opponents would hack and hew at each other, perhaps a long time. At length one feels too weak to sustain the fight. He cries out:—

“Craven!”

Thereupon he is said to have lost; and he must lose the land and pay sixty shillings.

A man may have been haled before the judge for committing a robbery.

“Call the neighbourhood,” an officer would say.

Twelve countrymen—farmers, wheelwrights, blacksmiths, etc.—are brought to the big room at the castle or the manor-house, where the judge sits. They are the jury.

“Which of you,” asks the judge or his clerk, “knows anything about this?”

Perhaps no one likes to speak.

“Well,” says the judge, “you all live in the neighbourhood. You all know Tom Martin (or whatever his name is). He cannot very well go about without your seeing him, or seeing signs of what he has done. Speak up, men of the jury, in the King’s name!”

“Your worship,” says one, “t’other night, as I were a-going down Hayfork Lane, I heard a noise over the hawthorn hedge.....”

And so on. You see, in olden times (as far back as the days of Thomas à Becket and Richard Lion-heart) the jurymen were witnesses. But it is not so to-day. Now they sit in their "box" and listen to all that is said by witnesses and lawyers, and they give their opinion or verdict, but they are not expected to know anything of the doings of the men accused.

When a prisoner was brought into court, and the offence was stated, he was told to hold up his hand. Then the question was put to him:—

"How say you? Are you guilty or not guilty?"

"Not guilty."

"Culprit, how will you be tried?"

"By God and my country."

Then the trial began.

But suppose he would not speak. Do all the court could, they failed to get a word out of him. He might stand there—his head hanging down, his hands clenched in wilful pride; he was mute. He would not "plead."

A strange thing was then done. The mute prisoner was taken away, and laid on the ground. Heavy lumps of iron were placed on his breast till he could hardly breathe. Every second day bad bread and dirty water were given to him for food. Thus he would be treated until he promised to say "Guilty" or "Not guilty" to the Court.

As people's ideas became more merciful and sensible, the ordeal by water or fire was done away with. The last time any person was "pressed" in England was in 1726, when a man had to endure the weight of nearly four hundred-weight of iron.

In the year 1632 Mr. William Prynne wrote a book in which he used bitter words against theatres, actors, and actresses. The Court of Star Chamber sentenced him to pay £5,000, to be branded with a hot iron on the forehead, and to stand in the pillory. The pillory was a wooden frame on top of a post, having three holes in it for a man's head and hands. A criminal would be put in the pillory in an open place, the passers-by jeering at him, and perhaps flinging dirt at his face. While Prynne stood in the pillory the first time one of his ears was cut off; and the second ear the second time. The pillory was put an end to in England in 1837.

You will read in history how persons in olden times were executed by the headsman—both poor and rich ; though, later on, only noblemen were beheaded, the rest being hanged on the gallows or gallow-tree. People used to be hanged for stealing sheep or horses, etc., for stealing letters, for forging (that is, imitating other people's writing in order to cheat), for setting fire to houses, etc. But now, in England, death is only inflicted for murder, and many people would like to alter that also.

I read a story once about Mr. W. Miller, who was travelling in Greece. He happened to be on the shore at Corinth, the famous old city ; and he looked out to sea, where a small island was to be seen. On this island Mr. Miller noticed one man alone, who seemed not to have much to do, and who strolled up and down gazing at things about him through a field-glass.

"Who is that man ?" asked Mr. Miller.

"The public executioner," said a friend. "He was himself once condemned to death ; but he is spared so long as he is willing to cut off the heads of others who are sentenced to the death penalty."

The story shows how it becomes more and more hard to get any man who will take up the dreadful office of executioner. And this, again, is because more and more people dislike the thought of putting a fellow-man to death.

Thus, as the ages pass, does the world leave behind the cruelties of the law, and men become kinder to the evil-doer.

LESSON IV.

THE LAW.—II.

At the gate of Winchester Castle.

The sun shines on the armour of the barons and knights who ride into the Castle. Abbots and bishops, in fine gowns, enter on the backs of palfreys and asses. Crowds stand watching. Trumpets ring out their shrill call.

Enter the great Hall of the Castle. The King of England is seated as judge on the bench. Peers, priests, and learned

men-of-the-law clad in scarlet, attend upon his Majesty. Suitors appear—that is, persons who have a grievance against another, or who are accused of evil-doing; and the King and his wise men listen and give their opinion. This is the “Curia Regis,” or King’s Court.

It was sometimes dull work, listening to suitors and lawyers. Glad enough were King and courtiers to leave the solemn Hall of Justice, and go out hunting the deer in the forest.

At Easter the King, wearing his crown, would hold his Court at Winchester; at Christmas, the place was Gloucester; at Whitsuntide, Westminster.

But the King would also hold his Court at other times, though not with so much show and state. He might hear lawsuits at any place he stayed at; and suitors had to follow him!

For instance, in the twelfth century, Richard of Anesty wanted to get some land which had belonged to his uncle, now dead. Somebody denied his right, and so he went to law. You would never guess the different places he had to travel to—in boat, or on horseback—in order to attend the King’s Court. He went to France, to Salisbury, where the tall cathedral is; to Southampton by the sea; to Maidstone amid the orchards of Kent; to Canterbury, where the Archbishop dwelt; to London on the Thames; to Oxford, the city of colleges; to Rome, in Italy! And, last of all, to London again; then to the grand white towers of Windsor Castle; then to Woodstock (which you may read of in one of Sir Walter Scott’s novels); and at Woodstock the King gave judgment, and said that the land should belong to Sir Richard of Anesty! Thus poor Richard had had to wait more than five years.

You may be sure Richard of Anesty said many a wild and impatient word at having to follow the King of England up hill and down dale in order to get justice done. Little by little, the King’s Court came to an end; and we find other courts with judges on their benches. These were:—

The Court of King’s Bench.

The Court of the Exchequer.

The Court of Chancery.

The Court of Common Pleas.

In 1875 changes were made, and now there are two great

courts which do their work in the beautiful building known as the Royal Courts of Justice. This building overlooks the Strand, in London. Outside goes by the roaring traffic of 'buses, motors, cabs, and the "mob with its million feet." Inside, the judges sit gravely on the bench, lawyers rise to speak, witnesses stand in the "box" and answer questions, jurymen listen and give verdicts.

"My dear sir," says a man to his lawyer, "if the judge and jury in the High Court of Justice decide against me; if they say I have no right to cut down those trees, what shall I do next? For I am set on carrying this case as far as ever I can."

"We must next go to the Court of Appeal," replies the lawyer. "There will be no jury there. A group of judges will hear all that is said, and they may say the opposite of the High Court, and allow you to cut down the timber."

"But suppose they don't?"

"There is one more step you can take."

"What is that? I will move heaven and earth sooner than be beaten!"

"It is to go to the House of Lords."

"What! Must I go to the grand House where the peers of the realm sit, and the King's throne stands in state?"

"Oh, no. It simply means that you will go to a Court where a few nice elderly gentlemen sit at mahogany desks—all members of the House of Lords; perhaps only three or four will be present; and they will hear the case; and they will decide; and if you are beaten, you can do no more."

We must leave the gentleman to settle affairs with the lawyer, while I tell you a few more facts about English law.

Suppose a murder has been done, or £10,000 stolen, at a village or town a good distance from London. There is no need for the prisoner to be brought all the way to the High Court of Justice. The High Court of Justice will go to him. That is to say, the judges will travel from town to town, and hold Courts called Assizes. Thus, there will be an assize at the quiet little town of Oakham, in Rutland; or at the big town that has so many docks and ships—Liverpool; or at the old town of Carnarvon, whose castle lifts its grey towers over the waters of the Menai Strait. Assizes are held three times a year—namely, in summer,

autumn, and winter. In the year 1685, after the royal soldiers had beaten an army of rebels, mostly countrymen and traders of Somersetshire and the West, the stern Judge Jeffreys held the Assize of Blood. On terrible gibbets were hanged 350 rebels. More than 800 were sent away from England to far-off lands as slaves. Women, by order of Jeffreys, were whipped along the road.

In some towns a special judge holds a court, and is called a Recorder. John Bunyan, in his story of the "Holy War," shows us a picture of a trial of certain bad men, in the town of Mansoul. Of course, it is all his imagination, as you will see by the curious names he gives the folk :—

Now, when the time was come, and the court sat, commandment was sent to Mr. True-Man, the jailer, to bring the prisoners down to the bar. Then were the prisoners brought down, pinioned and chained together, as the custom of the town of Mansoul was. So, when they were presented before the Lord Mayor, the Recorder, and the rest of the honourable bench, first the jury was empanelled, and then the witnesses sworn. The names of the jury were these :—Mr. Belief, Mr. True-Heart, Mr. Upright, Mr. Hate-Bad, Mr. Love-God, Mr. See-Truth, Mr. Heavenly-Mind, Mr. Moderate, Mr. Thankful, Mr. Good-Work, Mr. Zeal-for-God, and Mr. Humble.

The names of the witnesses were :—Mr. Know-All, Mr. Tell-True, Mr. Hate-Lies, with my Lord Will-be-will and his man, if need were.

So the prisoners were set to the bar.

If a man owes a sum of money of not more than £50, and does not pay, he may be summoned to a County Court, where "His Honour," as the judge is there called, may order him to pay all at once, or a little at a time, such as 10s. a month.

All over England Courts are held four times a year, and known as Quarter Sessions.

Very often (almost every day in some places) men and women who assault their neighbours, or steal, or speak bad language in the streets, or disgrace themselves by drunkenness and disorder, are brought before the magistrates in Petty (or Small) Sessions; the place being usually called the Police Court. The men on the Bench are named Justices, and so after their names are placed the letters J.P., meaning Justice of the Peace. It was of a country

justice, well fed with chicken, that Shakespeare wrote in his lines on the "Seven Ages of Man":—

And then the justice,
In fair round belly with good capon lined,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances ;
And so he plays his part.

The Justices get no money for this work. But in large towns, where many persons appear as prisoners in the dock, and the task of judging is very hard, the magistrate is paid, and he is then called a Stipendiary Magistrate.

By the waters of the Thames may be seen to-day very old houses, with many windows that look upon the river and on to pretty bits of lawn and garden. These are the homes for a time of the lawyers, or barristers (men who are "called to the bar"), and are called the Inns of Court. There are two Inns near the river—Middle Temple, Inner Temple ; and others are Lincoln's Inn and Gray's Inn. The barristers take the part of prisoners, and speak on their behalf to judges and juries. Other lawyers are known as solicitors, and they speak for prisoners before magistrates.

In olden days a man might lie in jail for months, and even for years.

"Why are you here?" one might have asked the poor wretch.

"Alas!" he would reply, "I know not. They will not bring me before the judge, so that I may hear the charge, and defend myself."

Such things may no longer be done. In the year 1679 it was made law that any person kept in jail might obtain a paper, or writ, from the Court of King's Bench, and this writ must be handed to the jailer.

The jailer would open the paper and read Latin words. Strange as they are, I will ask you to try and read the first four.

Habeas corpus ad subjiciendum.

That is :—

"Have the body (of Brown, or Smith, or whatever the prisoner's name is) to bring before the Court."

Perhaps that very day, or soon after, the jailer would lead the prisoner to the bar before the judge, so that he might be tried.

Such was the noble law of Habeas Corpus. It made

sure that no English man or woman should be in a cell untried for more than a short time. He or she must be brought face to face with justice, and, if guilty, duly punished for the wrong ; and, if innocent, sent forth to breathe the free air and mix with the citizens of England.

REFERENCE BOOKS.—Traill's *Social England* and Stephen's *History of the Criminal Law of England*.

LESSON V.

THE PRISONER

"MEN," said the governor of the prison to the convicts, "I want to appeal for your help."

This seemed strange ! It was not usual for the stern master of a prison to ask the aid of the prisoners.

"Yellow fever," said the governor, "has broken out in Philadelphia. So many people are lying ill at Bush Hill Hospital that not enough helpers can be got. Will any of you assist ?"

"Sir," said one convict, "I have done a wrong to society, and now I shall be glad of a chance to make amends."

This man was made steward at the Hospital. He acted as porter at the door, and as messenger, and as buyer of goods in the town. Many a time he might have run away, but he always came back to his post. Later on he was discharged from the prison, and married one of the hospital nurses.

Another convict had charge of a cart, with which he went to and fro carrying provisions. Neither did he try to escape.

After the fever had abated the governor thanked all the convicts who had been of such good service, and told them the State pardoned their misdeeds and let them free. This happened in 1793.

Prisoners are still members of the human family, and most of them, in spite of evil done in the past, are still ready to be of use to the world if they are shown how.

You know how, in olden times, prisons were of a very gloomy and terrible nature—underground, damp, dark, and dirty. How awful life in such a place might be is seen in Lord Byron's poem of the *Prisoner of Chillon*. In a castle by the Lake of Geneva a Swiss patriot, named Bonnivard, was shut up for six years. He was a good man, who resisted the Duke of Savoy so as to keep the city free, gave his library to Geneva, and left his wealth to the citizens at his death.

Two of his brothers had been shut up with him, and they died, and were buried under the dungeon floor. When let out he hardly cared whether he went or stayed :—

It might be months, or years, or days ;
I kept no count—I took no note ;
I had no hope my eyes to raise,
And clear them of their dreary mote.
At last men came to set me free :
I asked not why, and recked not where.
It was at length the same to me
Fettered or fetterless to be—
I learned to love despair.

Years ago English men and women were punished by transportation beyond seas—that is, they would be shipped off to the West Indies, to work like slaves on the plantations. Hard indeed was the lot of exiles who spent their life in the beautiful but foreign islands of the West, and longed in vain for the sight of English meadows and villages and brooks. Later on convicts were sent to Australia. The first settlement of white people took place in 1788 at Botany Bay, when 757 convicts, along with other persons, were landed by Captain Philip. On the other side of the globe they had to live in a new world, and think with sorrow of the old one. But convicts are no longer transported. They are sentenced to penal servitude for three or more years in British prisons.

In Sheffield—the town of knives and many chimneys and much smoke—there was a man who had spent forty-two years in prison. As a young fellow he had done violence in a Trade Union riot. The prisoner's hand was branded with a broad arrow (a thing which is not now done), and when he came out of jail his mind too seemed to have a prison mark on it. He cared for nothing, and said he would as soon be in prison as anywhere else, though he was now sixty-

three years old. The prisoner of Chillon had felt the same.

In England a convict on entering the prison was placed in a cell where there was but one stool to sit on, and the bed was but a plank. He stayed in it for twenty-three hours each day, picking rope to pieces (that is, picking oakum), or turning a crank for a large part of the time. One hour was given for walking up and down outside for exercise. The solitary confinement lasted for nine months. In the year 1898 the lonely cell life was shortened to six months. During this time there is no one to speak to, and no cheerful world to be seen from the windows.

Later on the prisoner can take part in work with other prisoners, though watched by warders all the time. Once they trod hour after hour on the steps of a big wheel, called the treadmill, which was turned by the tread of the feet in much the same way as a wire cage is turned round by a squirrel. But the treadmill is a thing of the past, like the pillory. Men now hew stones in quarries, and make sea-walls, etc. Convicts built the splendid breakwater at Portland ; it is more than two miles long, and sets its firm breast against the battling of the waves of the Channel, and keeps the ships inside at peace. Convicts built immense docks at Portsmouth and Chatham. On the rugged hills of Dartmoor, soil that was once barren waste and bog has been drained and turned into farm land for the growing of crops. Thus the hands of the sorrowful prisoners have made noble works that protect ships or bless mankind with food. All over the world it is now more and more the custom to give convicts work to do, in which they can take some pleasure, such as—

Tilling fields and gardening.

Cabinet-making.

Printing and bookbinding.

Iron-founding, quarrying, etc.

When an Englishman, Mr. H. Norman, visited a prison at Tokyo, in Japan, he saw some of the prisoners making beautiful metal vases, some making pottery, some carving wood, some making fans or umbrellas or baskets, some making paper, some carpentering or casting brass. Others would crush rice or break stones, because they had not wit enough to do anything better. But out of 2,000 prisoners only twenty-nine were seen breaking stones.

A famous prison is that of Elmira, in the State of New York. In the year 1885 new plans of work for the prisoners were started. They had gymnastic exercise and baths, they heard lectures, sometimes they were cheered with music, and they had plenty of useful work to do. Of course, the rules were strict. The place was still a prison. When the prisoners were released, situations were found for them in town or village, and they were so glad to be once more treated as free citizens of America that not many of them went back through further evil-doing.

An English gentleman, Mr. H. J. Rose, saw the inmates of a Spanish prison working at trades ; there were barbers, shoemakers, carpenters, basket-makers, some were busy stitching strong hempen sandals for soldiers' footwear. Mr. Rose bought from one man a beautifully made pair for 1s. 6d. Then he asked the prisoner :—

“How much do you earn a week by your labour?”

“He is a first-class workman,” said the governor, who stood by, “and has to pay 6s. a week to the prison, and he takes whatever is over that.”

The prisoner's cheeks flushed.

“No, sir !” he exclaimed. “I pay to the State, not the prison.”

He was right. Though a dweller in a jail, he was still a citizen, and still owed a duty to the State, or commonwealth.

In some ways I think the Spanish prisoners have been more kindly treated than the English. Mr. Rose (who visited Spain between 1870 and 1880) used to see, in Holy Week, tables placed outside prison windows. People who passed by thought of the sad folk within, and dropped copper, silver—perhaps gold—on the table, and the warders divided the money among the inmates. It was not the money that was precious. It was the generous thought of the people at liberty for the people in captivity.

Mr. Rose went into the courtyard of the prison at Cartagena. Friends of the prisoners were bringing gifts. A poor lad, about ten years old, had brought for his father a wild mountain fox, which kept pulling at its cord and trying to escape. The father was a charcoal-burner, who lived, when free, in a hut on the Sierra. What his crime was I know not. But it was good of the boy to bring this animal as a pet for the prisoner to amuse himself with.

Other visitors carried vegetables and fruit—oranges, grapes, melons.

A dark-eyed girl, whose tears glittered on her black lashes, had brought a cage with several birds in it.

Happy will the day be when the last prison is razed to the ground, and not one stone is left upon another. So glad will men then feel that, in the joy of their hearts, they will vow never to imprison in cages the sweet birds that sing to cheer themselves and us. —

REFERENCE BOOKS.—Traill's *Social England* and E. Carpenter's *Prisons, Police, and Punishment*.

LESSON VI.

PUNISHMENT

SUPPOSE you were left in a room alone, and you meddled with a valuable clock and damaged the works. And suppose I am father, and I come in and say, "What is the matter with the clock? Have you done this injury to it?"

You say, "Yes, father."

Very well. Now I want to ask you another question—"Are you willing to be punished?"

Understand me; you are to do as you please. If you think it right to escape punishment, I shall let you go. If you agree to be punished, I shall punish you. What do you think? I notice that all but one of you have put up your hands to show that you are ready to be punished.

Now, why should I punish you? What is it for?

You say because you have done wrong. Yes, but why should I punish a wrong-doer? You say in order that you may not break the clock again. Yes, but you may never have the chance to touch a clock any more. Oh, then you say, it is in order that you may be more careful about doing any sort of damage.

Very well. That answer will do to begin with. And now, suppose you had been left alone in the room, and that you did not damage the clock, but that you carelessly spilt some clean water on the table-cloth. The damage done was much less than to the clock. Will you take your punishment?

Yes. Very well ; and will you take as much punishment for spilling the water as for breaking the clock ? You say no, because one fault was not so great as the other. And if I gave you as much punishment for the one as for the other, what would you think ? You would think I was unjust. I daresay you have heard of the Greek lawgiver Draco, who was master of Athens. If a man stole an apple, or some parsley, he was put to death ; and if he killed a neighbour, he was put to death. Draco said that if a man broke the law at all he deserved death, and so he punished all faults alike. People said he was cruel, and that his laws were written in blood.

So, then, you agree that it is right to punish for wrongdoing, but that small faults should be punished less than big faults. Very well ; and as that is the way in which you wish to be treated yourself, I hope that, when you grow up and have to punish children, you will be just, and not punish more than the fault deserves.

Suppose I punish you in a bad temper, and very furiously. Or suppose I punish you in a sorrowful temper, as if I wished I could do without punishing. In which temper would you rather I should chastise you ? In the sorrowful temper, no doubt. I remember a good old village clergyman who had two sons, and these two boys did some mischief (I do not know what), and he took them into his study, and said :—

“ My boys, I must give you a beating, for I am sure you deserve it. But it grieves me to do so ; and before I chastise you I shall pray that the punishment may do you good.”

He knelt and prayed ; and then he rose and fetched the birch. I do not know all those boys' thoughts, but I have no doubt that they liked their father as much as ever after they got over the smart.

I have read a Chinese story, as follows :—In Chinese houses you often see hung up a picture of the divine hero Chee-Mee. He is painted riding on a lion. A long time ago a part of China was terrified by the fierce raids of a lion, and the folk besought Heaven to aid them. From the sky came down the brave Chee-Mee. He did not draw his sword from the sheath, nor did he shoot arrows from his bow. He threw a golden chain round the lion's neck and led the brute along, and the lion became quiet and friendly.

This was a better plan than slaying the wild creature. He used a gentler means, and drove its rage away. I expect the Chinese story-maker meant that the way of kindness—the way of the golden chain—is better than the way of the sword or rod. And if people do wrong, which way would you rather have them treated, if possible—by the golden chain or by the rod of pain? I think you will say, by the golden chain.

Where do we put grown-up wrong-doers? In prison. Does prison make all prisoners better? I fear not. It makes some of them worse. Would you not like the prison to make them truly better men and women? I am sure you will say yes. Do you think the prisons do the prisoners more good now than in olden times? Yes, they do. And are the prisons more cruel now than in olden times? No; the treatment is kinder. And when you girls and boys grow up I hope you will help to make prisons still more merciful towards the prisoners.

"But," says Wilfrid, "the people then would not care whether they went to prison or not."

Well, Wilfrid, do you care to be "kept in"? No, even though you are not beaten or cruelly treated. You love your liberty. So, I think, even if the prisons were more merciful than they are to-day, people would still wish not to enter them, and so lose their freedom.

Do folks ever punish themselves? Do you ever punish yourself? Did you ever beat yourself for a fault? Joseph smiles. He says he would never cane himself or punish himself in any way.

Very well, Joseph; let me tell you a story. There was once a boy whose mother used to give way to him very much. He would cry for cake.

"No, no," his mother said; "you cannot have it now."

He bellowed!

"Well, darling," said his mother, "you may have a piece."

He wanted some money.

"No, no," said his mother; "I cannot spare you any just now."

He bellowed!

"Well, darling," said his mother, "you may have this coin."

The boy became self-willed, selfish, and self-loving. He did many evil deeds, and at length was seized by the officers

of justice, and brought before the magistrates, and condemned to death on the gallows. He was being carried through the street to the place of death, when he caught sight of his mother in the crowd. She was weeping bitterly.

"I wish to speak to my mother," he said; and his keepers allowed the woman to come close. The young man bent over as if to whisper, and then suddenly bit her ear very severely.

"You brute," shrieked the people, "to hurt your own mother!"

"She was not a good mother to me," answered the evil-doer, "for when I was a boy she did not teach nor correct me. She let me do what I liked."

The mother was very unhappy. It was a sore punishment to her to see her son led to the gallows. But who had brought this punishment upon her? She had brought the punishment upon herself.

Of course, she did not wish to punish herself. But now I will tell you of a famous Englishman who wished to punish himself, and really did so. He was the man who made the first big English dictionary, or book of meanings. His name was Dr. Samuel Johnson. In the small town of Lichfield, where he was born, his father sold books, and would place books on a stall in the market-place on market-days. People who were passing would stop and look at the books, and buy one for sixpence, a shilling, etc., as the case might be. One day the father said to young Samuel:

"I wish that you would go to-day to the market-place and mind the bookstall for me."

"I won't," said Samuel.

And he did not. In later years, after his father's death, he often thought of the unkind speech he had made, and he felt sad at his own fault. At last he made up his mind to punish himself. I have seen a picture of Dr. Johnson standing in the market-place of Lichfield. He went one day when it was raining, and stood bare-headed among the people who came and went among the stalls, buying their vegetables, crockery, etc. He stood still, saying nothing, and looking very serious. Some persons would pause now and then to observe him. Very likely they smiled at one another, and wondered why this man should stand there all

in the wet. After an hour of this self-punishment he put his hat on, and went away.

“Father cannot see me,” he said to himself, “but, if he could, I think he would be satisfied at what I have done.”

Yes, and don't you think Dr. Samuel Johnson felt all the better after having punished himself?

LESSON VII.

IN THE CART

THE cart carried the strangest thing you ever saw. It stood up, tall as a man, in shape something like a man and something like an Indian idol, ugly and grim.

What was it?

It was really a man; but the people of the village—the village of Marblehead, on the coast of North America—had smeared him all over with sticky tar; and, after laying the black stuff on him with big brushes, they had dabbed feathers over the tar; and there he stood, tarred and feathered. His body looked like a turkey's, his head like an owl's. This wretched object in the cart was the skipper, or captain, of a ship, and his name was Floyd Ireson. People called him Skipper Ireson.

All about the cart was a crowd of women—old women with wrinkled faces, young women who ran quickly, their feet bare, their hair flying loose. Some blew horns. Some pushed the cart, some pulled. There was a shrieking, a yelling, a screaming:—

“Here he is! Here's Floyd Ireson, the hard-hearted fellow, tarred and feathered, and carried in a cart by the women of Marblehead!”

If you would prefer to read the description of him in poetry (by the Quaker poet, John Greenleaf Whittier), and to have the words of the women in country language, here it is:—

Body of turkey, head of owl,
Wings adroop like a rained-on fowl,
Feathered and ruffled in every part,
Skipper Ireson stood in the cart,

Scores of women, old and young,
Strong of muscle and glib of tongue,
Pushed and pulled up the rocky lane,
Shouting and singing the shrill refrain :
 “ Here’s Flud Oirson, fur his horrid horrt,
 Torred and feathered, and corr’d in a corrt
 By the women o’ Morble’ead !”

People opened their windows and put their heads out to see what was the matter. Folks stood on doorsteps. They shook their fists, they shook their sticks at Skipper Ireson.

What had he done?

A few days before he had sailed across Chaleur Bay. It was a foggy and rainy day. Through the mist he and his crew caught sight of a wreck ; and they heard the men on the sinking ship call out :—

“ Lay by ! lay by !”

But Ireson had a quarrel with the men, who came from Marblehead, as he himself did. I don’t exactly know what it was, but it was something about a haul of fish. He would not aid the shipwrecked sailors, but he cried :—

“ Sink or swim ! Brag of your catch of fish again !”

Through the fog, through the rain, he sailed away. The vessel that he left in the bay perished. When the news of his hard-hearted conduct reached Marblehead, the people were very enraged. Now you know why they tarred and feathered him.

So he was borne along the street, and out into the country, past the orchards and the fields. Skipper Ireson looked dreamily in front of him, as if thinking of something far away. At last he said :—

“ Neighbours, stop ! It isn’t the tar, it isn’t the feathers that worries me. What torments me is my thoughts. All day long, all night long, I can see that wreck in the Bay ; I can see the people sinking ; I can see the faces of the dead fishermen at the bottom of the sea !”

Of course, he could not actually see them ; but his conscience troubled him, and he fancied he could see the dead, just as, in Shakespeare’s play, Macbeth fancied he saw the ghost of the dead King whom he had murdered.

A woman (she was the wife of the drowned captain) said :—

“ His heart is touched at last ; we had better let him alone now,”

An old woman who had lost her only son in the wreck said :—

“Cut the ropes ; let the wicked skipper go.”

One of the women lent him a long cloak to cover himself with. Then they went away, and left Skipper Ireson to creep home alone.....

And gave him a cloak to hide him in,
And left him alone with his shame and sin,
Poor Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered, and carried in a cart,
By the women of Marblehead.

That is what people have to do when they see a wrong committed. They must speak against the evil deed ; they must join their voices together to condemn. And evil-doers are afraid of the voice of the people. They are afraid of the public judgment ; they are afraid of *public opinion*. Old and young, men and women—yes, and girls and boys, can show by their looks and their speech that they hate things that are cowardly and mean.

LESSON VIII.

PARLIAMENT.—I.

BOWMEN and spearmen knelt on the grass-covered hills. White crosses were marked on their backs and breasts. The enemy—Englishmen like themselves—were marching to the attack. A troop of horsemen dashed up. Their leader was Prince Edward. He drove back the men on the left—they were Londoners—and they fled, many falling by the way, for four miles. But when Edward came back he saw an evil sight. The rest of his army was beaten. His father, King Henry, was a captive, and the prince gave himself up to the victor in the fight—Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester. This battle was fought at Lewes in May, 1264.

Not long afterwards crowds of people stood outside a great Hall at Westminster, near London. Across the fields walked or rode many persons—in groups, in twos, or alone—to the Hall ; and the people watched them go in. Some

were in the robes of priests—120 in all. Some marched in chain armour, with square-looking helmets; these were barons—twenty-three of them. Other gentlemen walked in—they were Knights from the shires of England. And there also appeared men from the towns—two from Winchester, two from Leicester, and so on; these burgesses had long tunics reaching below their knees, and their shoes were very long, the ends being stuffed with tow and coming out in points.

Listen to the talk of the people :—

“Brave Simon has mastered the King, and it is time he did. The King has wrung money from the poor folk most cruelly.”

“The people will speak now before they pay !”

“Ay, and in such a way that the King will understand.”

“Yes, indeed, for in this Parliament the men who speak will not only be the lords and the priests, but merchants and traders and free-holders—the commons of the realm.”

“Now England breathes in the hope of liberty !”

Simon de Montfort died in battle at Evesham in 1265. His horse had been killed, and he fought on foot against Edward's warriors—for Edward had escaped from prison. Simon had done his best for England. A Roman poet once said : “Sweet and becoming is it to die for our fatherland.” Sweet and becoming was the death of De Montfort.

A great King was this Edward. Next to Alfred, perhaps Edward I. was the most wise and strong of all the English Kings. He went among the hills of Wales to subdue the sturdy Welsh. He marched with horse and foot into Scotland, and, for a time, made the “land of brown heath and shaggy wood” one kingdom with England; and he brought to Westminster the precious stone on which the Scottish Kings used to be crowned, and the stone is in the holy Abbey to this day. Edward had too much sense to try and rule by his own will and wit. He took counsel with his people, and in the year 1295 he called to Westminster a great meeting, known as the Model Parliament. So you see, after all, though Simon died in the day of defeat, his idea of an English Parliament was made a real thing, and has lasted till the twentieth century.

If you could have been there to see the Parliament of 1295, you would have seen :—

1. Earls and barons richly dressed. These were the Estate of the Nobles.

2. Abbots and Bishops in their priests' robes. These were the Estate of the Clergy.

3. Knights and burgesses; the burgesses being farmers, traders, merchants. These were the Estate of the Commons. With the Commons some of the poorer priests used to sit, but after a while they came no more. The Commons were chosen by the people in the shires and towns.

Before fifty years had passed the one meeting had become two, and Parliament was made of Two Houses—the House of Lords and the House of Commons—as it is to-day.

At that time knights had each four shillings a day while they attended Parliament, and the burgesses two shillings. But even though they were paid, they were not always eager to go, especially as they would sometimes have to travel a long way on horseback from their home to London, through forests, over rivers, and along muddy roads. Nor did the towns always pay the wages of the Commons in strict time. It is said that in 1463 a knight named Sir John Strange, who had been paid very little, agreed to ask no more money from the town of Dunwich, but to take a barrel and a half of herrings!

The Chairman of the Commons was called the Speaker.

Well was it for England that its chosen men met from time to time to say what the will of the nation was. For the Commons would often refuse to give the King money unless he first promised that unjust rule should be put away, and the lot of the people made easier. But, of course, the Parliament, or Talking Body, would often talk much and get little business done. Queen Elizabeth once asked the Speaker of the House of Commons:

“Now, Mr. Speaker, what has passed in the Lower House?”

“If it please your Majesty, seven weeks,” was the answer.

He meant that seven weeks had been wasted in much speech-making.

Perhaps the members did not want to hear a talkative man, who would insist on saying things they did not care to hear. They would drown his voice with the noise of coughing. In the year 1601 (this was while Shakespeare

the poet was still alive) Serjeant Heale, a lawyer, said in the House:—

“The Queen hath as much right to our lands and goods as to the revenue of the Crown.”

“Hm! hm! hm! hm!” coughed the gentlemen of the Commons; for they did not like to be told so much about the rights of royal persons.

“Well,” said Serjeant Heale, “all your hemming shall not put me out of countenance!”

Then the Speaker rose, and said in a grave voice:—

“It is a great disorder that this should be done, for it has always been the custom to keep silence while a member speaks.”

So Serjeant Heale began again.

“I say, then, that the Queen——”

“Hm! hm! hm!” coughed the House of Commons.

And Serjeant Heale had to stop!

A much sterner scene took place on a cold January afternoon in the year 1642.

The members were in the House of Commons, discussing the affairs of the nation. The times were anxious. King Charles I. had no love for Parliament, and he would have ruled, if he could, without asking money from knights of the shires or burgesses of the town. So bitter was the feud between him and the People's Chamber that some of them—five especially—were said to have invited the Scottish Army to march into England against the King.

A great trampling of feet was heard on the stone floor of Westminster Hall, which joined the Houses of Parliament. Some three or four hundred officers and men, armed with swords and pistols, had surged in like an angry wave—the King in their midst. Bidding the soldiers stay outside, he entered the House of Commons. Rows of faces to the right and left gazed in silent anger at him, though the members had risen and taken off their hats. And when the hats were removed, one could see the close-shaven heads which gave the name of Roundheads to the party which opposed the King and his Cavaliers. Charles said:—

“By your leave, Mr. Speaker, I must borrow your chair a little.”

He looked round for the five members—the traitors as he called them. They were absent. Indeed, at that

moment they were in a boat which was being quickly rowed down the river towards London Bridge and the City. They would be safe in the City of London. Their names were Pym, Hampden, Hazlerigg, Holles, and Strode.

"Is Mr. Pym here?" asked the King of England.

No man answered.

"Is Mr. Holles here?"

Silence.

Charles turned to the Speaker of the House.

"Are any of these persons in the House? Do you see any of them? Where are they?"

The Speaker knelt and said:

"May it please your Majesty, I have neither eyes to see nor tongue to speak in this place but as this House is pleased to direct me, whose servant I am here; and I humbly beg your Majesty's pardon that I cannot give any other answer than this to what your Majesty is pleased to demand of me."

The King looked round again.

"Well," he said, "I see the birds are flown. I do expect from you that you shall send them unto me as soon as they return hither. If not, I will seek them myself, for their treason is foul."

As the King left the House, the members murmured:

"Privilege! privilege!"

"Privilege" meant the right of the chosen men of the English nation to meet together in Parliament without any hand—king's or prince's—being laid upon them to their hurt.

A few days afterwards the King left his palace at Whitehall, and he never returned till he came as a prisoner; and, as you know, he lost his head because he would not yield to the people's will.

The nation had found a stronger man to lead it—Oliver Cromwell, M.P.

Cromwell, member for Huntingdon, had sat in Parliament since 1628. A gentleman who was also a member of the House has told us what Cromwell was like. He says that when he was a new member of the House, in November, 1640, he went in one morning, and heard Cromwell speaking.

Cromwell was dressed in a plain cloth suit, which seemed

made by a country tailor, and not to fit the wearer very well. His linen was plain, without lace or such ornaments as Cavaliers wore. No band or ribbon was fixed on his hat. He was fairly tall; his face full and red, his voice sharp and harsh; his words came strong, warm, and earnest. His sword was stuck close to his side, as if the owner were ready to use it if need arose.

War between King and Parliament began in the autumn of 1642. On the pleasant plain at the foot of Edgehill the Roundheads shed their blood for the rights of the people, and the Cavaliers shed theirs in defence of the king. England had to decide between the darkness and blight of old customs of kingship, which were now of no benefit, and the light and bloom of freedom; and the people won.

Once to every man and nation
Comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of truth with falsehood,
For the good or evil side.
Some great cause, some new Messiah,
Offering each the bloom or blight,
Parts the goats upon the left hand,
And the sheep upon the right;
And the choice goes by for ever
'Twixt the darkness and the light.

—*J. R. Lowell.*

LESSON IX.

PARLIAMENT.—II.

ONE day fifty-three gentlemen sat in the House of Commons. It was April 20th, 1653.

There was no House of Lords. It had been ended. There was no king. Charles I. had been beheaded in the open street before Whitehall Palace, in sight of many thousands of English people. England was now governed by the officers of the English army, and by this House of Commons, which was the last of the Long Parliament—so called because it sat from 1640 to 1653.

On this April day the members talked of the reform, or improvement, of Parliament. But, what with civil war, and the death of the king, and the passions of the people.

England seemed not to get much good from this Parliament; and it was like an apple that has decayed—you cannot reform it.

Lord General Cromwell came into the House, dressed in plain black clothes and grey worsted stockings. He sat and listened to the talk. At last he rose and told the gentlemen that they were not of much use for the governing of England. Some of them cried out in wrath at such words. Cromwell put on his hat, stamped on the floor, and said to his friend Harrison:—

“Call them in!”

With loud tread of boots and clank of swords, in walked twenty or thirty musketeers. Great was the flutter of hearts, and anxious were the faces of the Commons!

“You call yourselves a Parliament,” cried the Lord General; “you are no Parliament, I say. Some of you are drunkards! Some of you are living in open contempt of God’s commandments! Depart, I say, and let us have done with you! In the name of God, go!”

On the table lay the mace—a stick, topped with a gilded crown. Cromwell lifted it and gave it to a musketeer, saying:

“What shall we do with this bauble? Take it away.”

The Speaker was unwilling to leave the chair.

“Sir,” said one of the General’s men, “I will lend you a hand.”

And at that the Speaker came down and departed, as did the rest of the members. The Long Parliament met no more.

Thus you see that Parliaments may get into confusion, and fail to do their work, and a strong man may be needed to take their place. Such a man is called a Dictator.

However, after the death of Cromwell, the King (Charles II.) came back; the House of Lords and the House of Commons again formed the Parliament of England.

If you could have looked into the House of Parliament in October, 1707, you would have seen something new. Along with the Englishmen you would have seen groups of Scots. An Act of Union had been passed, and here the Scots were—fine gentlemen from the moors and glens and deer forests, and from old Edinburgh, and from the grand castles on the hills. I will not say they were better than the

Englishmen. But I will say that the Scots and English were the better for being united.

In 1801 another group was added—Irishmen from the green vales of Erin—the land of Round Towers and lovely lakes and hills; the land of St. Patrick; the land of the poet and the minstrel. May Ireland be ever beautiful and her light shine fair!

Girls and boys, let me say a word here as to Home Rule, for in a few years you will have to give your minds to this question. Most of the Irish Members of the House of Commons wish to have their own Parliament in Dublin again. Well, it is not that which I wish to speak of. I want you to think that, as the nations grow in numbers, it may be found wise to give as much Home Rule as possible to each. Every big town in England, Wales, Scotland, Ireland, and many other countries has its little Parliament, or Council. That is a kind of Home Rule. And it might be a good thing for Ireland, Wales, Scotland, England, etc., to have each its own House of Commons. Whatever may be done, we hope all the lands and all the Parliaments will hold together in friendship and love. Think about these things. You girls and boys must help in the politics of your country and the world.

Well, now we must come back to our Parliament at Westminster!

In the eighteenth century we begin to notice the great orators—that is, men of ready tongue, to whom men listen with pleasure and with quick-beating hearts. Such was Pitt, Earl of Chatham. He was a member of the House of Lords. Burning and noble were many of his words. For instance, he once spoke of the right of a poor man to live in peace in his own house, not even the king daring to force an entry so long as the man acted honestly:—

The poorest man may in his cottage bid defiance to all the forces of the Crown. It may be frail—its roof may shake—the wind may blow through it—the storm may enter—the rain may enter—but the King of England cannot enter! All his force dare not cross the threshold of the ruined tenement!

It was this same Earl of Chatham who said the war with America was unwise. In April, 1778, he made a speech in the House of Lords, and said he hoped the English army

and fleet would not be kept at war with the American colonies. But he was taken ill. He fell back upon his seat. The peers of England, in their robes, hurried to him, some to raise him, some to offer reviving drink, others to gaze anxiously at his pale face, wondering what might happen to the eloquent Pitt. He was carried to a room called the Princes' Chamber, and laid on the table, supported by pillows. Then he was taken home, and in a few days he was dead.

Solemn, indeed, was such a scene. But, at other times, as Peers and Commoners gather and discuss in their chambers, you may hear much laughter. Even in the making of a nation's laws men cannot always keep quite serious ; and it does them good to have a merry jest now and then ; just as you are all the happier for a laugh at your school lessons. Many years ago the House of Commons had rare fun while listening to the odd sayings of an Irish gentleman named Sir Boyle Roche. He once asked :—

“Do you suppose, sir, I am like a bird, and can be in two places at once?”

And in another speech, when he was referring to some evil deed that he thought certain people were trying to do, he burst out :—

“I smell a rat, Mr. Speaker ; I see him floating in the air ; but I will yet nip him in the bud !”

And then, as the newspapers say, there were “roars of laughter.”

I have told you how Lords, Clergy, and Commons were united in a Parliament ; and English, Welsh, Scots, and Irish were united. But there were certain men who might not become members of Parliament ; and, step by step, the way was made open for them to enter, and take their share in governing the nation. Thus :—

In 1828 a new law allowed any Dissenter (not a member of the Church of England) to enter Parliament.

In 1829 a new law allowed Roman Catholics to enter Parliament.

• In 1858 Jews—the sons of Israel—were allowed to enter Parliament.

• In 1888 men were allowed to enter Parliament without taking an oath—that is, they made a simple promise to obey the king and the laws, and did not add the words, “So help me God.”

Near the Houses of Parliament in Westminster is a short street known as Downing Street ; and in a house in this street a meeting is held from time to time, at which some ten or twenty gentlemen attend. I am afraid you and I would not be permitted to go in while they sat and talked round the table. But the policeman at the doors cannot stop us from putting on our extra-special fairy wings and flying in on the breath of fancy. So here we are inside, and we are watching the Cabinet.

This committee of Peers and Commoners are the Ministers of State. I will tell you what some of them are, and what their business is :—

The Prime Minister—captain of the Cabinet ; leader of the House of Commons or Lords (whichever he is in) ; and chief man in the State so long as the people seem to wish it.

The Home Secretary, who rules the factories, the mines, the prisons, etc.

The Foreign Secretary, whose eyes go to and fro over all the earth, watching Europe, Asia, America, Africa ; watching kings, queens, presidents ; watching what the armies and navies of other nations are doing, etc.

The Secretary for War, who is master of all soldiers.

The Colonial Secretary, who considers the affairs of our people over sea—in Australia, Canada, West Indies, etc.

The Secretary for India, who gives his attention to the many millions of Hindus.

The Lord Chancellor, who sits on the Chairman's red Woolsack in the House of Lords, and is chief man of the law, so that when he and a few other Peers have decided a case there is no more to be said. They are the last Court of Justice.

The President of the Board of Trade, who looks after railways, merchant ships, lighthouses, weights and measures, etc.

The Secretary for the Admiralty. He is—

The sweet little cherub who sits up aloft
And looks after the life of Poor Jack.

I mean that he watches the work of the warships and their brave sailors.

The Postmaster-General, who manages the business of letters, parcels, savings-banks, etc.

The Minister of Education, master of all the schools and millions of school-children, including perhaps you !

The Minister of Agriculture, the wise man who acts as the friend of farmers, and watches, like a great herdsman, over all the sheep and cattle of the kingdom.

And now, my dear children, the Prime Minister of England is about to open the meeting. We must not play at Paul Pry, and listen to State secrets. Let us spread our wings and fly. The policeman has no idea we have been here.

REFERENCE BOOKS.—Skottowe's *Short History of Parliament*, Jennings's *Anecdotal History of the British Parliament*, etc. *Whitaker's Almanack* and similar publications will give current particulars of the Cabinet, etc. For general civic affairs see Malden's *Rights and Duties of an English Citizen*; and for admirable essays on the civic spirit Professor MacCunn's *Ethics of Citizenship*.

LESSON X.

A TOWN COUNCIL AND ITS WORK

THE big clock at the Town Hall strikes five. The sound runs, calm and clear, over the noisy streets, the trams, the crowd of folk, the mass of houses.

As the fifth stroke dies, the Mayor walks into the Council Chamber. A chain is hung round his neck. He takes his seat in a chair with a high back. At his side sits a man of law—the Town Clerk—who can talk like a book if questions are asked him about Acts of Parliament. On either side of the Mayor sit the Elder-men, or Aldermen, many of whom have grey hair. Some of them have known this town and its ways ever since they were lads. If all are present, they number sixteen.

In front of the Mayor sit the members of the Council—forty-eight in all—who are not Aldermen. But if the Mayor is an Alderman, there will of course be fifteen Aldermen besides himself. And if he is a Councillor, there will be forty-seven Councillors besides himself.

A Councillor is elected by the votes of the folk in his part of the town (his "ward"), both men and women. On

the election day voters hurry to the polling-booth to mark a cross on their papers; boys shout; carriages rush to and fro; walls are red, blue, yellow, and green with posters; and at night a great roar is heard when the result of the poll is made known. People say, "Jones the Conservative is in, hurrah!" or "Brown the Liberal is in, hurrah!" or "Smith the Labour man is in, hurrah!" And citizens who have gone to bed wake up with a start, and hearken to the shouts, and ask: "Is it a house on fire?"

Let us go back to the Council Chamber.

The Aldermen are chosen by the Councillors, and "sit" for six years.

Look at the back of the room. You see rows of people who listen, and if they speak can only speak in a whisper. They are the "public." A policeman stands by to make sure they keep order.

Now and then the Council laughs. Perhaps the Mayor jokes. He may say:—

"Gentlemen, we are holding a very late meeting this evening. Our wives will wonder where we are!"

Then the Aldermen and Councillors will laugh, and even the policeman who watches the public will smile.

Sometimes tempers get warm. A Socialist may cry:—

"The land on which this town is built ought to belong to the burgesses of the town!"

There are loud shouts of "No, no!"

Or a Councillor says:—

"This town is being ruined by the high rates!"

Noisy voices reply, "Nonsense!"

Then the Mayor raps the desk, and says "Order!"

And now let us watch the Council divide into groups called committees. I will take you from place to place in the town, and you will see what the committees are doing.

.

Splash! Boy overboard!

But there is no fear. He only jumped off the diving-board into the water. Boys and men swim, plunge, race. For the time they are all sons of the deep!

This is one of the Municipal Baths. Thousands of townsfolk are clean and healthy, thanks to the virtue of the water-exercise.

And how are the Baths governed? In a room at the Town Hall a number of Aldermen and Councillors sit and talk at a table, and govern the affairs of the Baths. They are the Baths Committee.

.

Thin, dull-looking, with patched or ragged garments, a man enters an office, and a clerk writes his name in the book of the "Unemployed."

Such men (hundreds, perhaps) ask for work. They may be set to dig, to plant potatoes, to carry loads, etc. Whatever they do they will not earn much. But they are glad of that little.

In a room at the Town Hall the Distress Committee, with the aid of ladies, do what they can to help the sad sons of poverty.

.

Children read; children write; children do sums; children draw; children sing; children con maps; children recite; children drill; children study plants, rocks, animals; children sew; children cook; children wash clothes; children plane wood; children learn to be good citizens.

And this, as you know, is done in the schools.

In a room at the Town Hall the ladies and gentlemen of the Education Committee govern the schools.

.

Black horses draw the funeral coaches to the chapel in the cemetery. Wreaths are laid on coffins. Ministers speak gentle words of farewell to the dead.

Yonder rises the smoke from the crematorium, where a fire-burial is taking place.

In a room at the Town Hall sit the members of the Estate and Burial Grounds Committee.

.

A gentleman puts glasses over the bridge of his nose, and looks at papers covered with figures.

"How much do you think, Mr. Borough Treasurer," he asks, "the town schools will cost us this year?"

"Somewhere about £175,000, sir; but the town will only pay some £75,000: the rest will come from the Government."

"How expensive the children are! And how much does the town owe to people it has borrowed from?"

"About £5,000,000, sir!"

"Five millions! Never mind, if we owe much we also possess much—schools, parks, gasworks, baths, tram-cars.".....

Thus they talk in the Finance Committee.

.

Dusk falls on the great town, and presently, like lines of flaming stars, the gas lights and electric lamps start into a glow along streets, in shops and houses.

And men, with coats thrown off, fling coal into the roaring retorts at the gasworks.

In a room at the Town Hall sit the Gas and Electric Lighting Committee.

.

Men lay flag-stones in the streets; men fix drains; men build bridges; men put up banks to keep back floods. The Borough Surveyor rides backwards and forwards in a carriage, to see if all the roads are in good repair.

In a room at the Town Hall the gentlemen of the Highway and Sewerage Committee talk about streets, paving, pipes, plans.

.

Four of us rode in a cab—the officer, the woman who cried, and I, and a fourth person who had a strange look in his eyes.

The cab drove to a house that stood amid pleasant grounds and gardens. Many were its rooms and windows. Hundreds of men and women lived there; and there we left the fourth person—the woman's husband. Alas! he had lost his reason.

In a room at this house sit the Lunatic Asylum Committee, thinking of all possible things to help and comfort the unhappy folk who live here under their care.

.

"Sixpence a pound! Buy! buy! buy!" yells the butcher.

"Fine apples at threepence!" shouts a fruiterer.

"Cheap calico!"

“ Pretty cups and saucers ! ”

“ Buttons ! ”

Thus cry the sellers to the crowd in the market-place.

In a room at the Town Hall sit the gentlemen of the Markets Committee.

.

“ Can I have Dickens’s *David Copperfield* ? ” asks a lady at the counter in the library ; and a young man reaches the novel from a shelf.

Men and women, boys and girls, come in and go out with storybooks, books of travel, books of history, books of poetry, books of science, etc.

In a room upstairs sit the gentlemen of the Library Committee, and they chat about volumes, editions, dictionaries, and cyclopædias.

.

“ I am tired of looking at the butterflies, and the birds, and the skeletons,” says the small boy to his mother.

“ Well, darling, let us go into this next room and see the pictures. Here is the hero Perseus on his horse ! And here are some Highland cattle.”

In a room of the same building sit the gentlemen of the Museum and Art Gallery Committee.

.

Lads play cricket. Nurses wheel mail-carts. Old gentlemen gossip. Ladies admire flowers. Youths and maidens walk under trees. Children feed ducks and swans. Girls enjoy swings. Bands play.

In a room at the Town Hall sit the members of the Parks and Recreation Grounds Committee.

.

Dustmen empty bins and pits in the back yards. Big chimneys at the destructors throb with the burning of refuse. Water-carts sprinkle streets. Road-sweepers ply brooms. Ambulances carry sick people to the Fever Hospital. An officer pastes a bill on a dirty house, saying no man shall ever live in it again.

In a room at the Town Hall sit the Sanitary Committee, and the Medical Officer of Health tells them how he has

gone to law against a shopkeeper who sold margarine and called it butter.

.

Rooks caw in the elms. Horses feed in the meadows. We seem to have wandered into the country. But on this land, which appears like a farm, we shall see great tanks and "beds" into which the drainage of the town is poured, and so treated that at length clean water runs away in a stream from out of the bacterial beds.

In a room at the Town Hall sit the gentlemen of the Sewage Works and Farms Committee.

.

The tram-cars rush by, full of people. The motor-man keeps a keen look-out in front. The car stops. The conductor helps the old lady off the step. The car rolls on, and purple sparks flash from the wire overhead.

Giant engines beat like hearts at the Power Station, and send electric thrills through all the wires.

In a room at the Town Hall sit the members of the Tramways Committee.

.

Water-hens dive and come up again to the surface of the lake. How quiet is the scene—the broad water, the woods on yonder hills.

This is one of the town reservoirs. It feeds the myriad taps of the houses miles away.

In a room at the Town Hall sit the gentlemen of the Water Committee.

.

"Fire!"

The motor-engine flies past with a rattle.

A fire-escape comes along.

Policemen hurry to the point of danger.

And besides this, policemen keep order in the traffic of the cross-roads; they arrest troublesome dogs; they stop children from working too long hours in the street and in some shops; they lay hands on the thief and the drunkard; they march with processions; they pace the roads at midnight.

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In a room at the Town Hall the Watch Committee direct the affairs of the police.

NOTE.—The sketches in this chapter have been drawn from the writer's own experience as a member of the Leicester Town Council. The administration of other municipalities will differ in details. See Mr. Percy Ashley's concise little manual on *Local Government*.

LESSON XI.

THE RULERS OF THE VILLAGES

NEAR the middle of England is the little and ancient town of Market Harborough. One June morning I asked an old townsman the way to the Assembly Rooms.

"Past Adam and Eve Street," said he.

So I made my way past Adam and Eve Street, and then came to the market, in the midst of which rose a small house resting on pillars, so that you could walk under. On the wall of this old house were written the words: "Founded and endowed by Robert Smyth, 1614." It was the Grammar School.

My friend Mr. Walker stood under the arches of the Grammar School, keeping guard over the eggs and butter which he bought from the farmers for sale in his shop at Leicester. On the ground were rows of plates and cups and saucers and teapots. Stalls bore oranges, flowers, sweets, meat, etc. Women with baskets flitted in and out, buying things for dinner, or for household use.

I pushed open the door of the old church, and closed it behind me. Then I heard no more the clatter and cries of the market. A man was sweetly playing on the organ the hymn of Spohr :—

As pants the hart for cooling streams
When heated in the chase ;
So longs my soul for Thee, O God,
And Thy refreshing grace..

Forth again I fared into the sunny street. The main road of the town led past grocers' shops, butchers, bakers—and the "Three Swans" Inn—and then made a turn amid

a lovely grove of trees that shone very green in the light of the June day.

Gay flags made red, yellow, blue, green, white, and black masses of colour over shops and windows and doors. On a white cloth across the street were the words: "Success to agriculture."

Bills on the walls told me that a big show was about to be held, and prizes were to be given for the best horses, bulls, cows, pigs, sheep, butter, etc., and all the town would be alive with sport and mirth, and men would walk on a high wire—I saw a picture of a man standing on a wire rope, his face masked, his hands each holding a flag—and fireworks would blaze in the dusk of the evening, and I could fancy I heard boys shout, "Hooray"!

.

But my thoughts were bent on another purpose. I entered a large building called the Assembly Rooms, and went upstairs to a quiet office, where pen and ink and foolscap paper and solemn books on shelves made me feel this was a very different place from the circus, where men walked on high wires.

A grave man, Mr. Burgoine, told me, in a few words, when the Market Harborough Rural District Council would meet, and what they did at their meetings, and he gave me a list of the twenty-two villages which the Council governed. The list contained such names as Bosworth, Cranoe, Fleckney, Kibworth, Langton, Lubenham——

"I wonder," said I to myself, "what Lubenham is like. I will go and see."

So out on the highway I set, just as little dots were rushing out of school at noon and pointing to the flags. In a few minutes I was free of the town, and pacing the country road.

Green, sweet, fresh green were the hedges.

And a farmer rode towards Market Harborough in a red-wheeled cart.

May flowers lay like soft patches of snow on the hedges.

And a farmer rode by in a blue-wheeled cart.

Buttercups dotted meads with gold.

And a farmer rode by in a green-wheeled cart.

Loudly sang the birds, as if their small breasts would burst with joy.

And a farmer rode by in a brown-wheeled cart.

Six cows were driven by a tan-faced herdsman ; and as they passed a meadow eight cows came and looked over the hedge at the other six ; and all lowed, and seemed pleased at the meeting on a June day.

And a farmer rode by in a yellow-wheeled cart.

Thus I came to the village of Lubenham. Thatched cottages looked sleepy as the sun kissed the ivy on their walls, and the creepers over their porches. One house was like to a haunt of the fays, for I had to peep at it through trees, whose boughs arched to right and left, and whose leaves hung in garlands of green ; and across the garden through the veil of leafage I could just catch a glimpse of the door and the windows. At the end of the village was an inn, "The Paget Arms," and over the door were the self-same arms—namely, a lion on top of a shield, and the shield had a cross carved on one half of it, and a bristly boar's head and three pigs on the other.

Five people, a stout woman and four strong men, rode by in a cart.

"Healthy and lusty are the folk of this county," I said to myself.

A short, pale woman, in bad boots and a ragged dress, trudged by carrying a sack that seemed filled with potatoes ; and she looked without hope.

A man holding a fiddle-case in one hand, and a walking-stick in the other, passed me. His gait was so strange I needs must look again. Alas ! both his legs were wooden. I watched till the poor fiddler turned a corner.

Then I returned, but not so blithe as before, to Market Harborough and its gay flags.

IN THE COUNCIL CHAMBER

A week afterwards I sat, like little Jack Horner, in a corner of a chamber. Round a green baize-covered table sat about twenty Councillors, robust men of the countryside. The Chairman was a pleasant, stout gentleman, with a ruddy face, and I thought all the winds of the English heaven had blown health into it and made him look jolly. At his side was the grave Mr. Burgoine, who was clerk to the Council and man of the law. In the corner of which I spoke was a small square table, at which sat the reporters.

Their pens and pencils would tell readers of newspapers what passed in the Market Harborough Rural District Council.

The Medical Officer, clad in a long mackintosh, had a seat by the Chairman; he was ready to go out in all weathers to watch over anything that might mean danger to the people's health.

"The village of Fleckney," said the clerk, "want a committee to manage their local affairs."

There was silence a moment. The jolly Chairman and the farmers and gentlemen round the table were wondering if Fleckney ought to have this committee.

"Of course," explained the clerk, "they may not do anything against the will of the Council."

The Council was pleased that Fleckney would not, like a naughty child, go and do just what it liked without its parents' leave. The Rural District Council would still be the parent and master.

"I give notice, Mr. Chairman," spoke a voice, "that at the next meeting I shall move that the wish of Fleckney be granted."

Then we at the small table wrote down the news, so that the folk of Fleckney might read, and be glad to hear.

"I have a letter from the County Council," said the clerk; "they want to know if the people in our villages are asking for small holdings of land."

Silence again. We looked at the green baize table and at each other's eyes. The question was, Did the working-men and peasants wish for little plots of land (a few acres each) on which to grow produce, or to keep pigs, cows, etc.? Did they? Then voices were heard again:

"Nobody wants any land in my village."

"Nor in mine."

"Nobody asks for it in mine."

"I say the same."

Silence again in the Council chamber. What should we tell the County Council of Leicestershire?

"Mr. Chairman," said a Councillor, "would it not be wise for us each to call a meeting in our own village, and let the people speak their mind? Then next time we gather here we can report what the will of the folk is on the matter."

So this was left over to the next meeting.

“The Urban District Council,” said the clerk, “talk of laying down new water-pipes, to give more water to Market Harborough, and they want to know if we object.”

Silence again. We all fancied we saw the ground dug up, and the pipes being laid across fields, and we wondered if any harm would be done to the villages which we had the rule over.

“Will the pipes go over our land?” asked a voice.

“No,” replied the clerk.

“Perhaps the pipes will draw water from our springs and wells?”

We thought about that. At length it was decided that no objection should be raised.

“Well, gentlemen,” next said the clerk, “you know Parliament has made a law that makes employers more answerable than before for any harm done to their workmen. Now, you have workmen who drive road engines, and who do other tasks for you. If they are hurt in accidents at work, you must pay. So it would be better to insure in a company, and then the payment would be made by the company.”

Voices mingled round the green baize table once more. At length the Council agreed to insure—that is, pay small sums to a company so as to gain the right to draw money to compensate injured workmen.

The next business on the agenda (or programme paper), was to consider if a new fence should be built at the side of a canal, the old railings being rotten. The Surveyor said it would cost about £7. Agreed!

Last of all, a Councillor rose up and said:

“Gentlemen, we come here blindfold! We do not know what is the business to be done. Would it not be better that the clerk should send us notice beforehand, and give us a list of the exact matters of which we are to talk?”

Agreed.

“That is all the business, gentlemen,” said the cheery Chairman.

We packed up our pencils and papers, and the Market Harborough Rural District Council broke up, and we went out in the sunlit street, and so to our homes.

At home I opened a learned book and read what the duties of such a Council were—namely:

To make drains ;
To provide hospitals for infectious diseases (fever, etc.);
To arrange the water supply ;
To keep all the roads in order except the high or main roads ;
To keep bridges in order ;
And, if they like, to let allotments of land (that is, small portions for gardens, etc.); and also, if they like, to build and let houses.

Such is the work which the cheery Chairman and his comrade Councillors carry out at their monthly meetings all the year round. There are in England about 700 of these Rural Parliaments.

NOTE.—The bodies concerned with local government in England are (beginning with the smallest):—Parish Councils, Rural District Councils, Urban District Councils, County Councils, Town Councils, City Councils, Boards of Guardians. See Percy Ashley's *English Local Government*.

LESSON XII.

THE "HOUSE"

YOUNG Mr. Lambert, the store-keeper, met me at the gate of the "House." It was such a large House, with rooms, tables, chairs, and beds for about 800 people, besides servants, or "officers" to wait upon them.

Four old women sat nursing four babies in a room which had a red brick floor. Four great square baskets were the four cradles for the four babies. There was a rocking-horse for older children.

Were these old dames the grandmothers?

No.

"Where are the babies' mothers?"

"They are in the laundry," said the store-keeper.

In the laundry! One would have thought the mothers would be with the babies. There was something strange in the House.

"The old women's ward," said Mr. Lambert, as he opened the door of another room.

Women aged sixty-five or more were sitting on chairs near the fire. Benches and three plain couches rested on the red brick floor.

"Another ward for old women," said the store-keeper, opening another door. And, indeed, all the time I was with him he seemed to be opening another door into another room, and another door into another room, and so on for an hour.

A piano stood in the corner. The old women did not play it. A lady would now and then visit the House and make the music; but the old women could only sit on the wooden chairs and murmur to one another.

A great hall. Four rows of benches and tables, all of plain wood, all clean. Everything was clean in the House.

Young Mr. Lambert's finger pointed different ways:—

"The young women sit at dinner there; the old women there; the old men there; the able-bodied men there; some 400 or 500 in all."

"Here is an organ."

"Yes, it is used on Sundays. On Sundays this hall is a church, and ministers preach to the people of the House."

Ah! so on Sundays they still stayed in the clean, the very clean House.

Then who could all these folk, old and young, and even babies, be?

They were in the House of the Poor-law of England—the Workhouse.

On the morning that I saw this clean, this very clean House, at Leicester, there were 781 paupers under its roof. As you know, four were babies, whose mothers were not nursing them. The paupers had no homes of their own. They had no friends able to keep them. Perhaps they would rather have lived in cottages, with little gardens and bright nasturtiums glowing yellow and red about the lattice windows. But they were too poor; so they dwelt—781 of them—in this large House. To build the House and provide all that was needed in it day by day, the householders of the town pay the Poor-rate.

Another door; another room.

"This," said the store-keeper, "is the tailor's shop."

On a table sat an elderly man, cross-legged. He was sewing up a torn place in a pair of trousers. A second man

worked at a sewing-machine. On shelves one could see coats, waistcoats, hats, etc. The men were mending clothes ready for any of the paupers who might be going out for the day.

An old man had first put on a soft black hat.

"I shall want a pair of laces for these boots," he said.

The sewing-machine man gave him the laces. Presently the old fellow would be seen walking in the streets, free like the rest of the town's folk, and mixing with them as they passed to and fro. But he was still a pauper. At evening he would trudge slowly back to the clean, the very clean House.

Mr. Lambert opened another door.

"The old men's ward," he said.

At plain deal tables old men were playing at cards, or draughts. Some smoked pipes.

As another door opened there came out the scent of fresh, warm bread.

Two men in white caps and aprons stood like guards over the heaps of loaves—four-pound loaves, all white—rows and rows, heaps and heaps. Each day the ovens bake about 800, or 900, or 1,000 loaves for the people of the House.

At the opening of the next door, there was a puff of warm air. Two big ovens were cooking the Friday dinner. At a word from the store-keeper, a man pulled back an oven-door, pushed in a long-handled wooden shovel, and drew out a big iron tray, in which lay four long fishes—cod-fish, each stuffed. There were twelve such trays in the oven.

Leaving this room, we passed into a yard, where stood a cart, piled up with warm bread.

"This evening about five o'clock," said the store-keeper, "this bread will be given away at the office in the town to people on out-relief."

Ah, you see that the 781 folk in the House were not all. There were other men and women who still dwelt in their homes in the back streets and dull courts, and they were so poor that they had doles of bread, and tea, and sugar, etc., given them by the relieving officers. A small sum of money each week would also be given to each person on out-relief.

Another door opened. We entered a large shed. A sound was heard.

Chop, clack! chop, clack! chop, clack! chop, clack!

The "chop" sound was made by the choppers of twenty men—none of them looking very strong—who wielded small choppers. The "clack" sound was made by the splitting of the wood which they chopped. When cut, the wood was tied up in bundles for fire-lighters, and sold at 3s. per 100 bundles.

I heard the shaky voice of one of the elder men singing "The Death of Nelson":

'Twas in Trafalgar Bay,
We saw the Frenchmen lay.

And, as the store-keeper and I stepped out into the stone-breaking yard, we still heard the feeble notes:

For England, home, and beauty,
For England, home, and beauty,
England expects that every man
This day will do his duty.

Chop, clack! chop, clack!

Several big-limbed men were breaking lumps of granite with sledge-hammers. These men were "casuals," or tramps. Casuals walk from town to town, through leafy lanes, by rippling brooks, past thatched cottages and farms, in a hopeless, dull way; perhaps longing to find work and wages, perhaps not caring for anything except to get food and drink and rest.

I peeped into a cell, and saw a man breaking small granite lumps into pieces small enough to drop through a hole about two inches across, into a box outside the cell. Each casual must break so much stone each day. At night he lies on a wire bed, and for bed-clothes he has three rugs in cold weather, and two in warm.

Some tramps were grinding corn in a shed. Hour after hour they would turn a handle that turned a wheel that moved the mill that ground up oats. The oats which I saw that morning were for the food of black funeral horses. As the men turned the wheels, they looked tired and wretched. A little kitten skipped by and mewed, and looked very pleased with the world.

Mr. Lambert opened another door, and we were in the laundry, where steam puffed in clouds, and great machines tossed the clothes, and then ironed them. There was a throb, throb, throb, of the engines, that shook the place and seemed to say,—

"Everything shall be clean! This House is clean, very clean."

And there I saw the four mothers whose babies were being nursed by the four old women.

.

Not many days after, I sat by the bedside of an old man whom I had known for some years. He was at one time what was called a stocking frame knitter, and he had worked hard and honestly. Now he lay ill in the Poor-law Infirmary. The room was large and airy, and from the window one could see wide grounds, and gardens, and paths, and beyond these the hedges and fields of the country.

Sick folk lay in rows of beds with white quilts in large "wards." The windows were large; flowers made masses of colour on tables; nurses passed in and out. So great was the building that the central corridor seemed like a long tunnel, paved with red brick, and a man at the other end looked small. In some rooms men sat reading, or playing cards, or draughts.

I watched men who sat on benches in an open court, or walked on the gravel. One sat gazing at the sky, and he gazed, and still gazed. Two young men played at ball like little children. I wondered, for the ways of these inmates did not seem quite usual.

"Who are these?" I asked an officer who passed.

"They are the imbeciles," he answered.

Alas! they had not a full mind; their reason was lacking.

.

A few miles away in the country the children of people who live in the House are taken care of at the Cottage Homes, a row of houses amid gardens, where boys and girls are kept in a little village by themselves, and where they attend school.

But all the children are not there.

After taking leave of my old friend, I came into the town, and walked into a big Council school.

A small girl in a blue pinafore was reading aloud in one class.

In the large hall several classes were massed together singing in beautiful tones, that rose to the high roof, a piece by the German musician Wagner.

From the school I passed to a street not far off, and

entered a house where lived ten boys under the care of one matron, or mother-mistress. I looked into the bedrooms, where the beds were covered with neat blue and white quilts. All was cheerful and nice. I had seen one or two of these boys singing in the large hall. They went to school like other town children, ran errands, sported in the park, etc. This place was more like a real home than the cottages I have told of. In a yard behind the house I saw the lads playing. A lady with a kind and pleasant face was holding up a rope for them to jump over.

Then I passed on to a second such house, where dwelt ten girls, whom I saw sitting at tea. One of the small maids was she in the blue pinafore. And here also were ten beds covered with white and blue quilts. These girls, like the boys, attended school like ordinary children, ran errands, played in the parks, etc. Houses of this kind are known as "Scattered Homes."

Who governs the House, and the Infirmary, and the Homes?

In a room in the centre of the town sit the forty-eight members of the Board of Guardians, who, with much talk, settle the affairs of the poor folk under their charge.

They are not all of one mind. There are three parties. If I dared, I might go in with you, and we would ask the first group, or party, of ladies and gentlemen, "What party are you?"

Chorus: "We are Conservatives; we are the best."

"And what party are you?"

Chorus: "We are Liberals; we are the best."

"And what party are you?"

Chorus: "We are Labour men and women; we are the best."

But the public are not allowed to speak at the Guardians' meetings. So you and I must be silent; but before we quit the room we may notice among the members the lady who held the rope for the boys.

NOTE.—The scenes and incidents given in the chapter on the "House" are drawn from personal observation in Leicester. They may be taken as fairly typical of the general working of the English Poor-law.

LESSON XIII.

RAILWAYS

A LADY, with her bonnet off, stood on an engine that glided rapidly along a new—a very new—railway, between rocks freshly cut by the navy's axe, and under bridges newly built. At one spot the ten-wheeled engine rolled over a viaduct of nine arches, from which the lady passenger looked down into the valley, seventy feet below. Now and then she turned to listen to the driver, a man with fine, strong face, who was telling her how the engine was worked.

This was in the summer of 1830. The engine ran between Liverpool and Manchester, between which towns the first railway had just been constructed. The driver was the maker of the engine, George Stephenson. The lady was the famous actress Fanny Kemble. She wrote about her journey to a friend, and said: "I stood up, and, with my bonnet off, drank the air before me. When I closed my eyes, this sensation of flying was quite delightful."

A year or two later—in July, 1832—a train sixty yards long started from Leicester. People sat on green benches in carriages without roofs. A band in one of the carriages struck up "God Save the King" as the train moved off with its crowd of passengers. George Stephenson drove the engine—"The Comet" was its name. At each village station on the way a cannon in the hindmost carriage was fired, and the church bells sounded a joyful peal. Country folks rushed along the roads at the railway sides, staring at the puffing monster, which was so new a sight in England and the world.

Great was the fear of many people. They would not for a long time enter a train. They would rather ride in the old coaches drawn by horses. Not till 1842 did Queen Victoria of England travel in a train. In 1843 King Louis Philippe of France was about to take train to Rouen; but his Ministers met in council, talked over the danger, and decided, "No; his Majesty must go by stage-coach."

As the iron roads spread over the plains and hills of

England, old habits were changed—a new world was being made. Fewer and fewer folks journeyed by coach. The London and Birmingham Railway was opened, and in six months' time the forty coaches which used to rattle each day over the stones of Northampton streets were all stopped, for the rail passed through that town. Ninety-four coaches used to roll through St. Albans daily. Enter the steam-engine; out go the ninety-four stage-coaches.* A coach called "The Sleepy Leeds" had run to and from Leeds for a hundred years. It ran no more when the railway came.

Battles were even fought! In the Melton district of the Midlands was a park owned by Lord Harborough. Parliament had given leave to a railway company to take their line through the park; and, of course, before laying the rails they must survey and measure the land with chains, etc. The Lord or Earl of Harborough was part owner of a canal near the place, and he did not wish the business of the waterway to be carried off by the railway and its puffing monster. He had a "vested interest" in the canal. So he said no surveyors should come on his land.

One November morning in 1844 thirty or forty of the Earl's men stood guarding Saxby Bridge, near the entrance to the park. Gentlemen of the canal company drove up in chaises. The enemy approached! It was a crowd of fellows carrying flagstaffs, chains, measuring instruments, etc. The little armies faced each other grimly—the canal-men against the railway-men. They agreed to lay down all cudgels, and fight by shoving!

Then began the grand shove! The bystanding crowd shouted, clapped, and laughed as the tug-of-war went on. Men fell. Mud flew about. Groups of struggling fighters crashed through hedges, or splashed into ditches! After a time the railway-men drew off. Two days later a second battle was fought in the park, fists and staves being freely used.

The railway companies that were building lines in various parts of the land even had a battle among themselves. It was known as the Battle of the Gauges. Some railways were made with the iron lines broader apart than others; and, when these lines were joined at any junction, of course the carriages could not run from one railway on to the other. All the people had to change, and the goods had

to be shifted. But the narrow gauge won, and trains now run on narrow roads.

Wind and weather used to beat into the faces of the third-class passengers in the "forties" (that is, 1840 to 1849). These people had to travel in carriages without roofs. When the sides of the coaches were low, a man might fall out. Some carriages had no seats. From Liverpool to Manchester only one third-class train ran each day. Third-class passengers who reached Birmingham by three o'clock in the afternoon had to wait till six o'clock the next morning before they could go on! No shelter kept off the rain or snow from the engine-driver. The guards sat on top of a carriage.

Such were the adventures and troubles of the new railways. People gazed at them in wonder and surprise. The "vested interests" were jealous of them—that is, people who owned stage-coaches and canals did not like the strangers on the iron lines. And very many were the discomforts of the passengers, especially the poorer men and women.

Great was the change as years went by. Cushions appeared on the seats. Carriages were lighted and warmed. Dinner and tea were served to the folk as they dashed along in their flying train. Beds were fixed for the sleepy, and smoking-carriages were set apart for the lovers of tobacco. Some carriages were made into post-offices, where clerks in uniform sorted letters, took bags of them in at stations without stopping, and delivered the mails at other places. Brakes were invented to slow down the train or stop it sharply. Fog-signals warded off danger through smoke and mist. Long water-troughs were laid on the road, so that engines could lick up water as they rushed along, and so feed their thirsty boilers. Snow-ploughs cleared away the enemy in white. Trains started and arrived very much more to time. Thus we see the evolution or progress of the railway.

Of course, the improvements had to be made little by little. At one time, for instance, the Eastern Counties trains were so slow in their going that the following story was told to make fun of them:—

A big lad got out of a train at the end of a journey, and gave up a half ticket. The ticket-collector said:—

"This boy is not under twelve. He cannot ride half-price."

"No," said the boy's friend; "but he was under twelve when this train started!"

How immense were the works that had to be set up to make the articles needed by a railway company!

Look, for instance, at the town of Crewe. By the year 1889 it had grown to a town of 35,000 people—all railway-men, their wives, and children—the men being employed by the London and North-Western Railway. And at that time their railway had 60,000 servants up and down its long lines, and it had 2,500 engines. At the Crewe works were made canal-boats, bridges, pumps, cranes, chains, lamps, rails, rolling-stock (that is, engines and carriages), etc.

The "puffing monsters"—how they have multiplied! When the railway was only a baby-thing in the world there were but one or two engines, such as Stephenson's "Rocket" and "Comet." In the year 1904 the United Kingdom possessed over 22,000!

Roll on, grand and mighty engines! But I give a heartier salute to the men—the engines of flesh and blood—who serve society day and night as platelayers, signalmen, shunters, porters, guards, firemen, drivers, brakesmen, station-masters, clerks—soldiers of the iron line, who fight for a quick passage, for safe travel; who slay none, and who, alas! are often slain themselves on the path of duty. In the year 1904 as many as 402 railway-men were killed while at work in the United Kingdom. We think with respect of the fallen servants of the common weal.

To whom do the railways belong?

Many belong to companies. A company, as you know, is a number of people who take shares in the business. They are shareholders. Of course, they will gain or lose profit just as the railway goes on well or ill. A few of the shareholders are chosen to overlook the business. They are directors. Director means one who sees that things go straight.

Other railways belong to the State, or Government—that is, to all the citizens. There are State railways in India, in France, in Germany, in Russia, in Japan, in Australia, and in other lands. There are none in England. But often

you will hear two men arguing about what they call the Nationalisation of the Railways.

“Ah,” says one, “how much better it would be if all these iron roads were the property of the State, the same as our warships; and then all railway-men would be State servants, the same as postmen or soldiers.”

“Nonsense,” says the other; “it is much better as it is, for now each company tries to do its work more usefully than the others, and so the people get more comfort and good service every year.”

And there we must leave these gentlemen, clenching their fists and exchanging their eager words!

NOTE.—See Acworth's *Railways of England*, Clement Stretton's *History of the Midland Railway*, etc.; for latest statistics, *Whitaker's Almanack*, etc.

SLAVERY, FREEDOM, AND PROGRESS

LESSON I.

THE SLAVES

“MASTER! Spare me. I can still do some little work for you!”

“You are no good whatever. Take him to the pond.”

“Master! I have served you many years.....”

There is a splash—a scream.

In the pond are lampreys. These hungry fish swim towards the drowning slave, who has been pushed into the water by his fellow-servants. He is old, and the “dominus,” or lord, has no more need of him.

This dreadful scene takes place in Rome. You and I will suppose ourselves to be walking in that ancient city, and in the country near by; and a friendly Roman is conversing with us and answering our questions.

“Is this cruel death the fate of all old slaves, sir?”

“Oh, no. It is only a hard-hearted master here and there who does so dreadful a deed as you have just witnessed. Most slaves are treated fairly well, and some very well.”

“Where do they come from?”

“A large number are taken in war. Our great general, Emilius Paulus, brought home from a campaign 150,000 prisoners, all of whom were sold to the Roman citizens.”

“Are all the slaves prisoners of war?”

“No, thousands come from the market in the island of Delos, where they were sold by pirates who had captured them.”

“And the others?”

“Oh, the others are men who got into debt and could

not pay, and were sold in order that the money for their purchase might go towards the debt. And some slaves, in far-back times, were children who had been sold by their own fathers."

"Are there, then, as many slaves in Rome and Italy as there are freemen?"

"Quite, as many; indeed, more. I have heard it said that there are two or three bondsmen to every free Roman."

"Perhaps, sir, we might walk out with you and see what some of the slaves are doing?"

"With pleasure. Let us go."

We pass with our friend along a wide street, or "via," that leads through the city and out into the country.

"You see," says our guide, "yonder are slaves mending the road. Others are digging a deep trench, and making a new passage, or sewer, for the drainage of our big town. And across that plain do you see a line of plain high arches of brickwork?"

"Yes."

"Along the top of the arches runs a covered channel, or passage, through which water flows. That is an aqueduct. It was built by slaves. By means of pipes the water is sent into the baths and the villas of Rome. The pipes are laid by slaves; and the pipe-masters and water-inspectors are often slaves."

"To whom do these workers belong?"

"They belong to the State—the public."

"Do all slaves belong to the State?"

"Oh, no; most of them are the property of private citizens. One man may possess more than a thousand. He counts them all as part of his family. A Roman's family contains his wife, his sons, his unmarried daughters, his sons' wives, his sons' sons, his sons' unmarried daughters, and all his slaves. Stop a moment. Look at the slaves for sale in this market-place."

"Those men on the platform?"

"Yes; let us approach. They have not long since arrived—some from Spain, some from Asia. I know they are fresh arrivals, because their feet are marked with white chalk."

"They have labels hung round their necks, with writing on. What does the label say?"

"On the label hung round this man's neck I read: 'From Pontus; age thirty; clever at carving and playing the flute; a little lame in the left leg.' But it is time to walk on."

"Do you think that man from Pontus will be set to mend roads or clean sewers?"

"No; some rich Roman will be glad to buy him as a musician to play to his guests at the feast, or to carve statues to adorn the halls in his villa."

"Who is that grand-looking person riding in the chair slung on poles?"

"A magistrate of high rank. You will notice that the bearers on whose shoulders the poles rest are clad in red jackets. They are slaves chosen for this service on account of their great strength. These chairmen usually come from Cappadocia, in Asia Minor, where the peasants are as stout as lions."

"The chair is stopping at the porch of a mansion yonder. Might we look in?"

"No doubt. The master is a friend of mine. Come with me."

We enter the large gateway.

"Read the notice hung on the placard at the door," says our guide.

We read: "Whatever slave goes forth without the master's permission shall receive one hundred lashes."

We walk from chamber to chamber, just peeping in hastily, so as not to appear rude and staring!

"There you will see some guests reclining on couches," whispers our guide; "and slave boys are pouring snow-cool water over their bare feet. And now the waiters are hurrying in and out bearing food, and carrying away empty dishes. They bring in wine, fowls, eggs, fish, boars' heads, hot bread, nuts, fruit, honey—there seems no end to the list of dainties. These waiters are all slaves. The band of musicians who play during the dinner are slaves. The dancers are slaves. The clowns and acrobats who amuse the guests are slaves. Here comes a clerk. He is going to read something to the master."

The clerk reads from a tablet:—

Sir,—I beg to report as to your country estate. Last week thirty boys and forty girls were born of slave parents, and the number are added to the master's servants. Five

hundred measures of wheat have been placed in the barns. Five hundred oxen have been tamed to bear the yoke. And Midas, a bondsman who gave much trouble and cursed our good master, was crucified.

Our guide bids us pass to another part of the villa.

In one room we see grave-faced men writing on parchment. They are copying books for the master's use. They are slaves.

In another we see artists at work painting pictures, or piecing together little bits of stone (mosaic) to form pictures of men, lions, birds, etc., in patterns on the floor. These artists are slaves.

Some girls are hurrying along the corridor.

"Quick, quick!" they cry to a tall and stately man, who carries a small coffer or chest under his arm.

Our guide says to us: "I expect the mistress is ill. Her slave-girls have fetched the physician, and he also is a slave. But it is time to go."

As we are leaving the mansion two or three boys come skipping along, in charge of a strict-looking man, who calls to them not to make too much noise.

"This is the pedagogue," our guide tells us; "he is a slave who takes the master's sons to school. Perhaps even some of the teachers at the school may be slaves."

We walk out into the wide street again, and on into the open land that surrounds the city. We look behind, and admire the hills, and gates, and towers of great Rome. We look in front, and see the hills of Italy, where the vine and the fig and the olive grow; for the soil is fruitful and rich.

We walk about a large farm and estate. The ploughmen driving the ox-ploughs are slaves. So are the labourers who dig, and weed, and carry burdens. So are the workers in the orchards and vineyards. So are the bee-keepers, and the swineherds, and shepherds.

"Who are these poor fellows in chains?" we ask.

A gang of labourers, fastened one to the other by a long chain, are marching across the field.

"They are farm labourers—slaves—going to lodge for the night at the barracks which you see half a mile beyond."

"Oh, one of the drivers has just hit a slave with a leather

thong. How the wretched creature staggers under the blow!"

"The man who struck is also a slave," says the guide.

"Here comes the farm steward. He is governor of all this estate, and orders what work shall be done, and keeps the accounts."

We glance at him as he passes. He is well dressed. He has the manner of a man who is used to commanding others. At his side walks a boy carrying the tablets on which he writes his notes and business letters.

"The steward, too, is a slave," says the guide.

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Such, children, was slavery in ancient Rome. Not only did the Romans keep slaves. The Greeks, the Jews, the Egyptians, the Assyrians, the Persians, the Hindus—all the great nations of olden times did so; and none of them saw any wrong in it.

You may, perhaps, think that slavery was a bad thing for the labourers in chains, but not bad for the artist or the steward. Well, it was not so bad. But slavery, however comfortable, is still slavery, and still unworthy of manhood. Let me tell you a fable from the Russian writer Krilof.

A boy was flying a pretty kite. The kite was painted and gilded, and shone in the sunlight. The kite felt very proud of itself, and talked in a very haughty manner to a little butterfly that flitted by.

"My friend," said the butterfly, "you have no business to think so much of yourself. You fly high, it is true, but you are always tied to a string. I fly wherever I wish. I should not like, all my life long, to have to fly merely for someone else's amusement."

NOTE.—See Dr. J. K. Ingram's *History of Slavery*; also Petronius' *Cena Trimalchionis*, translated by M. J. Ryan.

LESSON II.

SERFDOM

TO-DAY we will suppose we are living far back in times of old. Let us agree that we are in Old Europe some time about the year 700, and, as people say, we shall see what we shall see.

A large house stands at the edge of yonder wood. Next to it is a chapel. At the door of the chapel a monk is standing. He has a kindly face, and we venture to approach and speak. Soon he is telling us about the castle on the hill-top, and the people who live in the huts and cottages near the castle and by the river in the valley. Of course, we are able to relate to him how once, in a wonderful dream, we walked and talked in ancient Rome!

"And we would like to know, father," so we say to the good monk, "if the men who follow the oxen and ploughs in the fields, or whose axes we hear felling the oak-trees, are slaves?"

"I cannot call them slaves exactly," he replies; "they are indeed *servi* or *serfs*, but not like the bondsmen in ancient Rome."

"What is the difference?"

"One great difference is that they cannot be sold in a market like the slaves of old."

"Then they are free!"

"No, they are not free to go whither they will. They must stay within the borders of this estate or land."

"What land? Whose land?"

The monk points to the strong stone walls and towers on the hill-top. The sun is near the setting, and its red rays fall on the grey fortress. Along the road that winds up the hill-side ride a troop of horsemen, their weapons gleaming in the evening light, and the dogs running in and out among the horses. They have returned from a day's hunt in the forest. The gate opens; the hunters pass in; the gate closes.

"The tall man who led the party," says the monk, "is lord of the land for fifty miles round. The serfs are his men."

"Perhaps he may sell some of his land?"

"If he does, the serfs whose huts stand on that portion will go with it to the new master."

"Well, but could a lord sell a labourer with the land, and keep the wife and children?"

"No, the family keeps together. The sons and daughters may not be taken from the arms of the parents they love."

"Can the serf ever become free?"

"He sometimes does."

"In what way?"

"He works for his master most of his time; but when he sells the fruit of his labour in the field or orchard he may retain part of his earnings, and so save up enough to buy his freedom, if the master is willing."

"What work does the serf do?"

"Ah, what work does he not do! He ploughs, he sows, he reaps, he thrashes, he weeds, he mows, he prunes, he grinds corn, he shepherds the flock, he herds the cattle, he watches the geese, he fells timber, he makes ditches and roads and hedges, he builds, he repairs, he hunts ——"

"Stop! And what does the lord do for the serf?"

The monk points to the castle.

"The castle has massive walls for defence. If wild and lawless men invade the estate, or if barbarians attack, or the king of the neighbouring country is at war with ours, the serfs and their families can find shelter within the castle gates; and the master's sword and shield protect them."

"Do the serfs ever run away?"

The monk turns to look along the road that passes down the valley.

"Can you see, far away on the horizon, the houses and towers of a city? Sometimes a young serf will flee thither, and mix with the craftsmen of the city, and work as a carpenter, a weaver, an armourer, and so forth. Once there, he is not likely to return, for the citizens will take his part, and the men of the towns are strong; for they are many, and they form their fighting bands or militia."

"Does the master ever strike the serf?"

"Yes, indeed, sometimes very cruelly; and little is the punishment which the rich receive for any harm done to the poor and lowly. But I do my best. I warn the unjust lord of the wrath of heaven, and often he will stay his hand

when he hears my voice. On Sundays and holy days the lords and ladies and serfs come to my church, and listen to the teaching which tells of the way of righteousness and mercy."

"Have the monks and priests any serfs?"

"Yes, they also keep serfs."

"Do they treat them well?"

"I think they do. You know that monks and priests are often the children of the peasants, and so they have a kind feeling towards the poor from whom they sprang."

"When did the slaves change into serfs?"

"You might as well ask, my son, when the daylight becomes evening. It happens little by little. The great Roman Emperors—such men as Trajan, Hadrian, Antoninus Pius, and Marcus Aurelius—made the lot of the slave more easy. Masters were not allowed to slay them, or put them in underground prisons. More and more they were treated as men who had a right to their own house and goods and family."

"Will there always be serfs in the world?"

"I do not know. I cannot read the future. But I trust a time may dawn when all men will be free, and all serve each other. But the sun has gone down. I invite you to sit by the fire in the monastery, and we will sup together."

So we gladly go in, and as we eat and drink in this house of peace we listen to the stories which the monk tells of the saints of the Catholic Church.

For instance, the story of St. Germain, bishop of Paris. The King held him in honour, and once gave him a very fine horse.

"Keep this steed for your own use," said the King.

But St. Germain knew of a poor slave whom he very much wanted to set free. He sold the costly horse, and hastened with the money to the lord of the slave, and bought the man his liberty. The people of Paris loved the Saint's memory, for, said they, "he esteemed the voice of the poor more than the gift of the King."

Another story is that of St. Bavon, who lived in the seventh century.

Bavon had once been a rich nobleman, and had possessed estates and slaves. He gave up all his wealth and retired to a forest near the city of Ghent, and lived as a

hermit in a hollow tree. Thinking of the many wrong deeds he had done in his past life, he would often carry on his back a huge stone, as a token of his heavy sins.

One day he saw a man, who had formerly been his slave, coming through the forest. Bavon had beaten him cruelly, and sold him to another master.

Bavon's heart ached when he remembered his wickedness. He fell at the man's feet, and said:—

“Behold! I am he that sold thee, bound in leathern thongs, to a new master. O my brother, I beseech thee not to remember my sin against thee, and grant me this prayer. Bind me now hand and foot. Beat me with stripes. Shave my head, and cast me into prison. Make me suffer even as I made thee suffer; and then, perchance, God will have mercy, and forget my great sin that I have committed against heaven and against thee.”

The slave was much astonished at being thus addressed. He refused to do as Bavon asked.

“Yes, I insist,” cried the hermit.

At length, in order to satisfy Bavon, the man led him away, and bound his hands, and shaved his head with a razor as a sign of punishment, and took him to a prison. There he stayed, by his own wish, until, perhaps, he thought his sin was purged away.

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The good monk told us he could not read the future. But the ages have passed, and in the pages of history we may read what has happened. Serfs remained in Europe—toiling for the kings, princes, dukes, and lords of the castles in England, France, Germany, Italy, and Spain—till the time of the French Revolution (in 1789). This is what is called in the books the Feudal System. In Russia the serfs did not gain their freedom till the nineteenth century. And thus, though the days seemed dark for the slave and the serf, the morning star of freedom was to rise in brightness. The poet Swinburne sings:—

O sorrowing hearts of slaves,
We heard you beat from far!
We bring the light that saves;
We bring the morning star;
And freedom's good we bring you, whence all good things are.

Rise, ere the dawn be risen ;
 Come, and be all souls fed ;
 From field and street and prison,
 Come, for the feast is spread.
 Live ! for the truth is living ; wake ! for night is dead.

NOTE.—See Ingram's *History of Slavery and Serfdom*. The story of St. Germain is from Montalembert's *Monks of the West* ; that of St. Bavon from Mrs. Jameson's *Legends of the Monastic Orders*.

LESSON III.

NEGRO SLAVERY

A PORTUGUESE ship lay off the coast of Africa on the Atlantic side. Some sailors had landed, and were releasing several Moors whom they had taken prisoners.

The chief of the district had come to meet the prisoners, and to pay the Portuguese sailors a reward for bringing back the Moors to their native land.

"Here," he said, "is the price we have to pay you."

He pointed to ten negroes who had been led down to the water's edge. At the same time he handed the Portuguese a parcel of glittering gold-dust. The negroes were grieved to think they were being torn from their native land ; but they were carried off as men might take cattle to a fresh pasture, and they saw Africa no more.

This was the beginning of the negro-slave trade by Europeans. Other Portuguese, hearing what profit could be made, sailed in many ships to Africa, and built forts on the coast, where they met Moors who were willing to sell negroes. The slaves were conveyed to Portugal or Spain, and the children of these slaves were shipped to the Spanish Colonies in the New World just discovered by Columbus—America.

The King of Spain, in the year 1510, ordered that negroes should be sent to the West Indies to dig metal from the mines. Not long afterwards we hear of four thousand negroes being taken from Africa to America every year by the Spaniards.

How were the blacks captured ? Arabs and other tribes,

more warlike and keen-witted than the simple negroes, would perhaps surround a native village by night. Men, women, and children slept in peace in their huts, after the toil or the play of the day. The invaders would set fire to the thatch of the huts, and flames would leap from dwelling to dwelling. Out rushed the villagers, mothers bearing their babes.....Alas! They escaped from one terror to meet another. They were seized, chained together, marched down in miserable troops to the coast, and placed in slave-ships. Into the holds—the spaces below decks—the negroes were thrust in close rows. They were almost stifled by the foul air. They felt the heaving of the ship, and could not understand why they were thus borne in strange vessels on a strange ocean to a strange and far-off land in the west. Food and drink were given to them as food and drink might be given to dumb beasts. Fever and other sicknesses poisoned their blood. Some would die as they sat or lay among the crowd of companions. On reaching America they would feel no joy at the sight of a new land, and have no hope of setting up new homes. They were sold from trader to trader, and then to masters who wanted their labour in the mines or fields. Thus in time it came to pass that the sugar-plantations, the rice-plantations, the tobacco-plantations, and the cotton-plantations were worked by negro-slaves under the eye of drivers, overseers, and planters. To-day, in North America, there are about twelve million negroes. They are not slaves now.

It was not only the Spaniards and Portuguese who engaged in the slave trade. Frenchmen, Dutchmen, and Englishmen had their share in it. The first Englishman who shared in it was Captain John Hawkins, who sailed the seas in the days of Queen Elizabeth. Many cargoes of negroes did he take from the west coast of Africa to the New World. Many a negro heart was broken by his cruelty. Yet he deemed himself a good man, and he drew up for his sailors a list of rules which they were to follow. Two of these rules were “Serve God daily” and “Love one another.” Captain Hawkins seemed to think that white people must love each other, but pay no respect to the black.

Many years later our poet Blake wrote some verses which I am afraid Captain Hawkins would have thought very

stupid. In these verses a little black boy talks about his soul, which he says is white. The meaning is that all human souls are very much alike in their feelings of love, pity, friendship, and justice, though the colours of the skins may be different.

My mother bore me in the Southern wild,
And I am black ; but oh, my soul is white.
White as an angel is the English child ;
But I am black, as if bereaved of light.
My mother taught me underneath a tree,
And, sitting down before the heat of day,
She took me on her lap and kissèd me,
And, pointing to the East, began to say :
“ Look on the rising sun ; there God does live,
And gives his light, and gives his heat away.
And flowers and trees and beasts and men receive
Comfort in morning, joy in the noonday.”

And the little black boy's mother goes on to tell how some day, when the differences of colour are forgotten, the negro child and the white child will play together around a golden tent like friendly lambs rejoicing.

But we will turn back from the dream of the poet to our history of slavery.

The Quakers raised their voice against the trade in negroes. In the year 1761 they made a rule that no man who was engaged in the slave trade should be a member of their Society of Friends.

Benjamin Franklin and Thomas Paine tried to persuade the people of the United States that slavery was wrong.

A negro slave named Somerset fled from his master in the West Indies, and escaped to England in the year 1772. The master claimed him back. But Mr. Granville Sharp took the negro's side, and defended him in Court ; and the Judge decided that “ as soon as a slave set his foot on the soil of the British Islands he became free.”

The poet Cowper then wrote the beautiful lines :—

Slaves cannot breathe in England ; if their lungs
Receive our air, that moment they are free ;
They touch our country, and their shackles fall.
That's noble, and bespeaks a nation proud,
And jealous of the blessing. Spread it, then,
And let it circulate through every vein
Of all your empire—that where Britain's power
Is felt, mankind may feel her mercy too.

In the year 1787 two men stood talking under an old tree on a hill-side. One was moving his hands as if persuading the other very earnestly. The second man was listening very attentively. This listener was William Pitt, Prime Minister of England. His friend was William Wilberforce, and Wilberforce was begging him to help in doing away with negro slavery in all lands owned by Great Britain. Pitt was willing to help. But it took a long time to change the mind of the people. At last, in 1811, a law was passed by Parliament that no Englishman might, in any place, carry on the slave trade.

In France there were brave hearts that cared for the negro. At the time of the French Revolution men spoke of setting all slaves free in the French West Indies.

"Ah," said some, "but the planters will lose much wealth if that is done."

"What matter?" said a member of the Convention, or Parliament. "Perish the Colonies rather than act on such a principle!"

The liberty of the negroes was proclaimed, though it was many years before the happy change was quite carried out.

In 1833 England paid £20,000,000 (twenty million pounds) to buy the freedom of the negroes on the plantations in the British West Indies.

In 1848 the French people set all negroes free in French Colonies.

The good work went on. In 1878 an end was put to negro slavery in all lands where the Portuguese flag waved.

The Dutch set their slaves free in 1863.

The Spanish Government did away with slavery in the island of Cuba in 1886.

The immense country of Brazil, in South America, gave freedom to its negroes in 1888.

But, as you know, the largest mass of negro slaves was in the United States of America. Men rose up against the evil thing—Benjamin Lundy, William Lloyd Garrison, Elijah Lovejoy, Wendell Phillips, Charles Sumner, John Brown, and many others. Captain John Brown hated slavery so deeply that one night, in 1859, he took with him nineteen men—whites and negroes—and entered the arsenal, or store of weapons, at Harper's Ferry, in Virginia, and made himself master of it for a few hours, hoping the

slaves of the country would band together to secure their freedom. But his plan failed; he was tried and hanged. A war broke out between the Northern and Southern States. It lasted from 1861 to 1865. The Southern States, which held most of the slaves, had resolved to form a union of their own. The North would not agree; hence the war took place. Often did the Northern soldiers sing the song of John Brown's body, beginning thus:—

John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave,
John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave,
John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave;
But his soul's marching on!

The war closed with the victory of the North, and slavery was then abolished in the United States.

Not yet, however, are the negroes treated with proper respect. Not yet are they educated as they should be. Not yet, again, are the negroes of Africa—their rightful home—dealt justly with by the white race.

Girls and boys, when you grow to be full citizens of your mother-country, you must join in getting justice for the coloured nations; for they are children of Humanity, the same as ourselves.

NOTE.—See Ingram's *History of Slavery*. A defence of negro slavery as a system may be seen in Percy Greg's *History of the United States*. An interesting life of Captain John Brown has been written by J. Newton.

LESSON IV.

FREEDOM

A CRASH of falling stones was heard. Big masses of brick came tumbling down under the blows of pick-axes. Heavy beams of wood descended.

Now and then, while the work was at a pause—at the workmen's dinner-hour, for instance—people would gather about the mined building, and examine the walls and the chambers, or what was left of them. In the floors of some of these chambers were round holes, just large enough to admit the body of a man.

“What were those holes for?” a bystander would ask.

“To push the prisoners through,” would be the reply of somebody who knew the history of the place.

“Into what?”

“Into the dungeon below. And in the dungeon there was little enough space. The poor captive was, in some of the cells, so cramped that he could neither stand nor sit. Perhaps there was not even any light; and where there was light it had to struggle through very narrow slits in the walls.”

The prison I am speaking of was situated in the town of Perugia, in Italy. It had belonged to the Pope of Rome. But a new Government had been set up in 1848 and 1849. The citizens of Perugia were joyfully destroying the fortress in which so many unhappy Italians had been confined—not for hurting a neighbour’s life or property, but for not agreeing with the Pope’s ideas in politics or religion.

An English visitor (Mr. A. Trollope) watched the taking down of the jail, and he noticed an old man with white flowing beard, sitting on a broken wall; never moving his eyes from the workmen, their tools, and their wheelbarrows.

“That old man,” said a friend to Mr. Trollope, “comes here always at break of day, and stays till the workmen knock off at night.”

“Why does he take so much interest in what is being done here?”

“Because he was once a prisoner in the fortress. He had ideas, and he said things contrary to the ideas of the Papal Government. When the Papal Government had no more power in the city of Perugia, the gates were opened, and he and other men were set free. He now comes day by day, and is glad to see the end of the place that caused him so much misery.”

The sun shone on the old man’s white hair. But lovelier than the sunshine was the hope that had come to the oppressed people. That city, that country is beautiful where the people are free—

O beautiful my country !

Be thine a nobler care

Than all thy wealth of commerce,

Thy harvests waving fair ;

Be it thy pride to lift up
 The manhood of the poor ;
 Be thou to the oppressed
 Fair freedom's open door !

—F. L. Hosmer.

A famous English author, named Laurence Sterne, tells of a simple incident that happened to him in what he calls *A Sentimental Journey through France and Italy*.

He was staying at a hotel in Paris. Of course, he had often heard people talk of the Bastille—the fortress with thick walls, massive towers, and drawbridges at the entrances. As he had forgotten to bring with him the papers, or passport, which travellers were then expected to carry with them, the innkeeper told him in a nervous manner that perhaps he might be taken off to the Bastille. For this was before the time of the French Revolution. Sometimes for no just reason, but merely because he was disliked by King, nobleman, or rich person, a man might be sent to this gloomy jail and confined there for many years. Nor could he hope for a trial by judge and jury. He must needs drag out his life there until the powerful man whom he had offended chose to set him at liberty.

Mr. Sterne laughed the matter off.

“As for the Bastille,” he said, “the terror is in the word. Make the most of it you can ; the Bastille is but another word for a tower ; and a tower is but another word for a house you can’t get out of. If he has enough money to buy comforts, and if he has pen and ink and paper and patience, even if a man can’t get out he may do very well within, at least for a month or six weeks ; at the end of which, if his innocence appears, he comes out a better and wiser man than he went in.”

Thus he joked at the matter.

He happened, while thinking of the Bastille in such merry mood, to walk downstairs to the courtyard of the inn.

A voice struck on his ear, like the voice of a child :—

“I can’t get out !”

He looked this way and that, and could see neither man, woman, nor child.

On his return from the courtyard, he again heard the cry twice. Looking up, he saw it was a starling hung in a little cage.

"I can't get out, I can't get out!" said the starling.

Sterne looked at the bird. To every person who passed the cage it called the same message.

"God help thee!" said the Englishman. "But I'll let thee out, cost what it will."

So he turned the cage round to find the door. But the door was so fastened with wire, double twisted, that he could not open it without pulling the cage to pieces.

The bird thrust its head eagerly between the wires.

"I fear, poor creature," said Sterne, "I cannot set thee at liberty."

"No," cried the starling, "I can't get out!"

Sterne went back upstairs to his room. He had altered his mind now. The bird in prison made him feel the terror of the Bastille.

"Disguise thyself as thou wilt," he said to himself; "still, slavery, still thou art a bitter draught! And, though thousands in all ages have been made to drink of thee, thou art not the less bitter on that account."

The starling had been caught by an English lad on the cliffs of Dover before it could well fly. The lad was servant to a gentleman travelling to Paris. He fed the bird, and got fond of it, brought it to Paris, purchased a cage for it; and, as his master remained in Paris five months, he had time to teach the starling the words which it repeated so often.

I know not what became of the bird. But your history-book will tell you what happened to the Bastille.

On July 14th, 1789, a host of Parisian folk gathered in front of the old fortress. From gunshops and other places they had managed to secure a quantity of muskets and ammunition. They attacked the old jail, which was defended by rather more than a hundred guards. The garrison fired through the narrow windows at the crowd. Shots came back from the mob. Four hours the fight lasted. At last the garrison showed a white flag made of napkins. It was a sign of surrender. The drawbridge was lowered. In rushed the mob. The Bastille was taken. This was one of the first events in the French Revolution. And the people of France rejoiced to hear of it, because the prison had been used for so many unjust purposes.

It stirs the heart to read the story of a struggle for liberty.

I cannot write for you a big book that would hold all the brave tales. But I will, as it were, turn over the pages of history, and show you pictures of men fighting for freedom. Look—

The Greeks oppose the vast army of the Persians on the plain of Marathon.

Alfred defends England against the Danes.

Charles the Hammer, King of the Franks, beats off the great Moorish host who invaded France.

Joan of Arc fights for the freedom of France against the English.

William the Silent leads the Dutch against the armies of Spain, and wins freedom for Holland.

Oliver Cromwell and his Ironsides wage war against King Charles, in order to make England more free.

George Washington is general of the American troops in their struggle against the British.

The heroes of Poland fight against the tyrant government of Russia.

The patriot Andreas Hofer tries to save his country (the Tyrol) from the invading French.

Robert Emmet, the Irishman, is put to death for trying to make Ireland a republic.

If Robert Emmet did wrong, he did it out of love for Ireland. And when he was condemned to death he said he wished that no words of remembrance should be written on his tomb. His friend Tom Moore, the poet, therefore made these sorrowful verses :—

Oh ! breathe not his name ; let it sleep in the shade
Where cold and unhonoured his relics are laid ;
Sad, silent, and dark be the tear that is shed,
Like the night-dew that falls on the grass o'er his head.

But the night-dew that falls, though in secret it weeps,
Still freshens with verdure the grave where he sleeps ;
So the tear that is shed, while in secret it rolls,
Shall long keep his memory green in our souls !

LESSON V.

A PEOPLE'S FIGHT FOR FREEDOM

Do men cry?

Sometimes.

There were some strong men with tears in their eyes, and the blush of shame on their cheeks, on the 3rd of May, 1540. No wonder! They were kneeling down—between two and three hundred of them—bareheaded; a hundred of them clad in white sheets, and with halters round their necks as if about to be hanged; the rest in deep black robes.

Round the sides of the great hall people were crowded, watching. Nobles and princes sat there. Archers and halberdiers stood on guard. High on a throne sat the Emperor Charles V., splendidly dressed, with a crown on his head and a shining sceptre in his hand.

A clerk cried in a loud voice:—

“We beg to express to your Imperial Majesty”.....

Then all the men who knelt said after him, like children at school: “We beg to express to your Imperial Majesty.”

“Our extreme sorrow,” cried the clerk.

“Our extreme sorrow,” repeated the men who knelt.

And so they went on—“for the rebellion and high treason of which we, the citizens of Ghent, have been guilty. We promise never to do the like again. We humbly implore your Majesty, for the sake of the Passion of Jesus Christ, to grant us mercy and forgiveness.”

They marched home through the streets, where, at all points, were seen troops of Spanish soldiers, both footmen and horsemen.

“Why,” asks a boy of his father, “are the Spaniards taking down the big bell Roland from the tower?”

“Because this was the bell which was tolled when the citizens of Ghent rose up against the Spaniards.”

“Why did they do so?”

“Because they felt it very unjust that our land should have to pay four hundred thousand florins as a gift to the Emperor.”

“Who were those men in black, father?”

"The members of the Town Council, and thirty or forty more chief burgesses of the town."

"And who were the men in white?"

"Fifty of them were burgesses, and fifty were men of the guilds of weavers, masons, goldsmiths, and other clubs of working men."

"Why did they go in such strange clothes?"

"The Emperor wanted to make them feel ashamed, and to feel his power. I am afraid, my son, the people of Flanders have lost their freedom. They are now slaves to Spain and the Emperor Charles."

Thus spoke, in sad tones, the citizen of Ghent to his son.

Flanders, you know, was once part of the country known as the Netherlands—the plain of meadows that lies about the many mouths of the River Rhine; the plain crossed by many canals; the home of many cattle; the place of many windmills; the dwelling of Dutch and Flemish farmers, and fishermen, and artisans. You see how, in 1540, these people were treated by Charles, Emperor of Germany and King of Spain. This land had in it 6,300 villages, 208 walled cities, and on its borders were sixty strong castles, garrisoned by Spanish soldiers. Would the Dutch be able to regain their freedom?

I scarcely dare tell you how the folk of the Netherlands were punished for giving up the old Catholic religion, and for reading the Bible and repeating Protestant prayers, and meeting for worship in the Protestant way. Men and women were brought into court to be tried for heresy (that is, believing wrong things), and the judges were called Inquisitors. Very many were burned alive. One man was hacked to death with a rusty sword in the presence of his poor wife. She died with the terror of the sight.

Yet I must tell you that the Protestants also did wrong. A mob of people rushed one evening into the beautiful old Catholic cathedral at Antwerp. They broke the image of the Virgin Mary; they smashed windows; they tore down pictures; they dressed themselves in the priests' robes. All was done in mockery; and it was wrong. And at the city of Tournay a Protestant velvet-maker, named Bertrand, went into a church while the Catholics were at worship, and snatched the holy wafer, or bread, from the hands of the priest, and trampled it under foot. He was judged to die

by fire, and before he was burned—I grieve to tell you such things—his right hand and foot were twisted off with red-hot irons.

Both sides did angry and terrible deeds. Yet I think the Dutch were right in fighting for their liberty against Charles and his son Philip. The throne of Spain now belonged to Philip—the same King Philip who sent the ships of the Armada to conquer England.

One morning, in the year 1566, crowds of people cheered and clapped their hands in the streets of Brussels as they watched a long procession go by. Three hundred gentlemen, well-dressed, walked two by two, to the palace of the Duchess Margaret, who ruled over the Netherlands in the name of Philip. In the large council chamber of the Palace they stood before this royal lady, and one of them read a paper, praying that the Dutch people might be let alone in their religion. After they had left, one of the noblemen of the Palace said to the Duchess:—

“Madam, are you afraid of these beggars?”

Not long afterwards the three hundred sat at dinner, and one of the leaders rose and made a speech.

“They call us beggars,” he said. “Let us take the name.”

Then he slung round his neck a leather bag, such as Dutch beggars used to carry for the food which folk gave them; and he took in his hand a large beggar’s bowl. He filled the bowl with wine, and shouted:—

“Long live the Beggars!”

Each man in turn put on the wallet, and drank from the bowl, and shouted, “Long live the Beggars!”

Everywhere the people of the Netherlands—the “Beggars”—were preparing to fight Spain.

At this time great meetings were held in open fields to hear preachers. For instance, one summer day the green meadows outside the city of Haarlem were covered by a multitude of 10,000 people. The women were placed inside and the men around. All sang a hymn, and then listened earnestly to a small man, named Peter Gabriel, who spoke for four hours. Long as the time was, the folk did not weary, as he spoke from the Bible-text: “By grace have ye been saved through faith, and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God.” Such was the Protestant way of religion.

Strong captains led each side in the war that followed.

The brave Spanish soldiers were commanded by the Duke of Alva, a mighty and cruel man of war. After he had won a number of battles over the Dutch and Flemings, he had a statue of himself set up in Antwerp. It was made from captured cannon, and showed him trampling on a fallen foe.

On the other side was a Prince who was of French blood ; a handsome and gallant gentleman—William, Prince of Orange. So careful was he in his speech once, when talking with the King of France, that he earned the name of William the Silent. He could talk well and nobly when he thought right ; he could also keep his peace. He loved the Netherlands. For the sake of the Dutch people, he gave his money, his strength, his life. Year after year he was the leader of the fight for freedom.

Many and dreadful were the scenes of war and slaughter. At the city of Naarden five hundred Hollanders had been called, by the sound of a bell, to a meeting in the big church. Spanish soldiers fired upon them in the church, and used sword and knife till all were slain ; and then the building was set on fire.

The city of Leyden lies near the coast of the North Sea, between Amsterdam and Rotterdam. It was begirt by a Spanish army. Round the city were fruitful orchards and gardens, but they were wasted by the foe. Inside Leyden the suffering was terrible. Through the months of June, July, August, and September (1574) the siege lasted. The people were forced to eat worse and worse food, till they devoured dogs and rats, and searched dung-heaps for scraps of something eatable ; and about seven thousand died of the plague. The people would climb the walls from time to time to see if the Prince of Orange was coming to their help. For they had heard that William was cutting the huge banks of earth and stone called dykes ; and the sea water would flow in and vessels could approach the city and bring food to the starving.

But the waters rose so very slowly, and the Spaniards shouted in scorn :—

“Go up to the tower, ye Beggars, and tell us if ye can see the ocean coming over the dry land to your relief.”

But the water did rise. A storm blew strong on the night of October 1st, and the ocean washed in upon the land, and floated the many ships that carried help to

Leyden. In the night there was a battle. Ships sailed among the trees of the orchards; the cannon of the Spaniards boomed from their fortresses. The next day passed. The next night the people saw lights moving across the country in the darkness. In the morning the lights were explained. The Spaniards had moved away, and were in full retreat. Great was the joy of the city, and proud was William the Silent when he entered the place in triumph. And he made a decree that every year henceforward the city might hold a ten days' fair without paying the usual tolls and taxes to the Government; also that the noble town should now possess a University, where scholars might learn from the best teachers. And there is a University at Leyden to this day.

In 1579 so well had the war gone for the Dutch that six of the provinces of the Netherlands were strong enough to join together as one State, one Commonwealth, allowing each man to worship as he thought best, and giving free government to the cities, as in the days before the Spanish terror came.

The war went on. William the Silent won his way step by step against the armies of Philip. In 1581 all the seventeen provinces of the Netherlands formed one country, with William as Prince, elected by a free people.

Alas! Three years afterwards, as the Prince passed through a corridor of his house at Delft, a man fired a pistol from a dark archway, and the bullet pierced his heart. In a few minutes he breathed his last in the arms of his wife and sister.

Yet the freedom of the land was now sure. Holland was a Commonwealth or Republic for two hundred years. To-day it has a Queen; but it keeps the old liberty. The Dutch, like the English, have kept the freedom their fathers won.

NOTE.—See Motley's *Rise of the Dutch Republic*.

LESSON VI.

A REFORMER

"FATHER, I will not be made a lawyer."

So said Francis Place—a thirteen-year-old boy—as he looked doggedly at his father, who was a strong, dark, stern man.

Mr. Place, the tavern-keeper, seized hold of Francis, and dragged him into the bar parlour, where a number of men sat smoking and drinking.

"Who will have this boy for an apprentice?" he shouted. "Anybody that likes can take him."

"I will," answered a drunken little tailor. "I will teach him, Mr. Place. He will no doubt be a good leather-breeches maker some day."

Francis went to live and work with the tailor. In his spare time he would go rowing on the River Thames as a member of a cutters' club. A rough lot the rowers were: they swore, they tumbled, they quarrelled.

One of the crew in Francis Place's boat was transported for robbery, and another hanged for murder. The young tailor, however, kept clear of their evil ways, and became a steady and skilful worker.

He was born near Drury Lane, London, in 1771. In 1791 he married Elizabeth Chadd, and they lived in one poor room in a narrow turning off the Strand. He and Elizabeth earned not quite seventeen shillings a week, 3s. 6d. going for rent, and 1s. 6d. a week for coals and candles. Still, they kept themselves neatly dressed, and some of the neighbours would jeer and say:

"There go the Lady and the Gentleman!"

Often might you see the young tailor reading. He borrowed books about Greek history and Roman history; about travels, about arithmetic, about geometry, and many other subjects.

Trouble came upon the little home in the one room where lived Francis, Elizabeth, and their baby. Young Place was thrown out of work. The men in the breeches-making trade had struck for better wages, for they thought eighteen shillings a week not enough. Place took the lead

in setting up a shop in Covent Garden, where the men made cheap clothes and kept themselves going for some months, till at length they went back to their masters at the old wage.

But not Francis Place; no master would allow him in a workshop.

The baby had died of small-pox.

The young couple pawned articles in order to buy food. Often they had but bread and water, with perhaps a red-herring.

Francis had a strong and wilful temper. In his misery he would shout and storm at his wife. Yet he loved her, and his heart ached to see her pale and thin.

At last the people with whom they lodged saw how wretched their state was, and made them accept loaves of bread, coals, soup, and candles, to be paid for whenever times became brighter.

One day Mrs. Place came in with her apron full of leather and cloth. She had brought work to be done at home for a former master. Now all was joy. Place and his wife toiled hard early and late, perhaps sixteen or eighteen hours a day. Things were got back from the pawnbroker's, and new furniture bought.

Some years later, if you could have walked down Charing Cross, you would have seen a grand shop, with plate-glass windows—one of the first shops in London to use such glass. A number of journeymen-tailors worked here. The master was Francis Place. He made suits of clothes for fine West End folk and earned a good deal of money. The wife who had shared the sad life in the one room was now in comfort, though she was busy enough with the children. There were ten living children, five having died. The profits of the shop, in the year 1816, were £3,000.

But why did the tailor close the door of the room behind the shop, and prevent his rich customers from looking in? Because in that room was his library. The shelves were crowded with books of all kinds. The West End gentlemen would not have cared to deal with a tradesman who read many books and had many ideas in his head besides ideas about stitching suits of clothes.

On a high stool sat Place in his library. Gentlemen would come in, not to talk about clothes (for Place's eldest

son now looked after the business), but about politics—the House of Commons, the House of Lords, the King, the people. Quite a buzz of voices would be heard. Francis Place once said: “My library was a sort of gossiping-shop for such persons as were in any way engaged in public matters having the benefit of the people for their object.”

You remember how poor Place and his wife suffered in the strike. His heart was always with the workmen who sought to improve their poor earnings. Even when his own journeymen struck, he listened with goodwill to their complaints. Three times they struck at the Charing Cross shop, and wages were raised from £1 1s. 9d. a week to six and thirty shillings.

But—would you believe it? The laws of England said men might not join together to demand better money. These laws were called the Combination Laws, because they bade the men not to combine against masters.

In the year 1810 some workmen who set up type in a London newspaper office stood in the dock of a court of justice.

The judge was Sir John Silvester. He was a big, stern-faced man. People called him “Black Jack.” The men before him were found guilty of striking for higher pay.

“Prisoners,” said Sir John, “you have been convicted of a most wicked conspiracy.”

Then he sent them to prison, some for nine months, some for two years.

But a great change has been wrought, and to-day no English workman can be sent to prison for joining with his mates in asking for better money. The Combination Laws were done away with by Parliament in 1825. And the man who did most to bring this to pass was the tailor of Charing Cross. For twelve years he talked to working-men and members of Parliament in his library: he wrote letters; he went to committee meetings; he kept at the task like a soldier who will not be beaten in battle. His brave spirit moved other men to fight for the freedom of the people. When the Combination Laws were ended, workmen all over England rejoiced. The seamen of the Tyne and Wear clubbed their pennies to buy Place a handsome silver vase as a mark of their thanks; and the cutlers of Sheffield sent him a beautiful set of knives and forks.

From this time onwards the societies of workers, called Trade Unions, were able to do their business without fear of judge or prison. No longer do the carpenters, engineers, tailors, weavers, shoe-hands, etc., tremble lest they should be arrested for demanding a change in their wages. In the autumn of each year a great meeting is held in London, or Liverpool, or some other town. Some hundreds of working-men (and working-women too) have been sent to this Congress by their societies. The chairman is a working-class man. There are no masters present. Speeches are made about wages, strikes, hours of labour, sick clubs, etc. A row of newspaper reporters sit at a long table, quickly writing down in their note-books what is said by the workmen on the platform, or in the hall, so that all the world may read in the papers what has been uttered at the Trade Union Congress.

In the winter of 1830 many a village of England was alarmed by a red glare in the night-sky. People rushed from cottages and saw hayricks burning. A whisper would go round :—

“Captain Swing has been here !”

By “Captain Swing” they meant the bands of country-men who set fire to the ricks. Men’s hearts filled with anger and discontent, because the lot of the poor was so hard, and because only a small part of the nation could vote to send members to the House of Commons. In the towns also men gathered in crowds, in processions, and talked fiercely.

On October 8th, 1831, many newspapers had thick black lines round their pages. It was a sign of mourning. The Reform Bill was thrown out by the House of Lords. By this Bill thousands of town folk were to be allowed to vote who could not vote before. The big towns of Manchester and Birmingham were to have members of Parliament for the first time.

Francis Place sat in his library and talked and wrote. Members of Parliament and working-men came in and out, glad to hear his words and advice. He kept up the spirit of them all in the fight for Reform. The Duke of Wellington, the famous Waterloo soldier, was Prime Minister, and he would not give way to the people’s will.

One May morning in 1832, large bills were stuck on

walls all over London, with the strange words: "TO STOP THE DUKE, GO FOR GOLD." Francis Place had thought of the plan. People who had money in the bank took the hint. They went in crowds to draw out their gold. The bankers were in fear lest they might not have enough gold to pay their customers. The banks must then close their doors, and much ruin would come upon trade and business. The House of Lords gave way. In June the Reform Bill was passed, and the towns of England had a much juster share of members in the next House of Commons.

In the spring of 1838 Place often sat at his desk, thinking, writing, scratching words out, writing again. He was getting ready for the printer a paper which was to go all over England, and was known as the "People's Charter." The idea of it had been in the minds of working-men for many years. Now the time was come to make a demand. The Charter said the people wanted six points. (1) All men to vote. (2) People to vote by secret ballot. (3) Members of the House of Commons to be paid. (4) A new Parliament each year. (5) Members to be selected by districts that had equal numbers of voters. (6) Nothing to be said as to how much property a man must have before he could be selected. The people who asked for these six points were called Chartists.

The old Corn laws put a tax on the loads of corn that came across the sea to provide bread for England. In 1846 these Corn laws were repealed. Francis Place helped in this change, as in so many others.

With two daughters, the old reformer dwelt in a little house at Earl's Court in West London. When they went into his bedroom on New Year's morning, 1854, they found him dead. He was eighty-two years of age.

Not much was said about him in England at the time of his death. People had their thoughts on Russia, and soon the roar of cannon was to be heard in the Crimean War. But to-day we pay honour to the brave Londoner who had done so much for Trade Unions and for Reform.

NOTE.—See Graham Wallas's *Life of Francis Place*, and S. and B. Webb's *History of Trade Unionism*.

LESSON VII.

WORKERS TOGETHER

THE great glass temple of London—the Crystal Palace—swarms with thousands of men and women and young people. The organ now and then fills the place with sweet rolling sound. Choirs sing, one after the other, in order to win a shield, or trophy. Children sing in an operetta. A flower-show spreads its gay colours. Outside, in the grounds, races are run, and high bars are leaped in athletic sports. Stalls and tables are crowded with articles on exhibition, bicycles, shoes, calico, cutlery, fire-irons, locks, needles, etc. On the Terrace a large audience listen to speakers.

What do the speakers talk about? They are speaking of the courage and the perseverance of the working-people who have joined together in societies for making the articles in the show.

“My friends,” says one, “if we work together, ought we not to share together? If we ply the hammer together, ought we not to divide in fair shares the reward of the hammering? To-day, at this Palace, the word heard oftenest is Co-operation. By co-operation were these useful things made. The men and women who made them are shareholders in their business; they share the profits, they share in the managing of the work. Men are made to help each other, even as one eye helps its neighbour, the right hand aids the left, and the two feet walk in agreement.”

Such exhibitions have been held at the Crystal Palace for years past.

In January, 1906, died an old man who had been born so long ago as 1817. His bright eyes, his friendly face, his silver-white hair, his witty speech, were known up and down England at the meetings of the Co-partnership Societies. I knew this silver-haired old man for the last twenty years of his life. Once, in his Brighton house, by the blue English Channel, he showed me his books and treasures. One treasure was a piece of tallow candle! It

was made by the noble Italian patriot Garibaldi, when living in exile in America, and earning his bread in a factory. Another treasure was a silver key, given to Mr. Holyoake at the opening of the Equity boot factory at Leicester. The "Equity" is a Co-partnership work-place. All the busy folk who toil in it day by day have a vote in the ruling of their own factory.

What do the co-partners make in their workshops in the villages and towns of Great Britain? Suppose I give you the names of some of the things in the style of the A B C:—

Account-books at Leicester.
Bicycles at London.
Calico at Burnley.
Darning-needles at Alcester.
Electro-plated goods at Sheffield.
Fenders at Dudley.
Galloons at Leek.
Hosiery at Wigston.
Invalid chairs at Leicester.
Jerseys at Kirkby-in-Ashfield.
Keys at Walsall.
Lever watches at Coventry.
Mattresses at Newcastle.
Nickel-silver goods at Sheffield.
Overcoats at Kettering.
Pianos at Bristol.
Razors at Sheffield.
Shoes at Leicester.
Twills at Airedale.
Umbrellas at Derby.
Velveteens at Hebden Bridge.
Watering-cans at Dudley.
Yachts at Rochester.

No Q things anywhere! No X things, and no Z things!

Some day, perhaps, the men or women in a Scottish workroom may say to the manager:

"Miss M. looks ill."

Or, "Mrs. N. seems so tired every day."

Or, "Poor Mr. T. has a dreadful cough."

Then the Co-partners meet in the committee-room and make a plan for the invalid to go to the house of grey stone by the waters of the Western sea.

A picture of this house—the Scottish Co-operative Convalescent Seaside Home near Glasgow—lies before me. Trees spread their branches in a green circle about this mansion on a hill. Windows are many, so as to let in the fair light of heaven upon the faces of the sick folk in the Home. And I fancy I can hear the sea splash in sweet music on the beach, its waves singing a song of good wishes to the co-partners.

In the year 1828 a French boy, eleven years old, used to work in the shop of his father, the village blacksmith. So short was the boy that he had to stand on a stool to work properly at a bench.

A good while afterwards this boy became a captain of industry—that is, the manager of a great “works” at the town of Guise. Here were made stoves, kitcheners, baths, pumps, cisterns, inkstands, fire-irons, etc.—some 2,000 sorts of articles in all. More than a thousand co-partners labour at the furnaces and in the workshops.

Look at the big building yonder, three storeys high. It is the home of about twelve hundred people—co-partners, their wives and children. Lawns and gardens stretch beside this great home, which is called the Familistère. Each family has its flat, or set of two or three or more rooms.

At a store in this building one can buy bread, drapery, clothing, furniture, grocery, wine, wood, coal, meat, milk, fruit.

Babies lie in cots in the nursery. An old lady who tended the wee ones for many years was called Mamma Jay-jay. Every now and then a mother comes in from the works or the homes to caress or feed her child.

Dots of two to four years play in the baby-school. They have an iron cage in which they can creep and learn to walk. In the kindergarten the infants have lessons in counting, in letters, etc. The elder girls and boys are educated by good masters and mistresses. On the first Sunday in September there is a Festival of Childhood—a

season of toys, games, musical choruses, and acting in bright costumes.

Three thousand books lie on the shelves in the library.

A swimming-bath is open to all who like to use it.

Three hundred workers (some of them women) are called first-class members. They come together from time to time in a general meeting. They speak, they discuss, they vote. They are like a little Parliament for the governing of the great ironworks. Of course, all the co-partners do not get the same wage. But each has a share of the gain. Each suffers if there is a loss of money in the business. The gain is not carried off by a few richer men at the top. Each is cared for in sickness. A pension is given to the aged. In the year 1898 there were 156 old co-partners—sons and daughters of France—receiving about 10s. a week each. Their grey hairs were treated with honour.

The man who thought out the plan of this business and the Familistère was Jean Baptiste André Godin. He died in 1888, but the work still goes on.

In the garden of the Familistère rises a stone column. On one side of it is a bronze bust of the good leader of the co-partners, Godin. On another is the figure of a moulder—a working-man who ladles the melted iron into moulds of sand. On the stone are cut these words in memory of Godin, who thus seems to speak to us as we stand in the garden :—

Come to this tomb
When you have need to be reminded
That I founded the Familistère
For brotherly association and partnership.
Remain united by the love of Humanity.
Pardon the wrongs which others do to you.
Hatred is the fruit of evil hearts :
Let it not enter among you,
Let the remembrance of me be for you a bond of brotherly unity.
Nothing is good or meritorious without the love of Humanity.
Prosperity will accompany you so far as concord shall reign among
you.
Be just towards all, and you will serve as an example.

NOTE.—See *Twenty Years of Co-partnership at Guise*, translated by Aneurin Williams ; *Labour Co-partnership*, by H. D. Lloyd ; and the *Co-operators' Year-Book*, issued by the Co-operative Productive Federation, Leicester (first number, dated 1897).

LESSON VIII.

FLAX

THE goat-herd stood on the green pasture, where his goats and cattle grazed. Below lay the valley; above rose the great peaks that lifted their white, snowy heads towards the heavens.

A chamois darted past. The goat-herd pursued the deer from rock to rock, crossbow in hand. Higher he climbed till he was stopped by the wall of ice—the glacier—which was very, very slowly slipping down the hill.

In the ice-wall he saw an archway and a door. With a brave heart he pushed his way in, and lo! he was in a big cave, and all the sides and roof of the cave were bright with crystals.

A lady, clad in silvery robes, stood in the cave, and maids of honour encircled this fairy-queen of the Alps. In her hand she held a posy of sweet blue blossoms.

To her the herdsman knelt.

“Goat-herd of the Tyrol,” she said, “you have been permitted to visit this place of wonder, and now you may choose any of the precious things stored here—gold, or silver, or precious stones.”

“Lady,” he replied, “gold has no charm for me, nor silver, nor the red garnet, nor the rosy carbuncle. Rather would I have the bunch of flowers in your hand.”

“You may have them,” she said, “and with them take this pot of seed to sow in the soil, and there shall spring up the plant which will bear other blue blossoms and good gifts for mankind.”

A clap of thunder pealed out. The lady, the maids, the cave, and all had vanished, and the goat-herd stood alone in front of the Alpine glacier.

As he went down the mount, behold! the scene was changed. His cattle were no longer grazing. A wolf here, a bear there, prowled amid the rocks and trees. The goats ran wild among the hills, for they had got out of reach of the beasts of prey.

His wife met him at the cottage door.

“Where have you been all this long time?” she asked, in

reproach. "I have not seen you for a year, and our home is a spot of misery."

A year! Yes, for twelve months the goat-herd had slept and dreamed in the ice-cave. During that time his herds had been scattered and his hearth made desolate.

He still held the bunch of blue flowers.

"Look," said he, "the Queen of the Alps—the Lady Holda—gave me this gift, and it will bring us a blessing."

He also held up the pot of seed.

Then his wife laughed him to scorn. But he took no heed of her harsh sayings, and he went forth upon the land, and made furrows for the sowing of the seed which the Lady Holda had bestowed upon him. Then he dropped the seed all over the broad field, and waited many days.

And so, after the due time had passed, green leaves came to sight, and the stalks grew up, and each plant bore flowers of a sweet sky-blue, and the field seemed like unto the heaven itself laid out upon the earth, and the peasant and his wife were glad.

When the moon shone at night the Lady Holda glided over the field, and her maidens were with her, and their hands were all raised to bless the crops that bore the blue flowers.

All flowers die, and all plants fade; but in dying they leave the seed.

At the time of the dying of the flowers the queen of the ice-cave came into the cottage and showed the goat-herd and his wife the secret of the new plants. They were to take the stalks of the flax (for it was the flax-plant) and steep them in water, and comb out the threads or fibres of the stalks, and then the fibres were to be spun on the spinning-wheel and made into cloth, and the cloth, laid out in the happy sunshine and air, would go white, and the bleached linen would be ready for the garments of men and women, and for the covering of tables and beds.

In a few years all the folk of the Alpine dales had learned the growing of flax. The goat-herd's son and daughters grew up, and their children in turn became men and women, until the herdsman was more than a hundred years old.

So then one day he said it was time for him to say farewell to the village and the people, and to go to dwell for aye with the spirits of the mountains of Tyrol. Stick in

hand, the good old man made his way up the hill, and at sunset he had come to the glacier, and he saw the archway once again, and he passed through, and was no more seen; and the people whispered that he had gone to rest in the palace of the Lady Holda, and all men blessed his memory.

Blessed indeed is the memory of every man and every woman who gives the world a precious gift of labour and of service.

NOTE.—The story is adapted from Dr. Wagner's *Asgard and the Gods*.

LESSON IX.

TWO WOMEN EIGHT FEET HIGH

Two strong women, each eight feet high, could lift heavy weights, and throw javelins. Their names were Menia and Fenia.

Frodi, King of Gotland, in the North, saw them, and, finding they were slaves, he agreed to buy them from their master. The sale took place in Sweden, and Frodi took his two new slaves to Gotland with him. He had a task to set them which no man or woman in his kingdom would perform. This was to turn a hand-mill made of two huge stones called quern-stones. Wonderful was this mill. When it was ground it would grind out things of much value—gold, silver, pearls, anything.

“Grind my mill,” said Frodi to the women.

“What shall we grind out?”

“Gold,” replied the King of Gotland.

Then came out gold in streams and heaps. All the kingdom of Gotland shared in the treasure. Farmers were rich, merchants were rich, sailors were rich, and the orchards bore fruit in plenty, and the storehouses teemed with goods, and the ships of the sea carried heavy cargoes.

“We are tired, King Frodi,” sighed the two women.

“Will you let us rest?”

“You may rest as long a time as the cuckoo leaves off singing in the spring.”

"But he never rests."

"Neither may you. Go on grinding!"

"O Frodi," cried the tall women, "you treat us unjustly because we are strong, because we are the daughters of giants. You are not wise."

The King slept.

"We tamed the forest bears," said the women. "We bore arms in war. Slaves though we are, we have strength, and the strength will rise up in judgment against the King that has no pity."

The King slept.

"Let us grind something else than gold and sweet peace for Gotland," said Fenia.

"Call again, if haply he will hear."

"Awake, Frodi!" cried Fenia, shrilly. "Awake! awake!"

The King slept.

Still did the giantesses grind. The magic of the mill worked a new wonder.

Ships came over the sea to the shore of Gotland. Warriors leaped upon the strand, and they marched in a terrible host towards the castle of Frodi.

The women went on grinding.

From the castle walls rang out the cry of alarm. Frodi's people hurried to the gates. But the women went on grinding, and more ships touched the shore, and more foemen sprang upon the sand, and more swarms of enemies approached, and the sheen of their arms was bright.

King Frodi died in the storm of battle, and his fortress was taken by the stranger from over the sea.

But Mysinger, the chieftain of the invading host, had no more sense than Frodi. He seized the giant women, and bade them labour for his pleasure.

"Grind salt for me, slaves," he said; "for my men have none."

They turned the mill and ground. Hour after hour they ground. The sun set, and its crimson glow melted into the deep blue of night, and the stars of the Great Bear gleamed down upon the earth, where the tired women still worked.

At the twelfth hour they said:

"O Mysinger, have we not ground enough?"

"Go on," he commanded.

The white salt poured forth from the mill, and Mysinger's

ship became overloaded, and it sank with the chieftain and all his mighty men of valour, and the mill also went down, and a whirlpool roared and swirled over the place of the wreck ; and the quern-stones (so says the old poem of the Edda) still grind out salt, salt, salt in the depths of the ocean.

Cruel is the spirit of men who use their fellow-creatures to grind out their gold and their salt, and who care nought for the comfort and cheer of the workers.

The people will not go on grinding for ever in weariness and want.

Their voice was heard in the rising of Wat Tyler in England, in the Peasants' War in Germany in the sixteenth century, in the French Revolution of 1789, and it is heard to-day in all lands.

NOTE.—The story is adapted from Dr. Wagner's *Asgard and the Gods*.

LESSON X.

ASLEEP

“CROAK !”

The cry of the ravens sounded harsh as the black fowls of the air flew round the old ruined tower.

Eighty feet high was the tower. Its walls were broken. No faces looked out from the windows. Ivy crept over the ragged stones. For hundreds of years the place had been silent.

Up to the tower one day came a herder of cattle on the mountains of Thuringia. Cows came with him. He left the cattle feeding while he searched for flowers. He wished to take a nosegay to the village girl whom he loved.

A sweet blue flower caught his eye. He plucked it, and placed it in the bunch he already held in his hand.

Wondrous blossom ! As soon as he had gathered it the sight of his eyes had a new power, and he could see things he had not beheld before.

In the wall of the tower he saw an iron door. Pushing it open, he entered.

A flight of steps led downwards. Though the passage

was dark, the herdsman ventured. At the bottom of the stairs he found himself in a great hall, lit by many lamps and torches. Many gentlemen sat at a long table. Each man was fast asleep. They had slept there for hundreds of years. At the head of the table slept the Emperor—Frederick Barbarossa, or Frederick Redbeard. This noble prince had ruled over the German Empire in glory and majesty. In the year 1190 he was said to have died, but the folk that loved him would not believe the report. They said he was too mighty a man to die. He would only be asleep in the hall of his fortress in Thuringia. Some day he and his lords would awake, and rise up, and go forth to set up once more the German Empire from east to west, from the Rhine to the Danube. Frederick's huge beard had grown longer. It had grown all round the marble table, like a curtain of red hair.

The Emperor Frederick woke when the steps of the herdsman echoed on the stone floor.

"Do the ravens still fly round about this tower?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," replied the cattle-herd.

"Then it is not time," said Frederick, "and I must sleep for another century—my lords also."

After a pause he spoke again:

"Young man, you may take what you will of all the good things you see in this room."

At that the youth picked up gold and silver and precious stones from the heaps which lay about the hall. Nor did he linger. Having filled his pockets, he fled in haste from the hall of the sleeping heroes, ran up the steps, and leaped out into the sweet daylight and the air of Thuringia.

Then the iron door closed with a loud noise.

He looked round. The door could no longer be seen.

What was the matter with his eyes? They had lost the magic power. Ah! and he had lost the blue flower. Never again would he tread the way to Frederick Barbarossa's table.

But the people of Thuringia say that some fine morning the croak of the ravens will not be heard. After Frederick's beard has grown thirteen times round the table the iron door will swing open, and the Emperor and all his knights

will come forth and gather soldiers from the tombs of the dead past and go to war with the foe, and he will reign as monarch of the empire once again. And before he sits at ease on his throne of gold Barbarossa will hang up his shield on an old pear-tree that has borne no fruit for ages, and, at the touch of the Emperor's shield, the leaves will grow green and the tree will yield sweet pears.

Such is the German legend.

The tale is pretty. But there is something about it I do not like. I wonder if you can guess what I mean.

I do not like the idea of people hoping for a dead hero to rise again to fight their battles.

What does it matter if Barbarossa still sleeps?

Are there no living men to do work, and uphold the right?

Can brave men only come to the world through the iron door?

Cannot the men and women now in the world use their own hands?

Cannot we help the poor; cannot we help the sick; cannot we help the untaught; cannot we help the unemployed; cannot we help the coloured races of the earth, without waiting for Barbarossa?

Let him sleep.

You and I are here.

LESSON XI.

THE THREE DISCIPLES

THE noble Chinese teacher Confucius went up the high mountain Tæ-Shan, and took three of his disciples with him. From the top of the mount they looked upon the broad plains of China, its villages, cities, and fields.

"I feel sad," said Confucius.

"Why, master?"

"Because on yonder plains there are tens of thousands of people, and there is scarcely one among them who is not doing evil against his fellow-man. What would you do, my

friends, if you could, in order to put an end to these wrongs?"

The first disciple's name was Tze-loo, and he said:—

"I would march at the head of a great army, and make war against all the people who deal unjustly. My warriors should strike gongs with a terrible noise. They should carry standards that flutter in the breeze."

"And if you gained the victory, what then?"

"Then I should cut off the heads of all those men who led others into wrong-doing. Having slain the sinners, I should return in triumph to the chief city whence I had set out, and, with the help of my two companions here, I should govern the people rightly."

"You speak like a soldier," said Confucius.

The first disciple had the idea that the best way to proceed against wrong-doers was to punish them very severely. He would conquer sin by the might of the sword.

The name of the second disciple was Tsze-Kung, and he said:—

"Master, if I saw two states about to go to war, I should wait until the armies were just about to fight."

"How would you stop the war?"

"I would dress myself in white clothes."

"Why?"

"As a sign of mourning."

"And what then?"

"I would throw myself between the two armies, and ask the generals on each side to order silence."

"And when silence was made?"

"Then I would make a speech to the warriors on both sides, and I would use words that should touch their hearts. I would point out to them all the horrors of war, and so move their feelings that all the soldiers would lay down their arms, and make peace."

"You speak like an orator," said Confucius.

The second disciple hoped that by the use of fair speech he would persuade evil-doers to give up their purpose. And that, truly, was a better plan than the soldier's.

The name of the third disciple was Yen-hwui, and he said:—

"If I saw the land filled with wrong, I should not wish to be its King."

"Then how could you do any good?"

"I would like to be the King's adviser, and tell him how to act. Thus I would do the thinking, and he would do the governing and managing."

"What would you advise him to do?"

"First, to part the good folk from the evil."

"What else?"

"I would bid him put honest magistrates in the seats of justice."

"What else?"

"We would teach the people and instruct them in their duties as citizens."

"And after that?"

"The people having learned wisdom, we could disband the armies, for there would be no more need of force. And we would knock down the fortresses."

"And what next?"

"We should fill up the moats that once surrounded the forts of war, and on these places we would sow corn."

"What would you do with the swords and spears?"

"Make them into tools."

"And what would you do with the soldiers?"

"Change them into workers."

"You speak like a sage," said Confucius.

The third disciple, you see, did not expect to reform the evils of the land by force of arms, or by fair words; but he was ready to go step by step, governing, teaching, and improving, until the country that had once been a scene of strife had become a scene of peace and industry.

He was a sage, or wise man. He understood citizenship.

LESSON XII.

THE DIGGERS

ONE April morning, in the year 1649, a few men were digging on the side of St. George's Hill in Surrey, near the winding River Thames. They wore clothes of a dull colour, knee-breeches and grey stockings; handkerchiefs tied

round their necks; and tall, wide-brimmed hats. Very serious were their faces. They worked as if they never had had anything so important to do all their life long.

They sowed seeds. With much care these solemn men stooped to the earth, and placed in it the seeds of parsnips, carrots, and beans. Every now and then they would speak, but not in many words.

One was Everard, an old soldier in Cromwell's army. Another was Gerrard Winstanley, a Lancashire man, who had once carried on a business in London.

A day or two afterwards shouts were heard from a mob of country-folk who did not like the doings of these diggers. Rough hands seized the diggers, and they were carried to Walton Church, where some of them were struck. A Justice of the Peace hurried in, and set them free.

A hundred peasants came up to St. George's Hill not long afterwards and robbed them of their spades, and dragged them to a magistrate, who, however, let them go.

A big cloud of thick smoke rose up one day. The diggers had set fire to the furze and gorse on the hill, in order to clear the soil ready for sowing more seed.

Horsemen in armour were seen trotting towards the hill. Their leader, Captain John Gladman, sent four men towards the diggers' camp. A short talk took place. Everard and Winstanley agreed to go with the soldiers to London to answer for their deeds to General Lord Fairfax.

So these two men, in their simple brown suits, stood in a chamber of the Whitehall Palace, and replied to the General's questions. They would not take their tall hats off, because, they said, the General was only their fellow-creature, a man like unto themselves.

"The people of this country," said Everard, "lost their freedom when William and his Normans came to England; but the time has come for them to take back the land which was taken away from them unjustly. I saw a vision the other day, and a voice from heaven bade me and my friends arise and dig and plough the earth, so that it might bear fruit for all, and none need pay rents to a Lord of the Manor or any other lord or master. The fruits of the earth are for the poor and needy."

In the month of May, Lord Fairfax rode to St. George's Hill. He and his officers, in their scarlet and steel, looked

a bright and gay company beside the plain and shabby diggers. About twelve men were at work.

"This land," spake Winstanley, "is Crown land, and was taken by the Norman King from the English folk. Now, therefore, the English have a right to this and all other Crown lands, and all of them may till the soil, and eat of the corn and fruit that it yields."

Lord Fairfax rode off with a smile. He found it was of no use to argue with the diggers. Yet he had not been rude to them. He felt respect for their honesty, for they were sure they were in the right, and they wished well to all people, and most of all to the poor and needy.

But not such were the thoughts of the Surrey men. Time after time crowds rushed up the hill and burned the little shelters which Winstanley and his comrades had put up, and they cut in pieces a cart and its wheels, and took away the farming tools. Several were beaten by Surrey gentlemen. Five were shut in jail more than a month. Parson Platt sent two soldiers and some countrymen, who turned an old digger and his wife out of their little house on a cold night. But Winstanley made a song of twelve verses, and on St. George's Hill the diggers could be heard singing. Here is one verse :—

Your houses they pull down ; stand up now, stand up now !
 Your houses they pull down ; stand up now !
 Your houses they pull down to fright poor men in town ;
 But the gentry must come down, and the poor shall wear the crown !
 Stand up, now, diggers all !

Winstanley said that no man should be a landlord, nor should any man work for wages as a hired man, but all should work for each other in love. He wrote books as well as songs, and in one he wrote thus :—

No man shall have any more land than he can labour himself, or have others to labour with him in love, working together and eating bread together, as one of the tribes or families of Israel, neither giving hire nor taking hire.

When a digger spoke to anyone he would talk in this wise :—

What dost thou want, friend ? I will help thee if I can.

And so on, always using the word "thou" or "thee." They treated all men as on one level. The diggers were sometimes called Levellers.

From these diggers sprang the famous people who called

themselves Children of Light, but who were nicknamed Quakers.

The first of the Children of Light—the first Quaker—was George Fox, a Leicestershire man. He loved the Bible, but he had no pleasure in going to a “steeple-house,” or church.

People danced round the May-pole. Fox would walk up to the dancers and say they did an evil thing.

They sat watching a play acted on a stage. Fox would cry out against the joys of the world.

They bought and sold in the busy market-place. Fox would watch the tradesmen who sold meat or bread, etc., and if he thought their dealing was unfair to the buyers he would cry aloud against false weights and the unjust balance.

They gathered in church. Fox would step in and loudly tell them that God was not well pleased with kneeling and bowing and the reading of prayers, for God could speak to each man or woman's heart in church, out of church, in the lonely woods—anywhere.

They fought with staves and swords and guns. Fox would raise his hands, and speak peace. The Quakers (or Society of Friends) loved men and hated war.

At a Quakers' meeting the folk would keep silence, not saying a word until (as they thought) the Spirit of God moved them.

Alas! the Quakers were ill-treated as the diggers were. Many were put in jail. Fox spent some six years in the foul cells of prisons. James Nailor, a Quaker, had his tongue bored with a hot iron, and a brand was marked on his forehead. But the Friends nobly held on their way, and their number waxed more. When Fox died in 1690 his friend Penn said of him: “Many sons have done virtuously, but thou, dear George, excellest them all!”

Of other Quakers besides Fox one was William Penn, whom I have just mentioned. He went to America, lived in peace with the Red Indians, and founded the State of Pennsylvania. Another was Mrs. Elizabeth Fry, who visited Newgate Prison, and led the rough women prisoners into ways of gentleness and useful work. Another was John Bright, M.P., who did so much to set aside the laws that made English bread dear, and who spoke boldly against

wars between the nations. Another was the poet Whittier, one of whose verses I will repeat :—

O brother man, fold to thy heart thy brother !
Where pity dwells, the soul of good is there.
To worship rightly is to love each other,
Each smile a hymn, each kindly deed a prayer.

Now, it is true that the diggers and the Quakers had strange manners and said strange words, but their hearts were honest, and they did no harm to any. Your mother or father or teacher may tell you that some things Winstanley did or George Fox did were not wise. Well, but, after all, they were good men. And do you think it was right to burn the shelters on St. George's Hill, or to bore James Nailor's tongue with hot iron, or to thrust Fox into jail for preaching?

No, it was not right.

In many times and places men have risen up to teach new thoughts and lead folk to a better mode of life. Such people are called pioneers. They stood to the front ; they led the way ; they were not afraid to go first into unknown regions. I will recite some of the noble names :—

St. Paul, the preacher, was a pioneer.

Columbus, the sailor.

Galileo, the astronomer.

Mazzini, the Italian patriot.

Lloyd Garrison, who hated negro slavery.

Baroness von Suttner, the lady who wrote the tale *Lay Down your Arms*.

Because George Fox and his friends did things differently from other people they were hardly treated, and many a town in England can still show a "Quakers' Hole," where the Children of Light were shut up as evil-doers. And so in like manner, when men come forward to speak new ideas to us about our eating, or drinking, or clothing, or houses, or style of governing (that is to say, politics), or schools, or religion, we ought not to behave rudely towards them, but listen to what they say, and, if we see they mean their words and have good will, we should ponder their teaching and reflect whether it is true. _____

NOTE.—For a complete account of Winstanley see Mr. L. H. Berens' *The Digger Movement in the Days of the Commonwealth*.

LESSON XIII.

THE JADE-STONE FLOWER

"A WONDROUS flower," said every man and woman who saw it.

Folk came in crowds and gazed into the garden where it grew. They told others, and the others came to see. These others went away and spoke to their friends about the Jade-stone flower.

Why it was called the Jade-stone flower I do not know. Jade is a stone of dark green hue, and is found in China; and the flower of which I am telling grew in the garden of a Chinese house. It was very long ago. The history-books say it was about the year 600, in the time of the Emperor Yung-Kwang. The house was in the city of Yang-Chow. Other fair plants grew in the garden, but the Jade-stone flower shone among them as a star that is brighter than its neighbours in the midnight sky.

The Emperor Yung-Kwang heard of its loveliness.

"I will go and see it for myself," he said, and he told his Court what was in his mind.

Now he thought that, if the flower was beautiful, it was right and meet that they who made a journey to behold it should go in the best and sweetest manner. Therefore he bade all the people who were in his company to array themselves in fine clothing.

"For," said he, "I am going to look upon the Jade-stone flower; and must go with clean hands and a humble heart, and my body shall be clad in handsome guise, and so likewise shall my servants do."

In the beginning of the way he travelled in a barge, and it was drawn by ropes, and the ropes were pulled by many men and women, and each person that pulled was dressed in garments of grace and splendour.

When the road by water was ended, and the Emperor entered a carriage, this also was pulled by Chinese folk, gaily arrayed.

The house in Yang-Chow had been changed. Builders had been busy fitting it up as a palace, ready to take in the great Lord of China.

So the Emperor made his abode in the place for many days, and each day he and his companions, as well as a multitude of his subjects, looked at the glory of the Jade-stone flower.

After that the Emperor fell ill, and he desired his people to carry him back to Lok-Yang, the chief city. But before he reached the city he died.

The house that overlooked the garden was now made into a monastery, a dwelling for monks. It was what is called a Buddhist monastery, and the monks were Buddhists. These quiet, gentle inmates of the old house could be seen praying and working, and repeating sacred verses; and when they passed away others took their places from age to age, in the Jade-stone Flower monastery, right on till our own times. All the Chinese men, women, and children who had seen the beautiful flower had died, but still the memory and idea of it lived.

About the year 1870 an Englishman, named Archdeacon Gray, paid a visit to the ancient house. It had fallen into ruin, but a few monks yet dwelt within its broken walls.

"Where did the Jade-stone flower grow?" he asked.

They showed him the spot in the garden.

"And now it has gone for ever?"

"It is not here," replied the Chinese monks. "But it still lives."

"You say it still lives! Then where is it?"

They pointed to the western sky, where the sun goes down each evening in a garden of purple and scarlet and golden clouds.

"Long ago," said the monks, "the Jade-stone flower left the soil of China, and it fled away to the Western Paradise, and there it blooms for ever and for ever."

Thus had emperors died, and monks, and nobles, and peasants, from generation to generation; but the thing of beauty lived still in their dreams and in their hearts, making them glad even in the midst of pain and sorrow.

War cast its dark shade over the plains of China. Plague smote the householders and filled the graves. Famine caused children to hunger and cry in vain to mothers and fathers for bread. But the people said:—

"There is a lovely flower still spreading its leaves to the light. The Jade-stone flower blooms in the West."

Near the centre of Spain lies an ancient city named Segovia. Old are the houses, old are the churches, old are the city walls, old are the inns at which the travellers rest on their road to Madrid.

At one of these old inns of Segovia an English tourist stayed awhile; and joyful to him was the peace of the noble old town.

In the kitchen of the inn the servants were busy. Among them was the cook, a bustling Spaniard who had been to Madrid, the capital, and seen the gay life, and mixed in the crowds at the theatre and in the public avenues, where the bands played and the hum of many tongues was heard.

In the kitchen there was also an old woman aged ninety. Aged as she was, she was still active, and still fond of work. She was peeling the potatoes for dinner.

The cook from Madrid found the town of Segovia dull.

The old lady loved it.

"I tell you," she said, laughing, to the cook, "there is no place in the world like Segovia. If you cannot be happy here, you will be happy nowhere, you poor discontented mortal—you, with your noisy and chattering Madrid, and your love of change!"

"What do you know about it?" answered the cook.

"What have you seen of the outside world?"

"Nothing. In all my ninety years I have never set foot outside Segovia. I have never been to Madrid. I was born here; I was married here. My children grew up, and went away. Here did I bury my troublesome husband—all men are troublesome!"

She only said it in a merry jest.

Just then the bells of the grand cathedral rang softly over the city.

"Hark to that music!" said the old lady. "Many a time I have listened to it, as it pealed across the valley, and the sound of it went down the river, and away across the mountains. And many a time, as I bore my baby in my arms, has that music sung a cradle-song to hush my little one to sleep on my breast."

The people of China took comfort from the thought of

the Jade-stone flower that grew in the cloudland Paradise. That was their happy idea, or ideal.

The old Spanish mother had had her troubles and heart-aches ; but the rich music of the bells had told her of joy and peace, and sung to her of the ideal.

The flower and the bells—let us look to the one and hearken to the other. We will think of the ideal even while we labour and are weary.

We see the ill-clad men and women.

We see the mean and dismal streets.

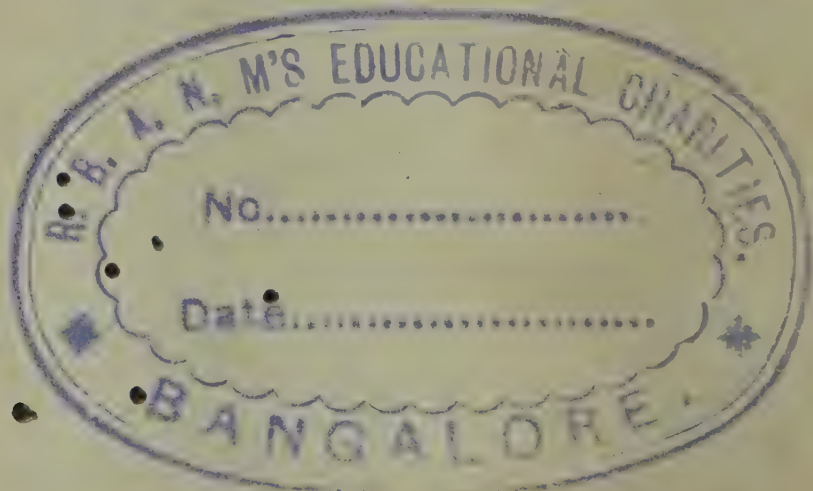
We see the field of dreadful war.

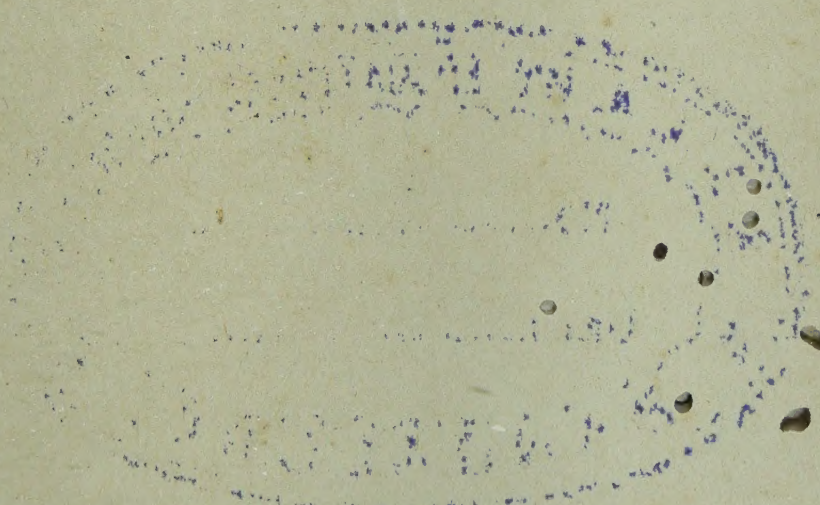
But we also have the ideal before us. We know of a flower that blooms. We know of a music that is sweet. We are sure that mankind will find the path to a better city, where the houses shall all be mirthful homes, and where the people shall dwell in health and friendship.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife ;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.
Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold ;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

—Tennyson.

NOTE.—The story of the flower is adapted from Archdeacon Gray's *China*, vol. i.; and the anecdote of Segovia from C. W. Wood's *Romance of Spain*.





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